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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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EASTER SERMON

By J. H. Palmer, Minister Universalist Church, Charlotte, Mich.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

"And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre." Luke, xxiv. 12.

This is one of the world's harmony days. Wherever the influence of the Roman Catholic Church is felt, directly or indirectly, this is a day of praise, rejoicing and hope. Tomorrow we may be Unitarian or Universalist, Presbyterian, Baptist or Methodist; to-day, tacitly at least, we acknowledge the word and authority of the Pope, and celebrate in one form or another, the resurrection of the immortal Nazarene. A century ago this was not so. Then, among English speaking peoples at least, no churches excepting the Roman and Episcopal, but looked upon the observance of the day with abhorrence. In New England there was a most intense hatred of all holy days except those established by the Puritans themselves—Fast Day and Thanksgiving—and which they put as nearly upon Easter and Christmas as they dared to do.

People who kept the older days were as obnoxious as criminals of smaller degree, and if they desired peace and comfort were careful to keep the matter secret. But the old harshness and coldness are gone, and thank God, forever gone, and the pulses of almost all the churches are to-day beautiful with flowers, while the song of faith in the life beyond takes a stronger tone and the heart a firmer hold upon its highest desire—the desire to live on after the narrow circle of this fleeting existence is complete.

The only exceptions to the observance of this festival on to-day, in Christian lands, is found in the Greek, Armenian and other Oriental churches. They have always adhered to the older and more correct date, and make the celebration synchronous with the Jewish Passover. The belief of his disciples was that Christ rose from the dead on the first day of the week, or Sunday. The crucifixion occurred on Friday, the 14th of Nisan. This was the day of preparation. All leavened bread was put out of the houses and all faithful Israelites, excepting those ceremonially impure, appeared before the Lord with an offering proportioned to their means.

There can be no question as to the date of the crucifixion, for there is no more doubt as to the proper date of the Passover than there is of the date of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

This, of course, fixes also the proper date of Easter. The early church, that is, the apostolic congregations, for they were not churches as we understand the term, celebrated the resurrection every Sunday, and if they were Jews, kept the Sabbath of their fathers in addition. The latter was kept as holy unto the Lord; the former as a feast day or a day of rejoicing. But the weekly observance of a festival day soon made it a burden and caused it to lose its beautiful significance; and if we may credit the rebukes of Paul, to degenerate into an occasion of gluttony and drunkenness. The increase of the non-Jewish element among the Christians, the early determination of Paul and his followers to separate wholly from Judaism, more and more tended to bring the Jewish Sabbath into disrepute, and finally, as Christianity became a political power in Rome, and began to adopt the Roman festivals, processions, robes and rites, it fell into almost utter disuse, and the few who continued to keep it became objects of contempt and were finally condemned as heretics. The choice had to be made between observing the festival annually on the day of the year when it would naturally occur, or on some Sunday to be agreed upon by the church. The struggle was long and acrimonious. It led to extend-

ed persecutions, terrible sufferings and cruel wars. At last the Gentile pagan was victorious, and as he had put the date of the Messiah's birth at the time of the feast of Saturn, so he decreed the celebration of his resurrection from the dead at the date of the feast of flowers, for in the sunny clime of Italy this season corresponds to the glory and fullness of our June.

The day is none the less to us because we are fully aware of its illogical and unchristian antecedents. We even take a wider view and note how, unconsciously, the church was gathering around this day many of the sweetest and most beautiful myths and beliefs of all the ages. Like the name Sunday, so the very name Easter is purely pagan. Change *e* to *o* and you have the same word, but you also have the Saxon name for Flora, the goddess of the spring, who by her bringing again the warmth of the sun, the awakening of the earth, and the freshness of the flowers, brings also beautiful suggestions of the life of the soul after the winter of death.

The Easter lily, with all the poetry and purity that it suggests, is as a symbol of resurrection more than 5,000 years old. Before Abraham, in the grand civilization of the most ancient Egypt, men believed in immortality, and the lotus or lily was, as it rose in refreshing beauty and fragrance from the mud of the sacred river, the floral symbol of their faith. From Egypt the symbol traveled into Asia, and took a prominent place in the mystical, highly spiritual worship of the Brahmins. Of all the prayers that ascend heavenward and that have so ascended for centuries, none has fallen so often from human lips as this of the worshiper of Brahm: "Om, the jewel in the lotus, Amen!" You say that it is unmeaning, and so it may be—almost as much so as the prayer of the average Christian—but we pray it ourselves when we bring our lily to the church as a symbol of our own faith, and through the teaching of its revived existence put a larger hope into our own souls, for the "jewel in the lotus" is the mysterious, hidden germ of life.

From the ancient Roman we get another suggestion, purely pagan and not so poetical as the Egyptian thought; the use of the egg as an Easter symbol. It, too, contained a hidden vitality, and is, in one form or another, the source of all physical being, and its use as a worship token, a sign of faith in the perpetuity of existence, is at least a thousand years older than the Christian church. So while we listen to the voices of Hope as they sing in such various tones to our souls, while we may feel thankful that we are Christians, Protestant Christians, let us not borrow a good in thankless arrogance, but let us also be grateful that we are catholic Christians; yea, let us be thankful that we are brother and sister pagans with the ancient lotus lover on the banks of the Nile, with the Brahmin, ancient and modern, in the valleys of the Indus and on the banks of the Ganges. The day thus becomes to us more vital with the thought of brotherhood, more potent with the power of love, more beautiful with the sunlight of a universal faith, and it is gone the less our day because it is the day of all the world.

We do not lessen the essential value of Christ's teachings because out of the larger world which he did not know, we bring something to supplement and beguify them. The most beautiful diamond receives the most costly setting, and so we bring to the unadorned truth of the Galilean carpenter all the adornments of the centuries. It was only in his conceptions of relationship, duty and love that he varied from his countrymen. He lived, labored, suffered and died a Jew, and not even as a Jew of urbanity, but of provincial preferences, if not prejudices. Had his teachings remained the simple truth he gave to the world, they would have made no progress and long ere this would have been forgotten. They needed the delusions of mysticism, error, statecraft and ceremonial to make them acceptable.

The churches organized to-day the nearest to the primitive idea, are the smallest, least popular, and save in an indirect way, the least influential. We look in vain among the so-called Christian denominations for one that dares to stand simply upon foundation laid by the unpretentious, guileless, penniless democrat of the Geneserath valley; one that like him, was so impressed with the value of the lowliest life that beside it all the world was valueless; so filled with the grandeur of duty that all material grandeur became as dust; so enwrapped in the poetry of love divine and human, that the music of the spheres was all unheeded, the voices of nature all as the very stillness of death.

Such a life is yet too high; we cannot attain unto it; yea, so high that to the great mass of his followers it seems impossible to have been lived by a man; they aver that it was of necessity the life of a god. Therefore our paganism is a necessity, and not only to-day, but at all times when we try to comprehend the mind that was in Christ we are compelled by the very weakness of our humanity to have recourse to symbol, to figure, to mystical allusion and flights of imagination. Upon this holiday—for it is holy; let us not grudgingly but willingly, admit the extent of our human frailty, and trust that although, because of our limitations we are thus driven to use these days as the very crutches for our poor spirits that desire to fly when they can barely crawl, we may still approach to some glimpses of the ineffable glory!

"O Love divine, whose constant beam
Shines on the eye that will not see,
And waits to bless us, while we dream
Thou leave'st us when we turn from Thee!"

"All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer by these are lit,
And, dim or clear, thy tongue of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit."

"Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou knowest;
Wide as our need, thy favors fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Swoop, unseen, o'er the heads of all."

This broad idea of the true significance of the Easter festival has a real value in another way; it relieves the mind from many of the perplexities incident to an acceptance or rejection of the various accounts of the resurrection of Christ. So long as people believed in the resurrection of the body, there was not much trouble upon this point, but when modern science, as it long ago did, demonstrated the absolute earthiness of man's material organism, making him simply one in the long line of the animals that God had created, insuperable doubts began to intrude themselves. The doubts were not strong that Jesus in bodily form arose from the dead, and when it became apparent that even if he did, it proved nothing as to the possibility of our own resurrection, for it was of an entirely different nature; the fact, if it were a fact, became valueless. It did not meet our need. Across the broader field the way is clear. We may believe that the apostles firmly rested upon the doctrine which they everywhere preached as true, that Jesus conquered the grave, and rose triumphant from its rocky embrace. We may believe that this strong faith in a delusion gave them a dauntless courage, and an unshaken determination to preach the gospel as no faith in any reality could possibly have done, (for erroneous beliefs have blessed the world as well as true ones), and yet not a ray of brightness that gathers around this hour need to go out of it. Above the dust of all exploded legends, discarded miracles, and contradictory gospels, rises the grand fact that man needed these things to aid him in finding a basis for his hope because he was not aware, and through stubbornness and ignorance could not be made aware, of the largeness of the divine mercy, and how soon, and how certainly, God spoke this great hope of immortality into the life of mankind. We garner our grain from the sowing of centuries; the chaff only is blown away. From the coarse polytheism of Egypt, we like the Brahmin have saved the symbol of the lotus because of the jewel therein—its suggestion of a resurrection. From the materialism of the south of Europe, we retain only that which is potent in the same manner, and from amid the mistakes of Galilean fishermen, we gladly gather the grain of truth which in their way they secured to the succeeding ages. It is not that Galilee is less to us but that God is more; it is not because our faith in immortality is weak, but because of the greater strength which comes from the thought that in this, as in countless other things, God was better than the narrow mind of man conceived him to be, and so had not left any of his children without a witness of the eternal possibilities.

"There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
That is more than liberty."

"For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the eternal
Is wonderfully kind."

A casual glance fails to discover the extent and intricacy with which this belief in immortality, sometimes latent, sometimes active, is woven into life that now is. We say sometimes, especially when desiring to awaken our souls to the stress of immediate duty, "One world at a time." In a narrow sense this is correct. We know nothing as to the realities of the life that is to be. In this life, we can and do, change, improve, make and mar by the course of daily deeds, much of earthly prosperity and happiness. Performance of daily duty is but the command of daily necessity. Faith in immortality will feed no hungry, clothe no naked, add nothing to the world's stock of knowledge. All these things are of the earth and make to us their incessant appeals from the plane of our present activities.

But they make up the smaller part of life, and though we give to them so much of our time, they go but a little way toward completing the sum of its best gifts to him who truly lives.

We really live in our personal relations. We are rich, if rich at all, in the realm of the affections. Take out of the world the mighty kingdom of love, the love of parent for child, of marital affinity, of the philanthropist for his kind, the love that makes duty pleasure, that defies suffering, that courts death for the benefit of its object, but leave in the world the wealth of mines, the beauty of palaces, the empire of human invention, "all that glory and that wealth ever gave," and your heart tells you that the world is poorer than a beggar's hut, more bleak and barren than an arctic winter.

It is the demand of Duty, not the dear desire of Love, that says "One world at a time." The voice of duty dies with duty done. Love ever sings of the eternities. Therefore, whatever is beautiful with Love is beautiful with something of that light "that never was on land nor sea," and the touch of her fancy paints the pictures of the years to be—evermore to be—and the eye of affection spans every grave in all the broad universe with a rainbow of eternal hope. Love has put immortality into all the sweetest poetry, the loftiest sentiments, the grandest paintings, the noblest statues that have been sung, spoken, or limbed or chiseled, throughout

the realms of poetry, oratory or art since God first moved upon the great deep of the human affections and said, "Let there be love."

And all this is above logic, beyond reason. Men have written solemn books to prove the soul of man immortal. They have done laborious years of thinking endeavoring by the keen point of the intellect to pierce the shadow that shuts to-morrow from to-day.

The mother heart yearning for the little one asleep in the valley of shadows, the old man who alone in the evening hour calls the names of his friends of the long ago, and has no answer but silence, and the echo of silence, has that which the wealth of books, the power of intellect, and the argument of sages cannot give nor take away—a sentiment, perhaps but half formed, never spoken to the outer ear, that all of love, and love's delight, is garnered in the immortal years; and this sentiment strong from its very vagueness, and this defiance of intellectual clearness, becomes truly "an anchor to the soul," sure and steadfast, and entereth into that within the veil. For this sentiment, unseen hands roll the stone from the door of all earth's sepulchres; for it, the Angel of the Resurrection standing by every open grave in all the world proclaims, "They are not here but risen;" for it, we build our heavens, and more than in any place on earth enshrine therein our holiest memories, our dearest treasures, our everlasting hopes.

In this, as in many other things, that which is of the most value to our manhood and womanhood does not come at the end of some logical process, or by the application of the cold laws of mental exactitude. Were we happy only when we knew, did we enjoy only when we could demonstrate the solidity of our ground of enjoyment, how small and how beggarly our world would be. You, oh, my philosopher, who are more than a millionaire in the love of wife and children, who would not give the smile of tender solicitude that lights the face of that wife, and the noisy greeting of those little ones as you cross the threshold of your home at nightfall for all the power of a LaPlace, or the encyclopedic knowledge of a Draper or a Huxley, sit down with me for a moment and try to tell me why you so monopolize a woman's heart, and why you are not only the very riches of the earth to your children, but why they are more than all the world to you. You can give me the weight of the earth to a pound; you know the track of the sun better than the way trod by your own feet on yesterday; you can draw the invisible forces of the outer world from their hidden recesses, make them speak your word and do your daily drudgery; your language is freighted with wise sentences about the universality of law, the conservation of energy, the certainty of effects after causes; but the love of the human heart is as much a mystery to you as to the man who advises you not to trim your rose bushes in the time of the waning moon, and not to trim your nails on Sunday. And some day the light of your home goes out; the way of life is dark; suns, systems, laws, causes, effects, the brightness of the lightnings and the mighty power of material forces are a very mockery of your misery, unless across the darkness, that love which you could not fathom and which was higher than your loftiest hypothesis, speaks to your soul its word of cheer.

Then like many another you find consolation, and through your tears you see the flashing of angelic wings. You take up the burdens, yea, and the joys of life again, not content, but strengthened, and forever after the world beyond is more real, its ministries more vital, and the hope that is over it all is akin to certainty, because a part of your life has already gone before you and cast anchor in the eternal Summer-land.

Your knowledge is no more than it was; you cannot a whit the more demonstrate to any man the existence of this larger life into which, through the gateway of grief and with a baptism of tears your soul has entered, but it is so much a part of your being that you cease to question its reality, or to doubt its benign influences.

And you are glad that your unlearned neighbor has just as strong a hold upon the line that connects you to this other life as you can possibly have. You begin to understand something of that brotherhood of sorrow which makes the whole world kin. Before the world was light and strength; now it is light, strength, sweetness and hope. The stone has been rolled from the door of the sepulcher, and as the women at the tomb of Jesus saw the angel with words of promise, and countenance of light, so do you see him, and shall see him forever more.

I trust that even for those of us who sit in the darkness of the deepest shadows, these Easter days are freighted with hopeful suggestions. We all have common property in the sorrowful heritage of graves. Many of us have gone far down and often into the valley of separation. Like Him whose love the tomb could not contain, we have cried in the hour of our anguish, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" May it not also be that we shall learn from the uplifting ministries of this hour that we are never forsaken, but that the angels of Patience, Resignation and Hope evermore minister unto us? We do not know now, but can we not hear the voice saying, "Ye shall know hereafter?"

Above all other things, let us all strive to become sensible of the clinging nearness of the Infinite Love. Let us so trust God that we shall need no intervening miracle, no solemn church rite, no word of doctrine, no prayer of preacher or priest, to make us conscious of his presence. Sinner and saint alike are enfolded in the arms of the tireless

Providence. The breath of this spring-time hour, the glad voices of the reawakened woodlands, the innocent, speaking eyes of 10,000 flowers, are alike for us all.

If we will but "open the windows of our souls, and bid the Holy Ghost to enter in," we shall with ancient Aratus, realize that "we are all God's offspring."

"God draws a cloud over each gleaming morn:
Do we ask why?
It is because all noblest things are born
In agony."

"Only upon some cross of pain or woe
God's son may lie:
Each soul redeemed from self and sin, must know
Its Calvary."

"Yet more than feeble hearts can ever pine
For holiness—
The Father, in his tenderness divine
Yearneth to bless—"

"What though we fall and bruise and wounded lie
Our life is dust?
God's arm shall lift us up to victory:
In Him we trust."

"For neither life, nor death, nor things below,
Nor things above,
Shall ever sever us, that we should go,
From His great love!"

An Italian Knight Crosses Pens with Mrs. Watson's Critic.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have just read in your excellent JOURNAL of the 26th of March, the short words of a "Christian Woman" in criticism of Mrs. Watson's lecture, and I willingly endorse what you say about having full respect for those who possess the necessary courage to affirm their convictions and faith, yet it strikes me that such convictions and such faith can easily be explained away, leaving no trace of their apparently reliable source.

I had a discussion with a Monsignore a few weeks ago, about these matters, in the presence of a gifted lady, the wife of an ambassador (S. E. La Serrona Donna Eduarda Garcia y Mansilla). In the course of conversation, I having taken my stand as a skeptic wearing no color, and having therefore told Monsignore point blank, that my religion was what Jesus answered the Pharisees (as we read in the Gospels of Luke and of Matthew): namely, "Unswerving faith, trust and love in the Soul of the Universe—God—and love to all our fellow creatures." I begged him, Monsignore, to allow me to ask one question, to which he readily assented. The question was the following: "Do you consider that God can make a blunder?"

He answered: "Assuredly not."
"Well, then," I rejoined, "the entire edifice of Christianity falls to the ground, and not one particle of it remains upright."

"What do you mean?" Monsignore naturally rejoined.

"What I mean is simply this: According to Genesis, God did make a blunder in creating Adam and Eve so weak and so defective that they turned out differently to what He intended them to be."

"You are mistaken," Monsignore said, "for you must take into account the privilege of free will with which He endowed them; and they sinned in disobeying the order of their Maker."

I replied: "This is all very well, but has no real meaning. He, the Almighty, made them, yet blundered in making them so badly that the very privilege you mention only tended to clarify their worst of perfection when put to the test; the fault was His, their Maker's, not theirs; but as you well say, and I am quite of your opinion, that the Almighty cannot possibly be guilty of a blunder; then these nursery tales about Eden, the serpent, and the apple and the subsequent curse, total depravity, and the ridiculous notion of God the Redeemer who finds no other alternative than to incarnate on this 'dot,' called Earth, in order to be crucified so, as to save (which He to all appearances does not) the almost imperceptible parasites, men, living on it, all fall to the ground, as indeed they well ought, coming to us, as they do, from barbarous ages, and having now fully satisfied their time."

I shall not tell you now how our debate ended; yet will do so another time, if you should care to know. Persuaded as I am that the true doctrine is as I have said, "Love to God and to our fellow men," I consider myself authorized to sport, or rather to continue to sport, the name of Christian, as Jesus is reported to have stated that these two laws constituted the true religion according to the prophets; and I say this, although I have never been able to feel perfectly satisfied that Jesus ever really existed, as there are no authentic historical documents to prove it; and have besides no idea of who wrote the Gospels.

As regards the Gospels, it is well known that at the first Synod of Nice, more than three hundred years after the death of the supposed Christ, there were some sixty Gospels, written by God knows whom, which were so absurd and contradictory one with the other, that the dignitaries of the Church invoked the aid of the Holy Ghost (to enlighten them as to which of these they were to give credence to), and the Holy Ghost (that is they, the dignitaries) sorted out ten; which three hundred years later, in a subsequent Synod, were for the same reason and in a like manner, reduced to thirty-four.

People say that having had the power of reaching up to centuries through so many centuries, proves that the Christian books are based on truth, as else they could not have lasted so long; but people forget the thousands of books that have perished.

(Continued on English Page.)

THE LESSON OF SPIRITUALISM.

sermon by Rev. E. P. Adams, of Dunkirk, N. Y.

The material or physical forces are not the mightiest. The power of spirit, or mind, is greater than all the potentialities of matter. The time has come and gone for the dedication of matter, and a revolution has set in, with regard to our way of thinking. We discover in Jesus and his life the revelation of an immaterial force that acts not only upon inanimate matter with authority, but which effects vital changes in the physical organism of man; restoring the withered limb and disordered brain to instantaneous soundness, and giving health to the sick, sight to the blind, and life to the recently dead. These are things that are as well attested as anything in history, and are doubted by us simply because they are outside of our own experience, and because we do not happen to understand how they can be. This power of the spirit or divine soul in man is a fact, notwithstanding our ignorance, and every theory of nature that ignores it is radically defective. The life of Jesus is a demonstration of this most wonderful power.

The record is simple and straightforward: "Jesus went about in all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of diseases and all manner of sicknesses among the people. And the report of him went forth into all Syria; and they brought unto him all that were sick, holden with divers diseases and torments, and those who were possessed with demons, and those who were lunatic, and those that had the palsy, and he healed them. And there followed him great crowds of people from Galilee and Decapolis, and Jerusalem and Judea, and from beyond the Jordan." And all this was done, as it is asserted, "in the power of the spirit." So Jesus himself claimed when, immediately after, in the synagogue of Nazareth, he took to himself the prophecy—"The spirit of the Lord is upon me."

Now we read of these things that Jesus did, and, blindfolded as we are by the dense materialism of the day, what impression do they make upon our minds? We do not discern the mighty operation of spiritual power within man. We lightly accept the so-called scientific conclusion that matter is the basis of all existence; that mind is the result of physical structure; and that when the organ called the brain is destroyed, the mind vanishes; and the man himself with it; whereas the life of Jesus, by demonstrating the power of spirit, establishes directly the reverse. It teaches that spirit goes before, creates, energizes and renews matter. Spirit is God; is the divine life and power.

The great modern phenomena of Spiritualism confronts us as we come upon this theme of the spirit. It is altogether too great a fact to quietly ignore. It has raised a standard against materialism, or the universal reign of matter, and whether true or false, has given comfort and hope of another life to multitudes of people.

Its beginning, nearly forty years ago, in rappings and table-tippings, was in apparent weakness and folly; but it has advanced with the rapid strides of a conqueror. Till now it has its followers everywhere, and counts them by millions.

It claims to have broken down the partition walls between the world visible and the world invisible, the here and the hereafter, revealing the essential nearness of those that have passed through death to those that are still living, a nearness that renders communion possible. Indeed, in the house of many a Spiritualist to-day there is set apart one reception room for the visits of the departed, no less than another for callers who are still in the flesh, all that is necessary for receiving calls from spirit friends being the presence of a medium. Nor is there anything necessarily ghostly in this social intercourse, for neither party to it is dead. All that is dead is in the cemetery. The spirit visitor is even more real and better equipped in being than he that has the joy of entertaining him.

Spiritualism claims, then, in the second place, that there is, and that there is demonstrated to be, in man a conscious individuality that is indestructible, superior to all physical conditions, higher than the organized dust called the body, nobler than a mere human animal struggling for existence for some three score years and ten, and then giving room for more beings of the same sort. In other words, man is a spirit; temporarily, for purposes of education, clothed and housed in a material form, but destined, at what is called death, but what is more truly life, to a higher existence as a spirit. And it founds this high claim upon actual and positive experience. Departed friends have been conversed with, have proved their identity in ways and by tests innumerable, have even manifested their old familiar forms by materialization, or taking on a form for the purpose of proving identity.

Again it claims that beings who were once our friends on earth, and who have passed on to a higher state of existence, return as our helpers; that they wait recognition from us, and when they find a receptivity in us exert all their power to lift us up to their higher plane. It thus teaches men that they are ever in the presence of unseen helpers, whom they attract on the principle that like draws to like. It teaches that the noble and wise who have departed are studying, with what science and skill they possessed here, increased by later study and experience, to raise tolling humanity; to bless, sustain and inspire.

Such being the demonstrated facts: 1st, that the unseen world is in the actual presence of the seen, death having no power to separate friends in reality; 2nd, that individual existence is not lost but simply placed in improved conditions by death; and 3rd, that the spirits of our friends and others are engaged in ministering to our development, such being the demonstrated facts, certain results follow.

1. This knowledge of the future takes away all unreasonable fear of death. It takes away the sting of the terrible dogma which at the same time they made men afraid to die, did not tend to make them better men. But it does not give them encouragement to live wicked or selfish lives, for it assures them that they shall possess the same moral and mental qualities there as here,—that "if filthy, they shall be filthy still, and if holy, they shall be holy still." It teaches that they have been purified by trials, been made patient by sufferings uncomplainingly borne, are in a higher sphere than others that lack the discipline in this preparatory stage of existence. But it holds out to them the hope that through sufferings and deprivations brought upon themselves by wrong courses here, they shall at length learn wisdom and come into good. Spiritualism thus teaches self-improvement, the cultivation of the better nature. It teaches men and women to begin here and now to prepare for the immortal life and its high companionship. It

goes a step farther than I have yet indicated, and teaches that unconsciously to ourselves spirits affect us according to the attraction of our characters. If low ourselves, we attract to ourselves the low; but if our own souls delight in goodness, we attract the good and are helped onward toward goodness. As we might expect, therefore, the tendency of Spiritualism is toward morality and honesty, and my acquaintance with Spiritualists confirms me in this belief. Whether this healthful tendency is as strong, or stronger than, we find elsewhere, remains to be seen.

2. Another result is a tendency to progress, and free thought, in the best sense of independence of custom and ancient dogma. That the average of Spiritualists are altogether broad, and free, and large minded need not be claimed, though it may be claimed that they compare favorably with any other known class of people in that regard. It belongs to human nature to think that people who do not hold as we do, have very little of truth and are not worth listening to. Liberal people do not leave all the bitterness or narrowness to orthodox people. But certainly there is a necessary tendency in the doctrine of Spiritualism to render people not only free in their judgments, but charitable. And as to a progressive tendency in Spiritualism, that is unavoidable. It is the religion that has no more any inspiration or revelations, but whose creeds are the changeless heirlooms of the past, without growth or development, that is stationary. But Spiritualism, believing, as it does, in constant relations sustained with nobler intelligences that seek to assist, cannot stand still. Her artists, and poets, and seers, and inspirational speakers, ever looking for greater things must find greater things. Progress marks her course. Spiritualism is by no means what it was even a dozen years ago, as any well informed and unprejudiced observer must know. The tendency of any great idea, after the early days of novelty are over, to add other vital ideas to itself. Spiritualism found the neglected truth of angelic help, as vouchsafed to men, and it may have emphasized this truth out of proportion; but it did not stop satisfied there, but in the language of one of its speakers, it also seeks to "develop within each man, however humble in station, or retiring in disposition, the gifts which belong to the individual's nature; to stimulate the genius which is within; to enlighten by drawing out the powers inherent to the individual. Spiritualism prompts to self-knowledge, leading men to seek to fathom the depths of his own being." And adds: "which process can only be rightly conducted when in harmony with the intuitions of the angels who are his teachers and guides." So we see that the individual spirit that God has put into the man is not ignored. They speak of the "indwelling spirit" at the same time that they talk of "the spirits."

Yes, the time was, and not long since, when in the stress of a deluge of materialism, a demonstration was required—one that would puzzle the wise men and the philosophers and psychical research societies, and effect the purpose by its very weakness and folly. Therefore it began in the very crudest way, with two little girls near Rochester. And the whole business, mixed with truth and fraud, the tramping ground of jugglers and imposture of every kind, has also been the low birth place of very high truth. Good has come out of Nazareth. It was a divine necessity. None of us can boast. It is God's work, that no flesh might glory in his presence. It was the day of the doubting Didymus of materialistic tendency, who declared that he wouldn't believe anything that he didn't see. To whom the Master graciously granted the doubtful request. "Reach hither thy finger and see my hands where the nails were through; and reach thy hand and put it into my side which the spear's head pierced, and be not faithless, but believing. Ah! and art thou convinced, Thomas? Because thou hast seen me thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

Think as you may of Spiritualism, of the character and cause of its phenomena, it is time that you acknowledged your indebtedness to it. It has stood for the great power and reality of spirit. And as to holding it up to ridicule, or cherishing prejudices against it, that is always short-sighted. It is much wiser to believe that it has a mission from God; that it brings for us a treasure of truth. And let us always remember this wise saying of Paul: "We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not from ourselves." All the "isms" are but earthen vessels in each of which God sends to us some portion of truth appropriate for its time. It is the contents, and not the vessel in which it is borne, that we are to receive. See what truth God has sent you in Calvinism, Unitarianism, Universalism, Spiritualism, etc., and when you have accepted and appropriated it, let the vessel go. It is only an earthen vessel at the best. It never contained the whole-orbed truth, and it never will. Taste without prejudice from all God's vessels. The great thing is charity, which alone shall be eternal, for that receives of all and is combined of all that is good. "Whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect (i.e. complete in all its parts) is come, then that which is in part shall be done away." Let us then not join ourselves wholly to any of the "isms" or partial things in a way to be blinded to what God is sending to us in his other "earthen vessels." And on the other hand, let us not pass by any of the vessels of divine truth, because they look to be "earthen."—*New Theology Herald.*

A Unitarian's Word for Spiritualists.

At the recent State Convention of the Spiritualists of Connecticut, held in Unity Hall, Hartford, the Rev. Mr. Kimball, pastor of Unity Church, being called upon by the presiding officer at the opening session to say how he felt in such company, came on the platform and spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS:—It gives me pleasure to accept your invitation and to speak to you as a Unitarian clergyman and as the pastor of this church, a few words of welcome and congratulation.

It is no new thing for us Unitarians to have Spiritualists within these walls. A considerable part of my ordinary congregation are either direct believers in the reality of Spiritualistic phenomena, or have more or less sympathy with the interests and objects of your association; and I am bound to say that they are among the best Unitarians and the best men and women that I have in the society—upright, honest, large-hearted, intelligent, appreciative of all truth, devoted personal friends and unflinching upholders of all liberal utterances; and I should be an ungrateful wretch, if to their friends, when they come here, I did not show myself a friend.

And what is true of my own religious society is true, also, to a greater or less extent of all religious societies. Spiritualism is not a distinct foreign body outside of the church and of religion any more than it is outside of the home, the shop, the market or the world anywhere. It is in them all—in the pews, in the pulpit, in the conference meeting, around the communion table, is everywhere that religion is itself,—not always confessed, not always outspoken, not always a direct supporter of its visible movement, but in them as an interest, a belief, a subject of inquiry. Take Spiritualism out of the churches of Christendom and what is left would be literally honey-combed all through, be the mere cells and combs of ecclesiasticism and theology with the honey of faith very largely gone. And such being the case, it is utterly folly, in repeating too conspicuously the mistakes of the past, for church authorities to refuse it fellowship simply because it is a new comer and as if it had nothing to do with religion.

Again I am glad to be here as a Unitarian minister because it is one of the fundamental principles of Unitarianism to recognize and honor all honest inquirers after religious truth, whatever their name or guise may be, and whether the conclusions to which they come are the same as its own or not. It believes that religion is infinite; that no one man, or one set of men, can see it all; that one sees it from one point and another from another point; one one aspect of it and another another aspect, even from the same point, and that it takes the whole of them, and more than the whole, to see it all. It holds with Max Muller that there never was such a thing as a really false religion, unless we are prepared to say that a bud is a false flower, or a baby a false man; that each sect, each denomination, each form of faith, even those which outwardly are widest apart, even those of the farthest heathen lands, even those which externally are covered with the crudest superstitions, has underneath its crudities a root of truth which goes down to the everlasting verities, which flows with a sap from the very life of God, and through which has come a nurture for human souls and for that civilization in whose leaf and flower we are all rejoicing to-day—sings with Whittier—

"All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts that pray, by Thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, Thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit."

And recognizing thus all other religions, orthodox, Romanism, heathen—some of them with doctrines at the very antipodes of its own—how can it consistently refuse, whether or not it believes in its special teachings, to do the same with a body of inquirers that it finds right here in the very heart of Christendom itself and in the very communion of its own churches, even though they are looked upon by some as more dreadful than any heathen that ever worshiped an idol or ate a missionary?

Finally, I am glad to express to you a word of hearty good will, because the kind of religious truth you are inquiring into is one which in our day has need preeminently of fresh evidence. There is no denying that under the light of modern science and of nineteenth century criticism, the faith of mankind in a future life, so far as the old proofs go, has been terribly weakened. It is not merely atheists and skeptics, and the wicked, and those who do not want immortality that have become doubtful as to its existence, but vast numbers of good, intelligent and otherwise religious people, vast numbers of those sometimes in our churches, and who are striving to live this life faithfully and well; they who are troubled with doubts and fears; and even among those who on the whole believe in a future on the score of the old arguments, there is often an intense desire for something more, some proof of it as direct and immediate as they have of the other parts of this present world—a wish felt in all ages that some one traveler might return from that undiscovered country over whose bourne such myriads are passing and tell us that it is indeed a realm of conscious life. I am frank to confess, minister of the gospel as I am, that it is a feeling I fully share; frank to confess that a belief in a Spirit-world and a future conscious life is a part of my faith, which will bear a great deal of strengthening. And under these circumstances, and all the more because I am not myself experimentally a Spiritualist,—how can I do otherwise than look with profound interest on a set of inquirers who come professing to have found the means of satisfying this great need of our modern humanity, and who claim to have discovered not only a new evidence of the Spirit-world, but the means of holding direct communion with its inmates; claim to have seen not only one, but many travelers who have returned from beyond its bourne?

The attention of the whole scientific world is turned at this present juncture to the great telescope which is being made for the Lick observatory and which is soon to be mounted under the clear skies of our California shore, the largest instrument of the kind that human genius has ever constructed; and when it is completed and its far reaching eye, the pupil of which is thirty-six inches wide, is turned to the material heavens, there is the intensest curiosity to know what its revelations will be. What new story will the moon's "spotty globe," our own nearest neighbor, tell us through its more than "Tuscan optic glass"? What whisper down its mighty tube shall we get from lovely Venus, fairest star on the brow of Eve? What fresh wonders from little-mooned Mars, soon to round into sight, from the mighty belted Jupiter, from ring-circled Saturn, and from lonely, far-off Neptune swimming in his vast uncounted sea of space. What discoveries will it bring us from those measureless depths of sky no mortal vision ever yet has penetrated? What questions answer and what problems solve about those vast embryonic universes, the nebulae, over which at present broods such mystery? Now suppose that in addition to this natural scientific curiosity as to what the great telescope will show, there was a vague belief that to one of these shining worlds to be brought within its clearer vision—to the Moon, or Mars, or Venus—our own loved ones through all generations had been going, and were now walking there in gardens fairer than ever bloomed on earth, and that there was a possibility that the lenses of its Cyclopean eye might be powerful enough to bring their dear forms into view and to establish a communion with them, how infinitely the interest in it would be increased, and with what anxiety every aching heart of earth, from those of the bereaved mothers in the far-off isles of the sea, to the myriad sundered families at the very centers of Christendom, would wait for the moment when it would be turned to the spot. But here is a world above us, around us and within us more replete with wonder, grandeur and mystery, if our religion be true, than ought that ever flashed from shining star or rolled from dimmest depth of night, a world to which faith says our loved ones have gone, and now when it is claimed that a medium has

been discovered in the human mind, a spiritual telescope more subtle than "Tuscan optic glass," which is capable of answering the questions and solving the problems connected with this world, capable, too, of revealing, yes, communing with its inhabitants, is it strange that so many men and women with minds hungry for truth and hearts hungering for the loved and lost, should watch with intensest interest and sympathy the investigations which are being made as to the reality of such claims and with the liveliest hope that the discovery may be proved genuine.

Of course I know the charges of deceit and fraud that are made against mediums, some of them, alas, too well grounded; and the ridicule and disdain which are cast on the alleged phenomena, at some of which I cannot help smiling myself; but among those who claim to have this strange power I know, also, there are some as true and honest souls as any that anywhere ever testified to religious experience; and among the rubbish, some facts that our philosophy somewhere has got to be enlarged to take in. The testimonies are too many and too widespread, the testifiers too intelligent and high reputed not to indicate a substratum of truth in the claims of Spiritualism; and the time has now gone by when any one who wishes himself to be respected can speak of it as a whole with disrespect.

So, friends, on these grounds I am glad to look you in the face and to give you in your work a hearty God speed. Go on with your organization and your investigations. Experiment, observe, reason; get together all the facts and all the testimonies you can. Perfect your spiritual telescope; let its lens collect all the light out of the unseen world, too diffused and dim for the common eye, that is possible; and a great multitude of us, who, like myself, are destitute of this vision, though we cannot help it along, will at least rejoice in your progress. But, oh, I beseech you for the sake of the millions of us who cannot see for ourselves, and yet who are waiting, yearning to have our faith strengthened and our hopes justified, of a meeting with our loved ones again, be honest with us. Stamp out all fraud, all pretense, all enlargement, worse sometimes than direct fraud,—of what is genuine. Give us the exact truth even though it be no larger than a grain of mustard seed, remembering that the smallest real truth here is precious enough to get you all needed honor. Show in your own lives that the truth you believe in has in it "the power of the world to come," the power to uplift and ennoble here. Take as your guide Tennyson's words,

"How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affection bold,
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead."

And so doing, may the spirit of Him who is in all worlds and over all other spirits, give you, one and all, his blessing.

A SPIRITUAL FUNERAL.

Music and Flowers Take the Place of Prayers and Tears.

A Fond Husband Conducts His Wife's Obsequies.

(Cincinnati Enquirer, Apr. 24th.)

A spiritual funeral.

No prayers and tears, but music and flowers. Such was the service conducted over the remains of Mrs. Sarah H. Aspinwall at 272 West Seventh street day before yesterday.

They were conducted by the dead woman's husband, and a spirit of contentment rather than sorrow pervaded the assemblage of friends of the deceased.

Mrs. Aspinwall "passed to spirit life" Wednesday evening of last week after a lingering illness. She and her husband, Dr. S. N. Aspinwall, of Minneapolis, arrived in the city early in March on their way home from Boston. Mrs. Aspinwall, who has been an invalid for years, was taken worse, confined to her bed, and gradually growing weaker and weaker, she quietly passed away without a struggle. They were Spiritualists, Mr. Aspinwall being President of the first spiritual society of Minneapolis, Minn., and author of a spiritualistic work called "Gardens of Sheaves." The funeral took place at 10 A. M., Friday. The remains were placed in a beautiful rosewood casket, ornamented with massive silver handles, and a large silver plate with the words "At Rest" beautifully engraved and placed across the casket. The room, casket, tables and mantel were covered with large bouquets of white roses, pink, forget-me-nots and lilies, and a large pillow of beautiful pansies was placed at the head. The sound of beautiful soft, sweet music was heard from an adjoining room rendered by a quartet. Among the pieces sang were "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Sweet By and By," "Home of the Soul," "There is Rest for the Weary" and "Angels Ever Near." When the time arrived for the services to commence, Mr. Aspinwall, who had been sitting at the head of the casket arose, and in a distinctly tremulous voice said: My friends, it was hoped that Miss Hagan, who is the lecturer for the spiritual society of this city for the present month, and the only one here, would be present at this time, but having been called away has not returned. I will, therefore, in accordance with the wishes of my dear wife, say to those present that it was her desire to have a quiet funeral. She seemed to know that her spirit was soon to leave its earthly tenement of clay, and gave me in writing these directions: "I desire a quiet funeral, with no tears or prayers—only music and flowers." I have tried to carry out her wishes. We were both Spiritualists, and, like thousands of others, were brought to a knowledge of its truth through grief and suffering. I will relate to you our first knowledge of its truth: Five years ago this coming June, a bright little boy, our only son, was a member of our home. He left us one day after dinner to go out with his sister and we never saw him alive afterwards. I was then the proprietor of a hotel in the city of Hastings, Minn., and many who were our guests will remember

OUR BRIGHT-EYED LITTLE BOY

Of eight and a half years, who was a general favorite with all. He went out the door with his sister Lizzie. About thirty minutes afterward, while sitting in my office talking with a gentleman, two boys came running in, and throwing a hat down upon the counter, said: "Mr. Aspinwall, there is Lloyd's hat." I jumped up and said: "Where is Lloyd?" They said: "We do not know; guess he is in the river." I ran down to the river dock. Not a soul to be seen. The dark swift waters of the Mississippi rolled majestically on. Well, by that time it had become generally known and the bank was lined with people, boats were out and the river dragged until we were satisfied it was useless, and my wife and myself sorrowfully wended our way back to our home nearly distracted with grief. We had four daughters, but he was our only son, our youngest, our baby, the apple of our eye. Our hearts were bound up in him.

After a few weeks the family physician said to me: "Mr. Aspinwall, I can do nothing for your wife. You will have to do one of three things: Go away with her, send her to an insane asylum or bury her." I said: "We will go at once." I left my business in the hands of my employees, with my daughter Sally, twenty years of age, as general superintendent, and we started for New York, my former home. Among our friends and acquaintances there many were Spiritualists, and they would often say: "Why don't you go to a medium?" We said, oh, bosh, don't talk to us of mediums or Spiritualism. We don't want to be humbugged. It is all fraud. We were strong Presbyterians, and our forefathers had been so for many generations before us, and we had been taught to have faith that life was immortal; but to think for ourselves, and have the knowledge that it was so was a terrible thing and a great sin. One evening we took tea with a friend of ours, a Mrs. Brackett, and she said to me: "Mr. Aspinwall, when you go home to your rooms you pass directly by the house of a Mrs. Godwin, who is a good, honest trance medium. If you will stop and see her and do not get relief I

This dear wife never recovered from the shock. After a few weeks the family physician said to me: "Mr. Aspinwall, I can do nothing for your wife. You will have to do one of three things: Go away with her, send her to an insane asylum or bury her." I said: "We will go at once." I left my business in the hands of my employees, with my daughter Sally, twenty years of age, as general superintendent, and we started for New York, my former home. Among our friends and acquaintances there many were Spiritualists, and they would often say: "Why don't you go to a medium?" We said, oh, bosh, don't talk to us of mediums or Spiritualism. We don't want to be humbugged. It is all fraud. We were strong Presbyterians, and our forefathers had been so for many generations before us, and we had been taught to have faith that life was immortal; but to think for ourselves, and have the knowledge that it was so was a terrible thing and a great sin. One evening we took tea with a friend of ours, a Mrs. Brackett, and she said to me: "Mr. Aspinwall, when you go home to your rooms you pass directly by the house of a Mrs. Godwin, who is a good, honest trance medium. If you will stop and see her and do not get relief I

WILL NEVER SAY SPIRITUALISM

To you again," I said, "Well to please you I will stop." We called at the house rang the bell. A servant came to the door. "Is Mrs. Godwin in?" "She is at tea now; will see you in a few minutes." We took seats in the parlor. Very soon a pleasant, intelligent-looking lady came in and said, "Good evening, I am Mrs. Godwin." I said, "We have called to see if you can tell us any thing we don't know." After sitting a few moments she became entranced, and looking over toward us she said, "I see a little boy standing between you with dark eyes, long lashes, brown hair, and I should think about eight or nine years old, and he says his name is Lloyd." The description was perfect, the name correct and the medium a perfect stranger. I was dumb. My wife recovered herself sooner than I and said, "Lloyd, if this is you spell your name as you used to for mamma." The answer at once came, of course, "Make a big L little l-o-y-d," and turning to me said, "Papa, you left Sally home all alone, didn't you?" I said, "Yes; but how did you know it?" He said, "Why, papa, I am not dead. I am with you and mamma all the time. I am not up there in the grave-yard where you buried me." I neglected to say that I had employed a little steamer to try and find his body, which was found the ninth day some six miles below the city. "I don't want you to mourn for me; I am happy. When I fell in the river it was all dark at first; then it was all flowers and so beautiful and light, and grandpa took me to his home. Not Grandpa Myer, mamma, but Grandpa Aspinwall!"

WHOM HE HAD NEVER SEEN.

And who passed away in 1850—"and he says it is all for the best, as I was not very strong any way, and I can grow up in spirit life and prepare a home for you here. Papa, we can travel as quick as thought. You don't care for an old coat you threw away, do you?" I said no. "Well, my body is like an old coat, of no use." He said, "Mamma, I did not mean to disobey you when I went to the river, but I could not help it. Somebody seemed to call me, and I went down and looked off the dock, and got dizzy and fell in." He told us many things of home and what had happened, so that we were really and fully satisfied that we had indeed talked with the spirit of our dear boy, and from that time commenced to investigate Spiritualism, and I am happy to say that there has not been a doubt in our minds, but a knowledge that life is immortal, and that instead of grief at the change called death it should be a season of rejoicing that the spirit is freed from this mortal or material body, which is subject to all the aches and pains to which flesh is heir to. In this casket lie the mortal remains of a true, devoted and loving wife, who, for thirty-three years, has been my almost constant companion, and I know that in spirit she is with me now, and I trust will continue to remain with me to guide my daily walks through life, so that when I shall be called upon to change this mortal for the immortal I may feel that I have lived to do some good for humanity and been the means of showing the light of this great truth to many who are in darkness and despair.

After a few more songs by the quartet and these present the remains were taken to Spring Grove Cemetery, where they will remain for the present. Thus ended a beautiful, but rather unusual service.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

SOLAR BIOLOGY.

By a Theosophist.

"Solar Biology" is the newest addition to Theosophical literature, and is published in Boston. As books of a mystical character are of importance to transcendentalists, we propose to review this work as candidly as possible, in a spirit of fairness to the general public and the author.

The work may be classified in the same category with "Art Magic," "Ghostland," "Isis Unveiled," and "The Perfect Way," the author having led the life of a recluse for many years, having made his attainments and having come forth with his mission. The inspiration is of the highest, and it there be spiritual masters over matter, who rule our planetary system (and we reasonably believe there are), there is every indication that this book has come direct from them. There is an absence of that phenomenalism which characterizes "The Occult World," and the scenes of materializing media, but the interior unfoldment of the author is very high and his perceptions and deductions bear the stamp of rationality and what is of more importance, righteousness.

The influence of the sun upon our earth in generating and sustaining life is too well recognized to require any exposition here; but the special feature of the book before us, is that it points out, in a clear and scientific way, the influence of all the planets revolving round our solar circle. The result of the author's astronomical observations is that there has been developed a complete system for discerning human character according to the positions of the planets at the date of birth. The work tells what is, and why it is, but makes no pretence to foretell the future, having no relation to astrology, though employing well-defined and accepted astronomical facts.

The planets revolving round our sun and belonging particularly to ourselves are (1) Mercury, which is the nearest to the sun and has the narrowest cycle; (2) Venus; (3) our Earth with Moon; (4) Mars; (5) Jupiter; (6) Saturn, and (7) Uranus or Herschel, and to discern their various functions and combinations is very entertaining and instructive. Elaborate diagrams and tables are given.

"Solar Biology," by Hiram C. Butler, Esq., Esoteric Publishing Company, 478 Shawmut Boston, Mass.—Price \$2. For sale at the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, Chicago.

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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, May 7, 1887.

Priestly Politics.

The political power of the priesthood has in the past always been great, fortunately for human welfare it is now on the wane. As rapidly as possible it ought to be made to disappear entirely from the earth. If there are priests, let them be priests, teachers and guides in matters of religion, and not in anywise constitute an organic political power and agency. This power of the priesthood lingers chiefly in the great hierarchies where there is a vast following of ignorant masses who are the superstitious servants of their priestly guides.

As far back as history leads us we see the priest united with the politician, and the priestly order an organized and furtive power to help civil rulers keep the masses in awe. This fact is made conspicuous in the oldest known civilization, that of Egypt, whose literature and monuments alike attest it. When the Greek Solon wanted to give force and weighty sanction to his new code of laws, he claimed that an oracle had instructed him in a cave to which he had retired for meditation. The story of the civil government and military action of early Rome is identified with the vaticinations of the Pontifex Maximus and his subordinates, whose utterances were often necessary for the proper and desired impression on the populace and the army. Here is the secret of much of what is attributed to Moses, a divine authority being necessary to give sanction to some of those laws.

These ancient customs are the source of all the priestly claims, ceremonies and dignities which have been maintained in the name of Christianity. They are the survival of the spirit and style and forms of paganism long after it was supposed paganism was dead. This characterizes the Romish Church eminently above all other Christian bodies; hence it has been the most dominant and arrogantly and persistently political.

The political character of the Romish Church also contains an element and basis which are peculiar to itself and impart to it a quality of supereminence and unapproachable imperiousness and dictatorial assumption. This is its claim of the primacy of the Romish popes as the successors of St. Peter. They are thus supposed to be unapproachably sacred and authoritative, if not infallibly inspired; and this feeling has in our times culminated in making the formal claim and affirmation of infallibility with all the solemnity and dignity which would be given to it by an ecumenical council. That Rome could have the boldness to affirm this in a progressive age like ours, tells the world in more than thunder tones of its unchanging despotic spirit and purpose, and should warn and rouse all free people against it as their implacable and everlasting enemy.

The political claims and energies of all other Churches are derived from their own connection with the State in which they exist and by which they are fostered. This is true even of the great Greek Church. It is identified with the State, and naturally reflects the State policy on its ruling disposition. Disconnected with the State, and it would have no political mission or impulse; that is, if it had nothing to fear or hope from the State as organically connected with it.

A case of fact answering to this supposition is found in the difference between the Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. In England that Church, too, always had a strong political animus. In America it has from the first been quite free from all signs of that quality. Here it is in that respect on a par with all the other Protestant Churches. The State lets it alone, and it lets the State alone, as a body, while its individual members enjoy their privileges and fulfill their

obligations as citizens, like all the rest of the members of the Commonwealth. The Romish Church presents to this no possible parallel. She is not a State Church nor ever was, but the Church, the supreme power and authority on earth, whether allied or not with any earthly State. She has always claimed the right to command and coerce all the States and their sovereigns.

When the pope was sovereign of a State he had more power than now; but his claims were no greater than at present, because they were not, and are not based on any earthly conditions or connections, but on an exclusive and limitless divine authority. The Romish Church is thus theoretically and partially a standing menace to all individual freedom and all national independence. It denies the right of any earthly power to question the doctrine of its chief. That chief and his subordinates declare that they are the only Church, and that so far as they have power to prevent it, they ought not to let any perish, but to force them into the true Church and then into heaven, even though it be through the auto-da-fé.

These comprise the dead politics of Rome. They are among the essential principles of her constitution. They imply and endorse all the horrors of past persecutions and tortures. They are suspended only for want of power; and to the extent of their power this priest-hood would conscientiously suppress the moral liberty and civil rights of every American who would not become the pope's spiritual slave. Americans should be on their guard, and take care to so rule America that the Italian priest shall have no power by the help of his superstitious myrmidons to wield a degrading and disastrous control.

We are well aware that there are many good people in that Church; but we also know that the best of men under the influence of some superstition are often the most dangerous to mankind; and though they be somewhat liberal their connection only adds force to the illiberal majority. We must look at the institution as a whole, and treat it according to its main characteristics, and their natural bearing on the world.

Marriage and Divorce.

Monogamous marriage is conceded to be the highest form of union as a basis of society. Polygamy, polyandry or promiscuity of any kind belongs to inchoate and undeveloped social organisms. There can be no questions on this point; it is settled by experience as well as intuition; yet while this truth is accepted theoretically, its frequent disregard in practice is a striking and lamentable fact.

The growing tendency to divorce for frivolous or fraudulent causes, produces just alarm among thinkers. This tendency will right itself in time, but meanwhile, in addition to great unhappiness, there is a lowering in the moral tone of a large portion of the community which is to be greatly deplored.

A variety of causes at work tend to make marriage more difficult every year. The taste for display and desire for social advancement are obstacles in many cases. Young men early accustom themselves to luxurious habits, and spend dollars where their fathers spent cents. Young people have a passion for fine clothing and gaiety. To marry on small incomes means self-denial, frugality and industry. It means settling down to the responsibilities of life; and those tastes that tend to luxury, shun responsibility. Modern life has become extremely complicated. No young couple can settle down in the simple way with which their parents started life. Parenthood is evaded where it should be welcomed, and characters, in consequence, lack the poise and weight which fatherhood and motherhood bring. Dwarfed or perverted, the husband and wife miss all the sweet cares and joys which should bring them nearer and nearer together as the years roll away. They miss the development that comes from fully unfolded nature. Even to look upon the little grave is better than to lack the experiences of parenthood; the ascended infant might lead them to look up to the home of the spirit in which, otherwise they have no interest.

These obstacles in the way of marriage keep pace with increase in divorces. Woman's rights and privileges in society have undergone great changes, but without a corresponding change in the family. Prof. Thwing in "The Family," justly says:

"Society attempts to put new wine into the old bottles when it educates a woman to the level of a man, gives her control of her property, opens to her avenues of self-support and advancement, and yet in her relation of wife and mother continues to treat her as a subordinate. The idea of ownership in a wife is still potent in the minds of many men."

These things discourage marriage and encourage easy divorce. How easy it has become, nearly every day's observation proves.

Those who have made a thorough study of the subject declare that the first cause of most unhappy marriages arises from the belief of the husband, sanctioned by law and custom, "that marriage confers on him the ownership of his wife's person." The second reason grows out of considerations of property. The wife who had nothing prior to marriage or whose property has been merged in that of her husband's, and is controlled by him, has a painful sense of her inability to call anything her own or to have any power over the disposal of what she helped to earn. She becomes discouraged, fretful, soured, and either one or the other of the two, who ought to have lived happily together and might if there had been justice between them, takes measures to be freed from the galling yoke. As Prof. Thwing observes "Incom-

patibility" is a common euphemism for nig-gardly practices in the household."

Still another reason for unhappiness resulting in divorce, is the refusal on the part of the wife, to take her share of the burdens of married life. These burdens are onerous under the best of circumstances; but if she is unwilling to bear her share she should refuse to marry.

That there is such an unwillingness, the crowded boarding houses of villages and cities too truthfully testify. Housekeeping is ignored by the indolent wife, and the family flits from one scene of confusion and gossip to another. Children, if these unwelcome additions to family life persist in making their appearance, are reared in the very worst atmosphere in which they could be placed. Nature intended lambs, not infants, to herd together in flocks and droves. Those virtues and graces which should bloom in private are rudely destroyed in the vulgar contact of the common boarding-house.

The last and worst cause of divorce is where either husband or wife wishes to be rid of a partner who has broken down in health, or because the plaintiff wishes to seek or has already found "fresh fields and pastures new."

There is no use in enlarging upon the heartlessness of such proceedings; they are self-evident. A competent authority has lately given, in print, a case within his own knowledge, which is stated by him in these words:

"A man in Ohio, wished to be free from the wife who had grown old in his arduous, unloved, and unpaid service, but who yet was one of the sweetest, most patient women in the world. The man went over the boundary line into Indiana, hired a room and placed a trunk therein, thus complying with the requirements of the law in establishing a residence, and then went back and lived with a relative, the necessary time had elapsed. One morning he awoke and found his wife by his side, informing her she was his wife no longer."

Circumstances vary, the unutterable meanings remain the same.

But there is a public sentiment at work which, in time will demand and secure uniformity in the laws of marriage and divorce in all the States. That a woman may be a lawful wife in one State and, if she move to another with her husband be in law only his concubine, is absurd and unjust. By moving five rods from her old home in one State she may become no wife at all in the State adjoining, and her children may be adjudged illegitimate. So much for the whims and freaks of legislation!

When the good sense of the community shall be sufficiently aroused, or when some startling case shall offend public decency, we may hope for uniform laws on this momentous subject; they will be laws bearing on husband and wife alike, discriminating and wise, severe only toward the unscrupulous and unjust. The best interests of society require revision and uniformity, not only for the rights of heirs but of all parties concerned.

The Growth of Spiritualism in Russia.

Light of London has an excellent article written by a Russian Spiritualist, on "The Growth of Spiritualism in Russia," from which we glean a few facts.

The first reports about the strange phenomena which had manifested themselves in America, reached Russia in the winter, 1852. First in the two capitals, and next everywhere, tables turned as well as hats and plates; conversations began with the help of table tipplings; and in the following year planchettes came into general use. These manifestations were explained by the spiritualistic hypothesis, that is to say, questions were addressed to spirits of the departed, but there was no serious inquiry into the cause of the phenomena. During the first years of the appearance of these manifestations in Russia, they did not go beyond table movements and planchette writing, and in most cases they were used for nothing but a fashionable entertainment for idle people.

In the year 1850, however, a notable Russian scholar, member of the Academy of Sciences, a mathematician, M. Ostrogradsky, began to study the spiritualistic phenomena, which had awakened his interest from a purely scientific point of view; and after some experiments he became a confirmed Spiritualist. He died in the year 1860, and with him the influence of the renowned scholar, in reference to the question of Spiritualism, was entirely lost on Russian society. A small minority, who gave serious thought to the manifestations, looked for an explanation of them in the works of Allan Kardec. At the end of 1850, the late Mr. Home, the celebrated medium, went to Petersburg, and was the first to make the Russian public acquainted with physical phenomena. Thus the question remained almost *in statu quo* until the year 1870, when M. Alexandre Aksakoff, already well known throughout the spiritualistic world by his labors on behalf of Spiritualism, commenced the publication, in Germany, of *Psychische Studien*, and also translated many works upon the subject. M. Aksakoff was the first to endeavor to make the question a scientific one. For that purpose he availed himself of Mr. Home's second visit to Petersburg.

In the person of Professor Boutleroff, who died in August, 1886, Spiritualism in Russia has suffered an irretrievable loss. All who had occasion to converse with him were fascinated by the strength and clearness of his mind; but still more so by his accessibility, heartiness, and simplicity of manner, which in some degree hid his scientific glory. Immediately after the appearance of his first article in the *Russian Messenger* (which was followed by several others), Boutleroff received letters from all parts of Russia, with requests for explanation and ad-

vice as to the method of conducting experiments. In the year 1883, at the meeting of the naturalists and physicians in Odessa, he made an appeal for the purpose of persuading the learned assembly of the necessity for the investigation, by men of science, of the phenomena of Spiritualism. The Russo-Russian war, which absorbed at the time all the public attention, silenced for a while the interest in Spiritualism in Russia but at the end of the war, when the general state of agitation subsided, M. Aksakoff, published his circumstantial refutation of the report of the commission, and invited at his own expense a medium, Mrs. Jencken, (Kate Fox), with the view of giving the opportunity of examining the phenomena to some professors of the Medico-Chirurgical Academy, who had expressed a desire to do so.

More than once before the appearance of the *Rebus*, five years ago, M. Aksakoff had vainly endeavored to obtain from the Government the necessary permission to publish a journal with a spiritualistic title, but apparently his great notoriety as a Spiritualist awakened the apprehensions of the High clerical jurisdiction, upon whom depended solely the permission for such a publication. The wife of the editor of the *Rebus* (captain in the Russian Imperial Navy), Mrs. Pribitkoff, is herself a medium of considerable strength for physical phenomena. It is probable that her example in not concealing her name, the descriptions of the séances that take place in the office of the journal, does not remain without effect on other persons. At present not only in Petersburg and Moscow, but in a good many provincial towns, there exist well-known spiritualistic circles that send to the *Rebus* the protocols of their meetings, signed by all the members, as well as by the mediums. The *Rebus*, possessing amongst its constant contributors M. Aksakoff, and having enjoyed the assistance of the late Professor Boutleroff, stands in regard to the question of Spiritualism on purely scientific grounds, admitting as unquestionably proved only pure facts.

Mr. Eglinton, was invited last winter, by the Moscow circle of Spiritualists, with Mr. Lvoff at their head, to visit that city. The numerous requests for admittance to the meetings from professors, doctors and literary men, as well as from many private people, proved to what a degree the interest in Spiritualism had increased since the time when M. Lvoff had so vainly attempted to propagate the cause through the instrumentality of M. Brediff.

Mr. Eglinton was also invited by M. Aksakoff to Petersburg with the special view to obtaining photographs of materialized figures, and in order not to lessen the forces of the medium by any other manifestations the number of séances was very limited, and still more so the number of the persons invited to witness them. These belonged exclusively to the most intimate circle of friends of M. Aksakoff, a circle of fully-convinced Spiritualists, except two professors of the Medico-Surgical Academy, who were present twice at dark séances under the most favorable conditions for conviction. They had the opportunity of witnessing amongst other manifestations the very curious phenomenon of the elevation of Mr. Eglinton above the table, to the height of no less than five feet, which they ascertained by touch. These gentlemen gave permission to mention their names in the protocols of the séances that were published in the *Rebus*, and to indicate several manifestations specially observed by them, which proved that they recognized the manifestations as genuine. The names of the gentlemen are Professors Dobroslovin, Paschutin and Souchetschnsky. In addition to these séances the professors of the Medical Academy were present at two psychographical experiments which destroyed all their doubts as to the genuineness of the manifestations. One of the professors, M. Dobroslovin, who, like Messrs. Wagner and Boutleroff, is a member of the Society of Psychical Research, together with his two above-mentioned colleagues, signed the protocol of one of the séances, which was sent by them to London to the Council of the Society.

"What and Where is God?"

Chicago is a great town; only that all the superlative adjectives have to be kept for other uses we should throw in a few when speaking of the Garden City. Biggest elevators, most railroads, best newspapers, largest oleomargarine dairies, finest Vermont maple sugar factories, warmest icehouses, bloodiest anarchists, broadest streets, most fragrant river, several hundred Christian science and metaphysical universities; these items furnish but an infinitesimal portion of the list of Chicago's claims to supremacy, and yet the most important only developed last week. Chicago has a citizen who has discovered God! This man is not an old resident; he is, in the classic phrase of the far West, a "lenderfoot." His ways are not the ways of the Chicagoese;—he comes from New York, hence we have confidence that he has found out all about God. This discoverer's name is Filbrook or Pillbrook, or something that suggests fullness and water—maybe water gas.

Just before announcing his discovery of God, he paralyzed the staid and circumspect agnostic who edits *The Open Court* by divulging that Theodore Parker was actually editing that paper through the mediumship of the aforesaid agnostic. Brother Underwood has thus far failed to own up that he is only a medium for Parker, but such reticence was to be expected.

It is possible there are some who will not admit that Filbrook has found God, but

this will not phase the discoverer. Vealbrook is not to be put down by skepticism or opposition; and he came here because he knew that in Chicago he could get closer to the object of his search than elsewhere. He has copyrighted his discovery and offers it to a waiting world for money. He sends out on a postal card to the press a ready-made editorial notice of his book accompanied by the offer of a copy to all editors who will publish it. According to Filbrook, or whatever his name may be, Electricity is God.

May a streak of greased lightning carry this Filbrook to his fathers at as early a date as is compatible with decorous decency and the laws of the State of Illinois, for the county insane asylum is full, and there surely must be room in Electricity's heaven for such as he.

P. S. The foregoing is not a reprint of P's ready-made book notice, and no suspicion of its being a paid advertisement should be entertained for a moment.

Lynched, but Living and Contrite.

Recently Mr. J. W. Sprott, a well-known and reliable gentleman of Lucas County, Iowa, while serving as foreman of the grand jury at Chariton, had his attention attracted to the hat of the murderer lynched there sixteen or eighteen years ago, which hung on a nail in the sheriff's room. The rope used by the vigilance committee was also there. Clipping a bit from the lining of the hat and taking a few threads from the rope he enclosed them in separate pieces of envelopes, and with mullage fastened all indistinguishably together. Then writing a note, of which the following is a copy, he enclosed it with the relics, after having treated it like the others, with a dose of mullage, so that he could not unfold or read it himself. The question addressed to the murderer of Sheriff Lyman was as follows:

"Mr. Bonnett and myself wish to get something from you to cause us to know that you got this communication."

J. W. SPROTT,
D. S. BOWETT.

This note with the specimens enclosed in another envelope was given to Mr. Bonnett who brought it with him to Chicago. While here he visited the Bangs Sisters, to whom he expressed a wish for an answer to the contents of the sealed package. One of the Sisters, in the presence of Mr. Bonnett and friends who were with him, requested him to place the envelope inside of a folding slate, in which was placed a small piece of slate pencil. The slate never passed from the sight or possession of Mr. Bonnett. All joined hands and in a minute or two the pencil was heard, scratching and when it ceased the slate was opened and the following answer was found legibly written on one side:

Mr. Bonnett and Sprott: Through the influence of that which I have left behind me of my earthly career I am called on to return and make known my assistance through the instrumentality of this medium. Yes, my friends, I do live and have not outgrown the influence of my past folly in obeying the laws of nature; but I hope to before long. True I am taught and guided by those so much my superior, that it is my desire to be good and pure. I am sorry for the almost last act of my life, but friends let the past be buried in oblivion and try and think only of the future of me.
FRED WILSON.

GENERAL ITEMS.

The Spiritualists hold a Conference at Adelphi Hall, corner 7th Ave. and 52nd St., New York City.

The Journal of Man, Dr. J. R. Buchanan, publisher, is at hand for May, and contains a varied and excellent table of contents. Price, 10 cents, a number or \$1.00 a year. For sale at this office.

Mrs. H. W. Mariner of Bushnell, Ill., has old copies of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and *Olive Branch*, and will send them to any one who would appreciate them. She esteems them too highly to destroy them.

Giles B. Stebbins speaks at Stafford, Conn., on the 22nd. He is making a rapid tour of the East, but letters addressed to him in care of M. B. Bryant, 10 Malden Lane, New York City, will reach him up to the 16th.

Edwin Powell, a worthless Englishman, formerly of Indianapolis, having failed at other trades has taken up that of spirit huckster. He advertises himself as "Edwin Powell, of London, England, clairvoyant and trance medium," and is a fraud.

Mrs. Maud E. Lord is reported to have given an eloquent address in the rink at Fond du Lac, on the Thirty-ninth Anniversary of modern Spiritualism. It is said that sixteen hundred people were present and applauded her to the echo.

Prof. A. E. Carpenter, one of the ablest lecturers now before the public on mesmerism phenomena, is on his way to California where he proposes to give entertainments. His wife, who is an excellent clairvoyant, accompanies him.

P. Thompson writes as follows from Saratoga Springs, N. Y.: "In relation to spiritual progress in our city I can say that we are doing well. Mrs. Clara A. Field speaks for us very often. Giles B. Stebbins occupied the platform last Sunday. Our hall is packed every Sunday evening. Mrs. Brigham gives us one lecture every month. We are taking our place in the ranks of the army of progress."

The JOURNAL is this week the vehicle for a Universalist Minister in Michigan to give his views to the public which, though not ultra-Spiritualist, would hardly be admitted into any newspaper of his own denomination. We recollect hearing Mr. Palmer address a Spiritualist Convention at Battle Creek several years ago, when he appeared by invitation of Dr. Spinnery, and recall with pleasure the splendid treatment given him there. The sermon published in this issue is uplifting, hopeful, truly religious, and free from all taint of ecclesiasticalism.

A number of investigators who seem to be critical and cautious have lately related in the JOURNAL office some striking examples of their success in getting independent statements through the mediumship of the Bangs sisters of this city.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn whose contributions to the JOURNAL and lectures have given him considerable prominence during the past four years, has just returned from a trip to England. It may reasonably be expected that he will again be heard from through his old channels so soon as he has gathered himself up and got a good grip, after his travels.

Dr. J. K. Bailey spoke at Battle Creek, Mich. (a parlor lecture), April 13th; at Vicksburg, Mich., April 17th; at Sherwood, Ohio, April 22nd and 24th. He would like engagements in Southwestern Missouri, Kansas and Colorado. Address him immediately, General Delivery, St. Louis, Mo., or his home address, Box 123, Scranton, Pa.

On another page will be found the cordial words of friendship, welcome and respect uttered by the Rev. Mr. Kimball, minister of the Unitarian Church at Hartford, Conn., upon the occasion of the late anniversary of modern Spiritualism. The JOURNAL commends his example and spirit to some others who claim to be broad and liberal and who are to be found in so-called liberal pulpits.

The seventeenth annual meeting of the National Eclectic Medical Association will be held at the Fountain House, Waukegan, Wisconsin, beginning on Wednesday, June 16th, 1887, at ten o'clock in the morning (standard time), and continuing in session three days. Alexander Wilder, M. D., of Newark, N. J., is secretary of the association.

S. M. Biddison writes as follows from Cincinnati, Ohio, under date of April 25th: "Miss Jennie B. Hagan has just completed her month's engagement for the First Society of Spiritualists of this city, and has given satisfaction. She is one of the most interesting speakers I have ever heard. Mrs. A. M. Gladding will speak for the society on next Sunday."

Miss Julia E. Forneret has been installed as deaconess in the Episcopal Church, New York City, by Bishop Potter. She is the first deaconess admitted to the church in 400 years, and the first ever created in America. Miss Forneret is of Canadian birth, a trained nurse, and for years has been connected with the immense mission work of St. George's Church.

Mrs. Crindle-Reynolds, the irrepressible swindler, who counts among her zealous apologetes and defenders such men as Henry Kiddle and A. E. Newton, came to grief again a few nights ago at Los Angeles. She was not grabbed; an electric light was turned on to her semi-nude form as she stood personating the "lace girl," completely unmasking her deception. One point in this exposure is worthy of special attention and will be taken up in next week's JOURNAL.

G. H. Brooks writes as follows from Denver, Col. "I have been re-engaged by the Society here for the month of May. Our meetings are well attended, and the utmost harmony prevails. We have weekly socials, held in different parts of the city, and in that way we maintain a social life that keeps our friends together. My address is 1713 Larimer St., Room 18. I will answer calls to attend funerals or weddings within one hundred miles of Denver."

Mr. Illidge of New Haven, Conn., called at the JOURNAL office last week and made the following statement: "Rev. E. B. Fairchild, D. D., of Boston, formerly pastor of the Stoneham Unitarian church, is now associated with the firm of Henry G. Allen & Co., 42 East Fourteenth street, New York. Dr. Fairchild is an avowed Spiritualist, and would be pleased to meet and make the acquaintance of the leading Spiritualists of New York City. He can be secured for funerals, and will accept engagements in New York City, or vicinity."

It appears from the Chicago Tribune of April 28th, that Capt. W. P. Fowler, drummer for the New Orleans house of Schmidt & Ziegler, came home unexpectedly April 27th, at New Granada, Mississippi, and met there the Rev. C. F. Stivers of the Episcopal church, under circumstances so peculiar that he felt called upon to shoot the reverend visitor in the side and hip. The latter was assured by the doctor that his wound was mortal, whereupon he declared that Fowler was justified in what he did, and that he did not wish him punished.

That delightful and truly spiritual lecturer and woman, Mrs. E. L. Watson, has been in delicate health of late and several times obliged to seek a substitute for her platform in San Francisco. She requests the JOURNAL to ask her numerous Eastern friends to wait patiently for replies to their valued letters, as her numerous pressing public and private duties in combination with a temporarily weak physical condition, render it impossible to carry on private correspondence at present. She will, however, always welcome letters from her friends and desires their continued interest and regard.

Mrs. Washington Irving Bishop finds life with that telepathic perceptive, muscle reader, clairvoyant, clergyman befuddler, and dandified-argy-bargy just too unendurable for anything, and has asked a Boston court to sever the matrimonial bond. Or, possibly the divorce suit is only another brilliant advertising scheme of the bamboozling Bishop who finds that despite his daily assertions of infidelity with all the crowned heads of Europe, and confidential relations with leading scientists, he can no longer draw, and life grows monotonous.

A correspondent asks why the JOURNAL does not more frequently publish something from the inspired lips of Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham as he knows how thoroughly its editor has endorsed her abilities as a public teacher. No one appreciates Mrs. Brigham and her work more heartily than does the editor of the JOURNAL, and he hopes that he will within the next hundred years have a revenue sufficient to warrant the employment of expert stenographers to report all the best lectures from Chicago to China via New York and London.

Dr. Mack who left America many years ago and established himself in a successful practice as a magnetic healer in London, has brought out a new cure for diseases of the respiratory organs, under the name of "Dr. Mack's Ritzir and Inhaler." Our attention was called to it in Brooklyn a few months ago by Mr. I. W. Pope, of Ohio, who had used it with great benefit and also seen its remedial effects upon others. Dr. Mack is now in this country for the purpose of pushing his remedy; from a casual investigation of its merits we are much impressed in its favor.

J. B. Cummings of San Francisco writes: "On account of the illness of Mrs. E. L. Watson, the Metropolitan Temple platform was occupied by Liddell Baker, nephew of the noted Col. Baker, on April 10th and 17th. His timely lessons from history were very well received. The Temple services are suspended until further notice, as Mrs. Watson is still unable to speak. There is much good work every Sunday evening by two of our excellent test mediums, Mrs. Ada Foye in Washington Hall, and Mrs. J. J. Whitney in Odd Fellows Hall, in the presence of large audiences."

In a late séance at San Francisco, Mrs. Ada Foye said: "To become a medium two or three persons should assemble in some quiet room, at an appointed hour, and there await the shower of spiritual dispensation, as Christ and a few of his apostles did in an upper room on the day of Pentecost. Spiritualism teaches us to live right, and those who are anxious to search after the beauties of the religion should come to the meeting with truth in their hearts." Mrs. Foye began her text by saying: "I see rays of light shedding their radiant beams throughout the room. Spirits are hovering about me in great numbers." Nearly all the tests were recognized, and just before the conclusion of the meeting messages were received in the Italian and German languages. The former was translated, but was not complete until Mrs. Foye read the remainder as though written in the air.

Albert Bennett, who passed to spirit life at the home of his daughter near Chicago, March 13th, was born in New York in 1819. At the age of 17 he emigrated to the West, when later he settled in Boone Co., Ill. Here he established his home. In this sheltered spot his children were born, and life ran smoothly on, his thoughts and feelings shared by his wife and children until in the year of 1878 he was called to part with his beloved wife. Since then till the day of his death he divided his time among his children, spending some portion of each winter in Chicago, but sure to come back to the country for the summer. Here near the home he loved so well the old neighbors lived; it was here he with others had reared a house and dedicated it to God by giving it up unreservedly to the use of man in behalf of Spiritualism, believing that he could best glorify God by helping his fellow men. His religious thought led him to believe in the love principle of divinity, and he put that principle into daily use. Mrs. Mary A. Ahrens delivered the funeral address, which was attentively listened to by over two-hundred people.

There is a tempest in a small teapot in the town of Colombes, France, which lies six miles northwest of Paris. A member—now an illustrious member—of the Common Council and the present Mayor, M. Bienvets, ordered that all the crosses be taken down in the cemetery. The measure, on reflection, seemed excessive, even to the radical atheists of these rulers of Colombes, and so they finally decided to remove only the large cross at the entrance, and this they did without leave or license from any one interested. From this to an opposition on the part of the religious inhabitants was only a short step. One portion of the community went from door to door with a petition to be signed, requesting that the cemetery be once more protected in the usual manner, while a large number of citizens follow down the same streets, knock at the same doors, and invite residents to mind their own business under the penalty of the immediate removal of all the Catholic emblems. How long the discussion may last no one can tell, but the indications are that the non-partisan majority will conclude to support the removal of the big cross in order to prevent possible violence on the part of conscientious radicals.

A contributor has the following in Light, London, in regard to the "doom" of that city: "Can any of your readers oblige me with any correct report of the 'City's Doom,' as prophesied so often by Herbert P. Freund on the steps of St. Paul's. I see that in a late paper he is again reported as having tried to deliver his message, and being again vent to prison. Has he been seen or examined by any Spiritualist competent to form a judgment? For I strongly suspect that he is simply a medium who has a special mission from the Spirit-world, and now his more decided utterance, that 'London shall be destroyed by fire within this year,' coincides with some remarkable utterances to the same purport in a spiritual paper called the Star and Cradle. It is there stated that seven

weeks only are given as a respite, and that then by earthquake and fire the great city shall be destroyed. Now, it will interest your readers to know that I am personally acquainted with, and have spent some time under the roof of those from whom these visions and utterances emanate, and I and others competent to judge find them to be simple, earnest people of unimpeachable character, and their self-denial of even necessities of life in order to publish what their spiritual guides commission them is well known to me. I may add that the Duality in Unity in the Delfy has been prominent among their teachings, and the rising up of a universal king, now among us, the son of the Divine Mother."

The Medico-Legal Aspects of Hypnotism.

(From Scientific American Supplement.)

A. Binet, one of the leading French authorities on hypnotism, has written an appreciative but critical notice of the work of Campilli that gives an excellent view of the French and Italian standpoints regarding this subject, that is assuming so much importance there. Dr. Campilli has had the advantage of numerous memoirs in France and elsewhere. M. Legerols has shown the possibility of making the hypnotic suggestion serve a criminal purpose, but has not discussed the subject.

MM. Binet and Fere set themselves to determine the conditions under which the reality of the hypnotic suggestion may be admitted by a tribunal—the judicial proof, in other words. Dr. Campilli presents the problem from the point of view of the two schools of criminologists in Italy, the classical or spiritualistic school and the anthropological school which differ not only in their theoretical conceptions, but also in their practical conclusions upon the application of punishment. Upon the question of hypnotism, however, the two schools admit the same conclusion. Dr. Campilli examines what the civil and penal responsibility of the hypnotized subject is when criminal acts have been committed or obligations have been assumed under the influence of a hypnotic suggestion. According to the classical legal school, the hypnotized subject is not responsible, since he has not committed a voluntary and conscious offense. There can be no punishment where there has been no fault.

The anthropological school, which does not assume this subjective point of view, but considers that the judicial institutions have the simple function of social preservation and defense, arrives at the same conclusion, but by a different way. In a very detailed discussion the author arrives at the conclusion that the needs of social defense only demand the repression of criminal acts when these are the expression of the personality of the agent; and since in the hypnotic subject the individual reaction is abolished, the acts that he does under the influence of a hypnotic suggestion are simply those of an automaton.

These conclusions are at least debatable, says Binet, and rest on premises that contain an error of fact. The belief is too common to-day that it is possible to characterize the psychical state of hypnotism in a single word and say it is a condition of automatism. In a vast number of cases the subject preserves his intellectual and moral identity. When he receives a suggestion to act he may resist if the act is in contradiction with his character, and he may examine the order, and even absolutely refuse to obey. Campilli seems to have seen this difficulty, for he recalls that in an ingenious article M. Bouillier has admitted a moral responsibility in dreams, but he meets this objection with an argument of little weight, that the hypnotized subject does not preserve his personality in the same way that a sleeping person does. Binet holds, on the contrary, that the closest connection exists between the effects produced by suggestion and the state of dreaming. The hypnotic suggestion is nothing else than a dream produced and directed by assistants. In fact, the somnambulist is not an automaton, he is an individual, and from the purely theoretical and moral point of view he may be held partially responsible for his acts. These conclusions are in direct accord with those of M. Bouillier.

But what is the practical point of view? Has or has not society the right to defend itself against the crimes of hypnotism? Will it suffice for the assassin to show that he was under the influence of a suggestion for the judges to grant him his liberty and allow him to begin his work again? Clearly a uniform toleration is out of the question. Until recently judicial proceedings, but now all this is changed, and hypnotic suggestion may readily enter into criminal proceedings.

This is exactly what has happened in Turin, where, says Lombroso (Revue Scientifique, June 19, 1886), there is a veritable epidemic of hypnotism. Society must protect itself against such a danger. Garfalo, in his remarkable work on criminology, argues that we must apply to the criminal who has committed a punishable act in a state of hallucination or of somnambulism the same treatment that we give to those who have committed a crime in an epileptic or hysterical attack or from the effect of impulsive mania, that is, seclusion in a criminal asylum for an indefinite period until a complete cure is established, or until the patient passes into some other condition that renders a repetition of the act an absolute impossibility.

Campilli thinks that it would be difficult to apply the same punishment to an hypnotic criminal, since he did not commit the crime of his own accord, but under the influence of a third person, who is the true culprit. The hypnotic subject is simply an instrument of crime in the hands of the hypnotizer, the same as a revolver or a knife, and it is he who ought to bear the responsibility of the act. This is a subtle distinction. The hypnotic subject, like the epileptic, is a dangerous person, a veritable *malade*, since he allows a very simple maneuver to make him commit a crime. It is absolutely necessary to put him beyond the possibility of doing harm.

Moreover, it is probable that the dread of punishment exercises a restraining influence over the minds of those who submit voluntarily to be hypnotized. In fact, Binet holds many persons who are slightly hypnotizable may resist hypnotization successfully, and ought to be responsible for consenting to submit themselves to the experiment. There is the strongest reason for this conclusion if the subject knows in advance, before going to sleep, that a criminal suggestion will be given to him.

There is one curious hypothesis that Campilli has not anticipated, and one which well known facts render extremely probable, and that is that we may find some day in some band of thieves or assassins a hypnotic subject who of his own accord yields himself to criminal suggestions. The usefulness of hypnotic suggestion under such circumstances

is easily understood, for those who are under the control of a suggestion have more audacity, more courage, and even more intelligence, than when they act of their own accord. There are patients who, dreading to be put to sleep by some one that they dislike, offer to the hypnotic suggestion of one of their friends a power of resistance that they do not have naturally. Others, wishing to accomplish some act, and fearing that their courage will fail at the last moment, suggest themselves the act that they wish to do. In these circumstances the subject should be punished as the principal and the hypnotizer only as an accomplice.

The Paris correspondent of the Medical Record writes last December that an epidemic of hypnotism prevails there, and he paints the prevailing distemper in exceedingly dark colors. Every steamer brings some new book on hypnotism or mental suggestion, and the amount of literature that has accumulated within the past year is enormous.

Public exhibitions of hypnotism have been interdicted in Germany, Italy and Austria. This is but one side of the shield, however, and brilliant therapeutical results have been reported by the skilled coterie of French physicians that has advanced our knowledge of hypnotism so much within the past few years. Yet on the whole, perhaps, it is a matter for congratulation that the more stolid American mind has been little affected by hypnotism up to this time, not even to the extent of furnishing sufficient subjects for the Society of Psychical Research. It may be that the "mind cure" is our cross, and at any rate the connection between this and hypnotism offers a promising field to the investigator.

Extracts from "The Empty Crib."

An 1868 Publication Written by the Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in Memoriam of the Death of a Little Five-year old Son, one of Twins.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:—I enclose herewith verbatim extracts from the well known Dr. Cuyler's "Empty Crib," with only such elision as makes a connected narrative, and one pertinent to the JOURNAL's purpose, if you care to use it.

Chicago, Ill. ALFRED BULL.

It was a singular coincidence,—the superstitious would say an omen,—that on the day preceding his death, Georgie was playing with his blocks in the nursery, and when his mother asked him if he was building a house, he replied, "No, I'm makin' a coffin." Coming in from digging in the garden, he said, "I've been makin' a little grave." The little hollow in the earth which the dear little hand made that day is there yet, with the bits of wood and brick beside it. To his grandma, who watched the white cap and blue cloak that day bending over the task with so much glee, that miniature tomb in the garden is the most touching and cherished relic of our lost treasure. In a bon-bon he found a piece of candy singularly shaped like a tombstone; and bringing it to his mother, he said, "Mamma, I've found my tombstone." After eating it, he said, "There, I've swallowed it! Will it kill me?"

In the diary of the teacher of the infant class of our Sabbath school, I find "the last lesson he recited will never be forgotten—a verse from the Psalms. The sleeping tones of his voice still sound in my ear as he slowly repeated, 'Hide me under the shadow of thy wing.'"

The sermon which I had before prepared for that very morning was on reading aright the discipline of the heavenly Father, especially in the death of our children. I had already prepared and marked for the next Sunday a discourse on the words, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

While this almost prophetic service was going forward in the church, Georgie seemed to have the premonition, which often makes a dying child wiser than parent or physician, that he was near his end. He repeated a part of his favorite Sunday-school hymn:

"Jesus loves me, this I know,"

and then looked up to his mother and his nurse Neenie and whispered, "Does Jesus love me? What will Jesus say to me when he sees me?"

His twin brother, with his sister, had been removed, for fear of contagion, to the house of our kind friend, Mr. H. The prostrating effect of the scarlet fever in a less malignant form, brought him into real danger, and this danger was increased by a sympathetic suffering about his lost mate. Before either of the children were informed of their brother's death, little Theo wakened Mary in the night and said, "Mary, do you know Georgie is an angel?" "I don't want to get well," he whispered, when at the worst. "I want to go and be with Georgie. Don't give me any more medicine!" On Wednesday afternoon about the hour when his brother was borne away to his burial, Theo looked up suddenly, and said, "Nenie, why didn't you look up and see Georgie when I died?"

"Because I did not know that Georgie was here."

"Why, yes he was," the boy replied. "He just came and put his little face right in that little round hole" (pointing to the arch above his bed), "and looked at me, and then went away."

The nurse inquired, "How did Georgie look?"

"Just as he always did," the child replied, "only that his hair was brushed away back. I think he had wings, but I didn't see them."

When asked afterward, "Why didn't you speak to Georgie?" he answered, "I didn't think it best, mamma, because he was an angel."

The impression of having seen his twin brother on that day remains to this moment on my child's mind as firm and distinct as any recollection of the past. I record the singular incident without comment or conjecture.

Awakening in one of his pensive moods the first morning after we brought back our surviving son to his home, his mother asked him, "Wouldn't you be glad to see Georgie come back into this room now?"

With a very confident tone, he answered, "Mamma, he is here! Whenever I'm a good boy, God always sends a sweet happy little angel to stay with me, and I'm sure he wouldn't send any one but Georgie." All these may seem but trivial incidents, but are written for those who know too well what it is to wait and weep in vain.

"For the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

How to Gain Flesh and Strength.

Use after each meal Scott's Emulsion: it is as palatable as milk and easily digested. Delicate people improve rapidly with its use. For Consumption, Throat Affections and Bronchitis it is unequalled. Dr. THOS. PRATT, A.M., says: "I used Scott's Emulsion on a child eight months old; he gained four pounds in a month."

The body is more susceptible to benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla now than at any other season. Therefore take it now.

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Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they send me their Express and P.O. address. Respectfully,
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl Street, New York.

Parlor, Library, Dining-room Furniture, at lowest prices at Holton's, Nos. 221 to 225 Wabash Avenue.

Chicago Meetings.

The 8th & 9th Avenue of Chicago meets every Sunday afternoon, 1:30 sharp, at Avenue Hall, 150 West 22nd Street.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York.
The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, has been removed to Spencer Hall, 114 W. 14th St. Services every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:45 P. M.
FRANK W. JONES, Conductor.

Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 23rd Street, N. Y. Dr. Barker, services Sunday at 11 A. M. Officers: Geo. B. Cary, President; Oliver Russell, Vice President; Dr. George H. Jones, Secretary; F. S. Maynard, Treasurer.
Grand Opera House, 23rd Street and 8th Avenue, Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Conference every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. Admission free to each meeting.

Spiritual Meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y.
Conservatory Hall, corner Fulton Street and Bedford Ave., services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., meets every Sunday morning and evening in Court of Appeals Building, Town Hall.

W. R. MILLER, President. E. J. HULLING, Secretary.

St. Louis, Mo.

Organized August 22nd, 1886. The First Association of Spiritualists meets every Sunday in Era's Hall, south-west corner of Franklin and Ninth Streets, at the hour of 2:30 P. M. Friends invited to attend and correspondence solicited.
H. W. FAY, Pres., 620 S. 3rd St.
H. A. S. LEE, Cor. sec., 1422 N. 12th St.

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home like retreat for their children during the summer, can find one by addressing B. F. CLARK, M. D., Belvidere, New Jersey.

DR. J. H. WAHN, Magnetist, \$125 W. 3rd Ave., Indianapolis \$1.00. Treatment at the office \$1.25. Magnetized papers twenty sheets for \$1.00. The post treated on Thursdays free. Clipping boxes \$1.00. P. M.

MRS. H. OHL, Medium has Removed to 361 West Adams Street.

Sittings daily from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NATIONAL Society of Spiritualists will be held in the Free Church at the Village of New York, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday the 3rd, 4th and 5th of June, 1887. Luman C. Howe and other speakers from abroad, will be in attendance to address the meeting. A cordial invitation is given to all to attend.

GROVE MEETING.

A grove meeting of Spiritualists will be held at New Era, Chicago, on Sunday, June 12th, at 10 o'clock. The committee have the pleasure of announcing that the meeting will be held at the Grove, and will be a most interesting and profitable one. The program will include the reading of papers, and a reception of friends from the suburbs. The meeting will be held at the Grove, and will be a most interesting and profitable one. The program will include the reading of papers, and a reception of friends from the suburbs. The meeting will be held at the Grove, and will be a most interesting and profitable one. The program will include the reading of papers, and a reception of friends from the suburbs.

POULTRY FOR PROFIT.

This how she cleared \$100 on 200 Light Brahma in one year; about a one family with one chicken. Get the full story in a village lot; refers to her own family with one chicken. Get the full story in a village lot; refers to her own family with one chicken. Get the full story in a village lot; refers to her own family with one chicken.

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RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE

DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLII.

CHICAGO, MAY 14, 1887.

No. 12

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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THE VALUE OF SPIRITUALISM TO THE WORLD.

An Address Delivered at the Thirty-Ninth Anniversary of Spiritualism, in Metro- politan Temple, San Francisco, Sunday March 26, 1887.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Specialty revised for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

The 31st of March, 1848, marks an important epoch in the world's history, for upon that day dawned the recognition of a new world of being; nay, of a new universe, of which before men had had vague glimmerings and faint gleams, but of which demonstrative evidence of actuality had never before been systematically presented to man. It is fitting, then, that we celebrate this momentous epoch in the planet's history; and upon this occasion I propose to briefly state some of the reasons impelling us to hail with gladness each recurring anniversary of the advent of modern Spiritualism.

In the first place, it has demonstrated the existence of the spiritual universe and a future life for man. The tide of materialism has been for years past swelling higher and higher, gaining new impetus at each successive wave, threatening, ere long, to overwhelm the crumbling banks of spiritual faith and insight, reared upon the sandy, unstable foundation of traditional superstitions and pseudo-historical miracles; submerging the verdant plains and flower-covered landscapes of human hope and heavenly aspiration in the dark, drear waters of dread annihilation. To stem the rising tide of blank and cheerless materialism, we behold the angel hosts descending from their bliss abodes in demonstration of eternal being and transmundane corporeity, revealing to man's enraptured gaze a second universe, eclipsing far the bright and radiant one encircling him on every side, aglow with sublimest beauty and grandeur and of rhythmic splendor, its beatitudes felicitous and glories empyrean surpassing measureless our loftiest imaginings. Had Spiritualism accomplished naught else save the establishment of the actuality of man's immortal soul and of the extraterrestrial spheres of pneumatic substance forming that immortal soul's abiding place after bodily disintegration, that work would be the crowning glory of this wondrous nineteenth century, exceeding all the achievements and acquirements of material science and physical discovery with which this teeming age is so prolific.

Death has long been regarded as the "king of terrors." Spiritualism, however, dethrones this monster giant that has for ages held despotic sway over heart and mind of man; and lo! instead of the hideous visage and fiendish glare of the relentless demon, erst clamoring ever for the best and brightest of earth's children to glut his insatiate maw, we now behold a fair and loving maiden, wooing with gladdening smiles and sweetest song to soft repose and ever-blissful dreams.

Who ever heard of a Spiritualist afraid to die? By the spiritual philosophy, death is shown to be an inestimable blessing in the divine economy of nature—the pathway to the brighter glories and purer felicities of the "sweet-by-and-by." Relief from fear of death constitutes a gleaming, glittering jewel in the diadem of circle crowning the laurel-entwined brow of modern Spiritualism. Eternal punishment, another monster, ghastly and gaunt, has fallen to the earth, transfixed by the piercing dart of spiritual revelation. Long has he reared his haughty crest, towering far and wide our planet's

broad domain, scattering on every side despair and gloom, bitterness and woe. Spiritualism, with its ministering angels from the better land, is following in his wake, dispelling all the doubts and fears, the torturing sorrows and hopelessness forlorn, engendered by this fiend malevolent. Progress eternal is, we know, the primal birthright of the human race. Though scarred with sins innumerable, though seared with imperfections manifold, the scars will disappear, the imperfections vanish, through patient effort and persistent struggle to reach the purer state. No heart so black with hate and fierce malignity but what in time will be attuned to sweetest harmony and purest love; no soul so blood enstained, so thickly crusted o'er with vice and crime, villainy and turpitude, but what is destined, as the ages roll, to be redeemed therefrom,—to walk arrayed in robes of purest white, symbolic of abiding virtue, purity and truth.

Fell and fabled Satan, the whilom "roaring lion" coursing up and down the earth, devouring old and young, the pauper and the affluent, we now find tethered fast where'er the light of spiritual science illumines the pathway; from whose refractory dazzelement he swift retreats to dark and noisome corners in cloistered cells, or in cathedral's sacred haunts, presided o'er by cowed and shaven priests, sleek-faced churchmen, canting ministers, smooth-tongued prelates, and hypocritical ecclesiastics,—all fervent friends of his horned and hooved majesty, he constituting their principal stock in trade in the merchandise of human souls, by them monopolized from prehistoric time. Liberal Christianity, Universalism, Unitarianism, etc., sorely wounded the devil; but Spiritualism completely killed him, and buried him out of sight, beyond all hope of resurrection.

Spiritualism likewise annihilates all ideas of an angry, jealous God,—a personal deity enthroned in solemn awe in heaven's palatial courts, surrounded by serried cohorts of winged angel ministrants, creatures of His sovereign will, the messengers of His capricious mandates to cosmos' remotest bounds; exacting servile submission and slavish adoration from all in earth and heaven, in sea and sky; controlling by His arbitrary fiat the thunder's startling peal and lightning's fiery glare, the shifting, whirling tornado and burning sirocco blast; dispensing or withholding at will the cool, refreshing rain, the drifting "beautiful snow," or the pelting, devastating hail; through whose elective pleasure famine and pestilence stalk through the land, and loathsome plagues desolate sin-cursed humankind; a savage monster, creating for endless woe and deep damnation's lurid depths millions of undying souls, mockingly termed His children; a ruthless, malignant fiend, incomparably exceeding in villainy atrocious and meanness base and hellish His chosen fellow-sportsman in the game of pitch and toss for human souls, vulgarly ycleped "Old Nick."

This imaginary divinity Spiritualism dethrones, substituting therefor the Great Positive Mind, the Infinite Spirit of the Universe, the All-Father and All-Mother,—the utilization of all Intelligence, the focalization of all power into one distinctive whole; matter being his body, spirit his soul, and intelligence his immortal essence; the laws of nature being the expression of his mode of existence, never created, never destroyed; he being devoid of arbitrary caprice or vacillating volition, fixed, unchangeable, eternal.

Heaven, what is it? A place in some obscure corner of God's universe, where a few sanctified and sanctimonious pietists will wear golden crowns, play golden harps, wave palm branches, and chant interminable psalms around the throne of the "Great I am" forever and for aye? Such is the popular conception of heaven; but such a place Spiritualism knows naught of, but instead a rational, natural, human existence,—a solid, substantial world, a purified and beautified earth (so to speak), with undulating hills and verdant slopes, purring streams and fragrant flowers, meandering rivulets and glassy lakes; with wealth of field and forest, grove and lawn; with sportive lambskins and paradisaical birds; with towns and cities, hamlets and villages, brotherhoods and associations, schools and sanatoria, colleges and laboratories, museums and observatories, newspapers and libraries, theaters and art galleries, rural cottages and stately mansions,—a sphere where each and all have homes, real, substantial, true, unencumbered with debt or mortgage, but held in fee simple by each occupant; where every soul has all things requisite for its use and benefit, according to its desire and needs; where no one can possess more than can be utilized for his or other's benefit; where hoarding and the miser's occupation are unknown; where the only poverty seen is poverty of soul, of mind, of virtue, of intelligence,—the only riches, wealth of purity, wealth of wisdom, wealth of love, wealth of right thoughts and right deeds.

Theories of human responsibility and the Divine Economy more pernicious than the dogmas of vicarious atonement and the forgiveness of sin can scarcely be inculcated. Both of these sin-engendering, crime-promoting theological tenets are overthrown by Spiritualism. The angels from the spirit-land proclaim that, as you sow so shall you reap; that be sure your sin will find you out; that for each violation, neglect or omission of any moral law, the full penalty inevitably ensues, and no power in earth or heaven can prevent it; that all atonement for wrongdoing must be made by the offender in person, and no one else; that the last finishing

must be paid ere you can be released from the dungeon house created around you by your own misdeeds; that there is no escape from wrong-doing save in its abandonment and strenuous endeavor to rise superior thereto, which, in the end, will indubitably be crowned with success complete and ample.

Spiritualism cultivates our self-reliance, bidding us stand upon our feet, erect, God-like, free; calling no man Master, but to develop our own individuality, thinking, reasoning, acting, for ourselves. Be ever open, however, to relinquish any thought or opinion, how deeply cherished, soever it may be, if shown to be untrue; and judge the truth of all opinions, precepts, ideas, in the light of pure reason, unbiassed by personal predilections or partisan prejudice. Seek ever one thing only,—truth; and this for its own sake alone, because it is truth; when found, cherish it as the apple of your eye,—uphold it, defend it on all occasions; yet regard not that as truth which is not based upon calm research, patient discrimination and pure reasoning, being in strict accord with nature and her immutable teachings.

The world is cursed with creedal sectarianism: Discord and strife incessant fill the earth, produced by clamorous propagandists of adverse, clashing dogmas, alike unreasonable, alike inimical to man's highest welfare. To still the troubled waters, Spiritualism, heaven-descended, appears on earth,—its principles leavening all sects, all creeds, liberalizing, rationalizing them, bringing their adherents closer together in friendship, amity and love. Its beneficent influence is seen in literature and in theology, is felt in the political arena and in governmental statute, in the halls of finance and the busy marts of trade; its power reaching even the penetralia of church and State, school and family, gradually breaking down the barriers of creed and caste, preparing on firm-cemented base, the nobler structure of Universal Fraternity, Brotherhood and Love.

Superstition, dire and malign, fills the earth—we find it everywhere, in every clime, among all people. From remotest ages the whole world has been virtually one vast mass of superstition; and the anti-superstitious truths of Spiritualism coming to a people surcharged with its sinister and noxious influence, must, when received by them, be largely colored therewith; and so we find it. This inbred superstition, the product of centuries' growth in progenitorial veins, is seen in many Spiritualists in their unreasoning reception of all that "the spirits" say,—following their real or supposed instructions in foolish hunts after concealed treasures, in will-o'-the-wisp speculations and wild-goose-chase exploits. Others consult spirits habitually on all the affairs of life, business, personal, domestic, thereby evidencing their weak minds and feeble self-reliance.

This superstitious element is also seen directed into credulous receptivity as infallible truth of everything purporting to emanate from the spiritual world, no matter how absurd or irrational the doctrines asserted or how opposed to the plain teachings of common sense. We see it in the avidity with which some Spiritualists swallow down and ably and forcibly advocate such evident puerilities and sophistical twaddle as re-incarnation, pre-existence of the soul as an individualized entity, obsession, occultism, the existence of elemental and elementary spirits, etc. The variant phases of superstition found among Spiritualists are in direct antagonism to the teachings of Spiritualism itself,—they forming no part of pure, unadulterated spiritual philosophy, but are exercises, fungus growths, relics of ancient superstitions and theological vagaries still permeating the mental atmosphere. Rightly understood, Spiritualism is the death-blow to superstition. It demonstrates law to be supreme in all the universe, as much in spirit-land as on earth; that the diets of spirits should never be received, no matter from whom purporting to come, unless in accord with the most enlightened reason and the manifest teachings of nature; that spirits out of the flesh are no more infallible than when in the flesh; that we should "try the spirits," test their asserted revelations in the crucible of common sense and the retort of natural intuition, rejecting at once all absurdities, inanities, trivialities, claiming a post-mortem origin.

Consequent upon the much-talked-of conflict between religion and science, the age is loudly demanding a religion—or rather the religion—that shall be in consonance with science in its every aspect,—fully in accord with nature's infallible revelations in earth and sky, in rock and star. To fill this demand, Spiritualism flashes athwart the mental armament, illumining earth with the long-sought reconciliation,—welcoming thankfully every advance in scientific knowledge and attainment. Discarding the mythological fables of Judea, upon which are founded prevalent views of cosmogony and anthropology, it, with its revelations from the angel spheres, deductions of modern science, affirming, through its mediums and seers, the evolutionary and nebular systems of creation or formation; the derivation by natural sequence of higher species from lower; the evolution of man from lower nature; the total absence of miracle and supernaturalism from the universe; and the perfect operation of natural law as accounting for all phenomena. Spiritualism, supplementing physical science, extends these fundamental principles to the spiritual universe, giving us glimpses of the higher realms of nature. Material science comes to a stop with the evolution of the physical universe,

including its crowning work, the evolution of man, which, being taken up by Spiritualism, is carried forward into the evolution of the spiritual universe coetaneous with the physical,—man's spiritual body being evolved coincident with the material body, while worlds and systems of worlds, comprising the domain of spiritual existence, are developed coevous with their material counterparts. Spiritualism interblends science, philosophy and religion; it being at once a philosophical and religious science, a scientific and religious philosophy, and a philosophic and scientific religion.

Spiritualism asserts that the only true religion is that of the life and character, morality, virtue, integrity, purity of heart and soul; that no special virtue inheres in prayers and praises, in devotional chanting or idolatrous book and church worship; that the religious duties of man consist in the culture of the intellect in the domains of science, philosophy and art, and in the cultivation of the moral nature through the continuous aspiration for, and persistent practice of, all the excellencies and virtues of human character, charity, kindness, truthfulness, purity, chastity, temperance, exact justice to all persons at all times, tempered with boundless love for all mankind. The ethics of Spiritualism may be summed up in this brief sentence: Morality the only Religion, Aspiration the only Prayer! An upright, sterling Pagan is much superior to, and will rank higher in the Beyond, than an immoral or bigoted Christian, be his professions never so loud; so a charitable, conscientious Roman Catholic is nearer heaven than a depraved, sensual Spiritualist, no matter how ardent his advocacy of Spiritualism and its higher moral phases; the interior life alone being the criterion, worth, standard, character, being all in all, aside from all opinions and professions.

The tendencies of this age are strongly rationalistic. Enlightened human reason, so long repressed by theological mysticisms and metaphysical subtleties, is now asserting its sway, and in due time will be supreme in all departments of being. The spiritual philosophy, thrusting aside all other standards, declares Reason the only guide. It enthrones Reason as the sovereign arbiter upon all points and questions, including its own most deeply cherished principles; and thus it is rendering valuable service to the world.

Spiritualism proclaims the Brotherhood of Man, not as a mere sentiment, but as a living actuality. It affirms the equality of all human beings according to inherent capacity; that all are entitled to, and should be protected in, the full and free exercise of every faculty and power with which they are endowed by nature; that the stronger should protect and elevate the weaker, thereby at the same time elevating themselves; that it is the duty of the more highly gifted ones of earth to advance, by all means in their power, the condition and prospects of those inferior to themselves mentally and morally. Recognizing the great central truth, that every human soul will attain, through a course of eternal progress, the same exalted destiny in spirit-life, all souls being in essence the same—rays of light, so to speak, from the Deific Central Sun of Being, drops from the Deific Ocean of Spirit, brothers and sisters in one grand human family, recognizing this basic truth, Spiritualism demands of all humanity the reverent acceptance of that truth, and its practical utilization and exemplification in daily life; that earnest philanthropy should characterize the aims and efforts of all souls; that kindness, generosity, the raising of the humble and the down-trodden, the uplifting of the fallen and the erring, the cheering of the heavy-hearted and the comforting of the sorrowful and the afflicted, be constantly engaged in and sedulously fostered.

Spiritualism, proclaiming the brotherhood of man in its widest sense, necessarily asserts the equality of the sexes,—affirms the possession of no privilege or right by one sex to the exclusion of the other; and it has done much to advance the progress of the woman's rights movement during the last thirty years or more.

The deadly scourges of war and intemperance are antagonized by Spiritualism. It urges the cultivation of peace, amity, fraternal love; that international controversies be settled by arbitration rather than by the sword; that the ill-will and malevolence so conspicuous in all phases of life be abandoned; that all pugilistic encounters and physical strife, animosities and retaliations, be repressed so far as possible. Temperance in all things is likewise enjoined. It urges men to abandon all filthy habits and lead clean, pure, chaste lives. Regarding the body as the temple of the spirit, it demands the abstention from everything inimical to its health and purity.

Spiritualism is in sympathy with all genuine reformatory movements, looking to the amelioration of human ills and grievances. Its influence is extended toward the equalization in greater degree of labor and capital, toward co-operative industry; and it is in conflict with monopolies, the grinding and oppression of the poor by the rich. Capital punishment is especially abhorrent to it, and it affirms that all punishment should be strictly remedial and reformatory, never vindictive or retaliatory. It also is in favor of wise and healthful measures of social reform, including the modification of the oppressive and vice-promotive statutes and customs in some States and countries in connection with man's marital and domestic relations. Spiritualism is likewise productive of

much good by the relief imparted to humanity through its many healing and clairvoyant mediums. All over the land may be found its magnetic healers, imparting vital and spiritual magnetism to the diseased frames and weakened systems of numbers of earth's children; while like numbers are receiving benefit and cure from simple medicinal compounds, whose formulae and modes of preparation are derived from seers and media.

Spiritualism, while at the same time it points us to the blissful beatitudes of the future life, yet declares this world a heaven here and now; that we are born into this world to live in it as long as possible, for the cultivation and elevation of our spiritual natures; that this is a glorious world, in which we are ever surrounded by blessings innumerable waiting for us to utilize them; that the only way to prepare ourselves for the deeper joys and purer harmonies of the next existence is by the full enjoyment of the present one, in purity of heart, singleness of purpose, and buoyancy of spirit. While in the material state, utilize that state; when you reach the spiritual, then utilize that; thus making the best use of both worlds.

Spiritualism, in contrast to the mistaken practices of many of the churches, encourages rational and innocent amusements, such as the drama, the opera, dancing, card-playing, etc., provided they are not abused or misused, perverted or carried to mischievous excess. When used for gaming purposes, or in such manner as to be injurious to the health or the morals, their abandonment is enjoined by the spiritual philosophy.

Spiritualism emphasizes the primary importance of liberty in all its manifold relations, including freedom of thought, speech, and action; provided that in so doing no infringement be made upon the exercise of a like liberty in others. Be free! It says, be free! and strive to make all others similarly free! While freedom, both political and religious, is largely dominant in our country, yet neither has yet been thoroughly inwoven into the American body politic. A demonstrable union of church and State prevails in the United States to a certain extent; instead of the national and state governments being purely secular, in entire dissociation with all religion and every creed, simply extending over all such their protecting arms, securing the equal enjoyment of their exercise and promulgation, we perceive Protestantism and Christianity virtually enthroned in the Federal Government, and also dominant, more or less, in the statutes and usages of the States and Territories. Oppressive Sunday laws, the enforced reading of a Protestant religious book in the public schools, the singing of Christian hymns and utterance of Christian prayers in the schools, the employment of chaplains in the army, navy, and in congress and legislature,—in these and other ways, is a certain form of religious dogma supported by governmental enactment and the expenditure of the public funds. Spiritualism demands that everything of a theological character shall be eliminated from statutory enactment, from government usages and customs; that the Government shall not recognize specially or support either Christianity or Paganism, Materialism or Spiritualism, but shall afford full protection to every form of faith or non-faith,—the non-believer in God, or in any religion of any kind, to be upon precisely the same footing in the eyes of the law as the religious devotee, the partisan of faith.

Sorrow and woe fill the earth, consequent upon the departure of loved ones to the Spirit-world. Spiritualism comes, drying the eyes of the bereaved and the mourning, telling them that their beloved are alive in the spirit-land, in full possession of all their powers and faculties, with the same love for their earthly friends and relatives that they ever possessed; that instead of mourning for their translation to the Aethereal land above, they should be joyous at thought of their improved condition; that they will be separated from those gone before but a brief season at most, and that during that separation it is possible for communion to be established between the two, cementing in a more enduring chain the links of love now binding them together.

Spiritualism restrains and reforms, in many cases, those viciously inclined, through their realization of the abiding presence of their spirit friends—mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers—conscious of their every thought, word and deed. Realizing, through Spiritualism, that all we do or say is known to spirit guardians, no matter how secretly performed or how obscure, from gaze of observant men or prying curiosity, such realization becomes a potent instrument of restraint and a moral culture over many otherwise thoughtless, evil-disposed persons.

And lastly, it bestows upon those realizing its heavenly truths a happiness, "unspeakable and full of glory," surpassing all other joys combined.

A true Spiritualist is indeed a happy person,—happy all the time, happy all over. Thoroughly realizing the exalted destiny awaiting him and his humanity in their upward flight through the shimmering ether, ever-lance sunning special depths, he cannot be otherwise than happy. To such a one the universe assumes a new aspect, all nature appears in different garb, all being is responsive to the "ay and amen," of his exalted mind. The heavens wear a gladdening smile no'er seen before, and earth seems robed in silvery shawl and burnished gold. Light-hearted, buoyant, free, cheerful, glad, some, smiling, he wanders his way along earth's

WHY DR. COUES RESIGNED.

He Shocked a College Faculty with his
Attack on Religion.

Being Chosen to Address a Graduating Class
He Glorified Free Thought and Theosophy
—His Letter to the Faculty.

Prof. Elliott Coues, who during the past few years has been gradually abandoning that materialistic science of which he himself is or has been a shining light of no mean order and going over to the less vulgar and more ethereal theosophy, has declared himself in a way that has given a terrible shock to the faculty of the National Medical College, where he has lectured on anatomy during the past ten years. The National Medical College is the medical department of the Columbia University.

What shocked the faculty, and the trustees as well, was the address which the Professor delivered to about 1,500 ladies and gentlemen at the Congregational Church, on the occasion of the sixty-fifth annual commencement of the National Medical College. That was on the 16th of last month. The feature of the occasion was a woman graduate—the first woman graduate of the college. The professor, an ardent advocate of the equality of the sexes, began his address by complimenting the faculty on this advance; and inferred from the fact that he had been taking a lesson in theosophy—"on which subject," said he, "I will speak for the hour, at the hazard of fanning into flame every spark of smoldering opposition to free thinking and out speaking there may be within reach of my breath."

RELIGION AND WOMEN.

"The three great stumbling blocks in the way of woman's progress," he said, "were religious intolerance, scientific insolence and social tyranny." "It grates upon the ears of every stiff-necked scolar in this church," he said, "and startles every timorous time-server of ecclesiasticism, to hear me say that religious bigotry is first among the forces that tend to enslave women." Having made this statement he proceeded to cite history in proof of it, branching off to say that Buddhism compelled the conscience of one-third of the human race and speaking of Christ, Manu, Moses, Zoroaster and Buddha in the same breath. Then he referred to the Catholic Church as "a creedal corpse, propped up on two legs, which are the Devil and damnation, backed up by the dogma of papal infallibility," and continued:

"And where the hand of the Roman Church is heaviest, there the head of womanhood is bowed the lowest down. What chance has her sensitive shrinking soul in the clutch of an incubus? None, unless she wrests herself from such embrace with a mighty effort. The revolt from Catholic tyranny that was inevitable—the same antidote to Romanism that Buddhism had administered to Brahminism—was found in Protestantism. The mistress of Martin Luther inspired the Reformation when she fired the imagination and girded the loins of that sturdy protestor. If one woman did that, no wonder that among the many nearest to Henry the Eighth one was found able to precipitate yet another rebellion by stiffening that magnificent brute to imposing upon the predominant race of men a placid and intensely respectable episcopacy; that emasculate bastard of the scarlet woman of Rome."

A TRIBUTE TO FREE THOUGHT.

Before closing his address he took occasion, in a very extravagant way, to glorify the work of modern free-thought.

"Free-thought is breaking the back of an intolerable because intolerant theology, and brushing the cobweb creeds of orthodoxy from the living heart of a nobler, higher faith—faith in God-made man, not in man-made God. Free thought in Spiritualism, in theosophy, in psychic science, is pricking the over-blown bubble of a merely materialistic pseudo-science. Free thought is setting social forces at work to disrupt every cast-iron conventionalism. We are moving on at a fearful pace, acquiring irresistible momentum. Events crowd closer and faster every day. Let the sluggards in spirit be quickened, let the dullards in thought awaken, let the laggards in life improve their gait, let the fate of all such be upon them! The spirit of these times is change—change—change; fit yourselves for new conditions or perish, for only the fittest survive."

THE FACULTY SHOCKED.

The professor's attack on all religion shocked the faculty, which passed a resolution prohibiting the publication of the address. Addresses delivered at commencement are usually printed by the college in pamphlet form. The faculty also pleaded with the professor not to publish his address; but he had already made arrangements for publication. They feared it would ruin the college; but he, on the contrary, insisted that it would be the best thing that ever happened to the college. It would show the world that the college had at least one teacher who was trying to keep up with the times. "It would be better to do without our college," said he, "than to go on longer without the ideas which I have had the honor of advancing. If the college is sectarian and not for the advancement of knowledge at large it has no special *raison d'être*. I have been trying to pull the college out of its rut for some time, and this ought to be the best thing that ever happened to it."

The professor graduated from the college in 1861 and has been connected with it ever since. Ten years ago he was elected lecturer on anatomy, on which science he has delivered sixty lectures every winter since. His last class, he says, was the largest the college ever had; and he claims that the gradual increase in the number of students was due to the fact that he advanced somewhat faster than the lot of "Baptist fossilized deadwood" who are now offended at his last address.

HE TELLS WHY HE RESIGNED.

The professor is careful to have it known that he leaves on the best of terms with the faculty personally. "I valued my own ideas," said he, "more than my connection with the college, though, of course, I prized that highly; and I simply had to resign in order to remain master of the situation."

The trouble appears to have been not so much what was said about religion, but that religion was discussed at all. There is a clause in the charter of the college forbidding everything religious. And this is the charge which the faculty makes against Prof. Coues. But the professor replies that the exercises of the evening were opened with prayer by a clergyman, and that introduced the subject of religion. He claims that if the clergyman had a right to pray he had a right to speak.

A LETTER TO THE FACULTY.

In the letter of resignation which he addressed to the faculty on March 21st, he discussed this subject in the following way:

"I beg you also to observe that if I have offended in this instance I may plead in extenuation that it is my first offense. Whereas, such a provision as I am now informed exists in our charter with reference to religious matters has been violated by others many times—that is to say, as often as, at our annual commencements, our exercises have been opened with a prayer and closed with a benediction by a clergyman of some orthodox denomination. This is certainly our habitual attitude before the public on such occasions. It is our official recognition and endorsement of some particular form of worship, agreeably with the views of the gentleman whom we invite to conduct those services which represent us as a body corporate before the Throne of Grace—our charter to the contrary notwithstanding, which forbids us to be religious officially. It being thus a clearly recognized propriety of such occasions for one speaker to bring up the subject of religion by praying in public from his own platform, I see no impropriety on the part of another speaker in continuing the same topic from a different standpoint. Where any great principle is involved, it is small to stop to see on which side one's bit of bread is buttered. If it be right and proper for one person to tell God what he thinks in sight of a great audience, can it be wrong or improper in the sight of God for another person to tell the same audience what he too thinks? It is not a question which was the better address on our last occasion—the one that was made to God and the audience, or the one that was made to the audience only. And even if such be a question, it cannot yet be answered, because only the audience has been heard from on the subject thus far. It should make us quite tolerant, I think, of one another's religious views to reflect: that God may possibly disapprove of public praying as strongly as the biggest bigot who heard me the other night can disapprove of my public addressing."

HIS RESIGNATION FINAL.

The resignation of Prof. Coues is final. "I am willing to make any sacrifice for the sake of truth," he said to a Post reporter last night.—*Washington Exchange.*

MIND READING, ETC.

MINOT J. SAVAGE.

(The Open Court.)

The editors of this paper ask me for an article containing "the results of your observation and experience in regard to mind reading."

Now to be suddenly called on for all one knows about any subject is somewhat embarrassing. One has the comfort, to be sure, of feeling that it will not take him long to tell, and the cost of paper will be so much less than it would be should he attempt to tell all he does not know. But still there are so many things one half knows, or thinks he knows, though as yet he can give no scientific proof. Then one wants to give so many reasons for not knowing more, or for opinions that as yet are not quite certain. No, it is no easy task to tell even the little that one knows.

Then there is another thing that concerns these investigations on the border land, that the members of the Society for Psychical Research do not take sufficient account of. Through circulars, and in other ways, the committee call loudly for evidence, asking all who have any facts to submit them for examination and judgment. But it has happened, through my known interest in and sympathetic treatment of these questions, that large numbers of cases have come to my knowledge that the society will never hear of. And the reason for this ought to be noted. And public investigators ought to take account of this reason. No one should suppose that nothing is going on because it is not submitted to the inspection of those who call loudest for it.

The reason for keeping these things back is twofold:

1. Many of the things that occur are of a private, personal character. It is quite natural that this should be so. Such things are held as sacred. People would as soon publish their private griefs as give these things to the world.

2. Then the attitude of the investigators is often a most unfortunate one. It has always seemed to me that it is absurd for a man to investigate a thing, the very possibility of which he denies before he begins. If a man does not believe of course he gives no testimony in favor. If he does believe he is treated as a "crank" and his testimony is ruled out. So long as one knows that he is to be met in this spirit—that he will be looked on as a lunatic, to be treated with a superior kind of pity and tenderness, or with the blunt brutality that says, "You may mean all right, but you are a fool!"—so long circulars asking for information will be likely to find the waste basket.

I have taken the liberty of heading this article "Mind Reading, Etc." I mean the "Etc." shall be the larger part of it. Or, to speak more accurately, I wish to make it an open door through which I may go out and wander through this border land at will.

That mind reading, thought transference, or something quite as inexplicable is true I know. My purpose in this article, then, will be to make it clear that here is a problem that challenges the attention of rational people. I wish, I say, to make so much clear as I can. And yet I am not ready to publish more than hints or fragments of facts that lead me to express the certainty to which I have given utterance. But the principal thing that reasonable people need at present to know is that there are facts that as yet find no place in our generally accepted scientific theories.

The present condition of affairs is a scandal both to science and philosophy. Here are thousands of sane persons asserting that wonderful psychic facts are of daily occurrence. Their statements are either true or false. If false, here is at least a huge delusion from which it is worth while that these people be set free. The statements of these persons are accepted without question on all other subjects. And these things are not like one's theological opinions, that are taken on faith, and that those who disbelieve them are accustomed tacitly to ignore. They are offered as facts that are open to investigation. I am aware that a few persons, in a half-and-half sort of way, are investigating, but it seems to me that something more than this is needed. If these asserted facts take place then they change our scientific theories of human nature and human destiny. If not, then there are other and more important things to engage our thought and time. I believe, then, that this is a question worthy the most serious attention.

But my experience with so-called "scientific" investigators leads me to think that, as there are "odds in deacons," so there are odds in "scientific" investigators. Some of them are scientific; and others are such bundles of prejudices and preconceptions that their claims to be scientific in these inquiries

are simply ludicrous. Their demands and their proposed tests seem to me as absurd as would be the position of a man who would not believe in electricity because it would not ignore its own laws, and just to please him, work through a rail fence instead of a wire.

I plead, then, not only for an investigation of these things, but for a little unbiased study of conditions,—the same as would be rational in other departments of study.

Now for a few hints as to the kinds of facts that need to be explained.

The mind reading committee of the English Society for Psychical Research thinks that the fact of thought transference has been established. Their experiments, however, are before the public; and all those interested can review their work and pass judgment on it at will. The thoroughness of their work has been questioned on this side of the Atlantic, and their conclusions impeached. I am inclined, however, to accept the fact itself as established. But my acceptance is based not so much, perhaps, on the evidence they offer, as on the fact that I am sure that things quite as wonderful have occurred in my own experience. When once a general truth is established in one's own mind, he does not require so much evidence as he did before to lead him to accept some special case that may be reported.

I was a good deal impressed at one time with the so-called mind reading experiments of Mr. W. Irving Bishop. I have had many private experiments with him that seemed very wonderful. But Mr. Montague (one of the editorial staff of the *Globe* of this city) has duplicated nearly all of Mr. Bishop's wonders, and claims that he does it by means of the unconscious guidance of the subject. I do not feel quite sure that all of Mr. Bishop's work can be explained in this way. And yet I do not rely on any of these things as giving satisfactory proof of actual thought transference.

I will now give a few brief hints of some occurrences that, to my mind, establish the fact that there are some things for which our present theories of man and nature furnish no explanation.

The facts of hypnotism are somewhat familiar to all those who have given any attention to this class of studies. But not all these, I think, are aware that some hypnotic subjects are clairvoyant and can see and report things with which even the operator is not acquainted. During private experiments in my own study, strange powers have been exercised, for which I know of no explanation.

Then, as the result of private experiments, I am sure of the manifestation of some force that is able to move physical objects. The circumstances have been such that no muscular pressure, conscious or unconscious, could account for the movements.

I am acquainted with no end of cases where people have been told things that the persons who told them (or through whom they were told?) did not know.

More than once I have had a person hold an unopened letter in her hand and tell me about the one who wrote it in the most detailed and unmistakable way.

In sitting with a personal friend, not a recognized or public "medium," I have, over and over again, been told things that it was impossible the friend should ever have known.

And—most unaccountable of all—I have had this same friend tell me of things that were occurring at the time in another State, and concerning which neither of us could, by any possibility, have had any knowledge. These have been so personal and peculiar as to make all theories of guess-work or coincidence seem extremely improbable that impossible seems the proper word to use.

To tell the story of my experiments in any fulness would require a volume. Are these things mind-reading? Are they telepathy? What are they? That they are facts I know.

LETTER FROM G. D. HOME.

Spiritualism in Belgium—Another Seance
With Dr. Henry Slade.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Belgium, a little country lost among the larger powers that predominate in modern Europe, has unfortunately for Spiritualism, allowed itself to be overridden by the black-robed priest, whose outer garment is a true picture of the inward darkness and hampering superstition of the religion he preaches but believes not. It is thus not only very difficult for any religious sect to spread its tenets among the people, but liberal and true thought, such as our religion teaches, can only make a slow headway through the many obstacles thrown in its path.

The working class have been poisoned by socialism and its attendant train of materialism, murder and strife between labor and capital, and the upper class is completely under the control of the Catholic church, which naturally does not wish to see such a prey escape from its clutches—escape which would become imminent were the truths of Spiritualism spread among the educated slaves to bigotry. No more need of masses for souls in purgatorial fires means no more money for the priest, who lives in ease and luxury on the wealth of those whom he frightens by means of his old scarecrow, the devil, into filling the church coffers, i. e., his pockets.

Spiritualists are here but few, but they form a brave band, and like the early Christians stand mockery and reviling with patience, for they know the truth of their religion. The storms of materialism and bigotry beat hard against their little house, but it is built on a rock and must stand. There seems to be quite a dark cloud gathered around them, but the sun will shine some day, and they live on in that hope confident in the aid their spirit friends afford them. I seize this opportunity of publicly thanking Mr. Vandervest, of Liege, in the name of all Spiritualists for the work he has done for our cause in Belgium since 1882, in the face of the blindest and bitterest opposition. If he has lost all home comforts; if he has sacrificed all material considerations for the advancement of truth, yet we know he has laid up for himself treasures that no man can scoff at; that he has garnered stores of knowledge in the other world that is far better than gold. The greater the sacrifice, the greater the reward. He has sown good seed that will some day bring forth its fruit.

I delivered a lecture here last Sunday to a good audience, and notwithstanding the reproaches I addressed to the local press for its one-sidedness, and to the Catholics for their blindness, the effect was good and unanimous applause repaid me for my work, although I half expected some gratuitous donations in the way of rotten eggs, etc. I deliver two more lectures here, and am already engaged for three lectures in Brussels where I shall be a week hence.

I am glad to learn from your letter that my sitting with Dr. Slade interested you. I have had another one still more interesting, and more of a test than any "portrait," if

you can call an uncouth caricature by that name) could be to me or to any one else. I need not go over the precautions I took, and which I described in my other letter; precautions most needless as far as I myself was concerned, but as I have said, I do not like to leave any loop-holes by which a skeptic might creep in to find fault with the test I offer him, and therefore, I took the same precautions. In this instance a single slate was used, which after having been cleaned by myself and I had deposited the crumb of slate pencil on it, I held myself firmly pressed to the under surface of the table, the lateral portion of the wooden frame being constantly in my sight. Dr. Slade placed lightly his fingers on the slate, his thumb on the table, and wrist and arm being in full view; time, twelve in the day.

In a few seconds the writing sound I have previously described became audible, and on bending my ear to the table I could distinctly trace the sound. The vibration of the pencil scratching communicated itself distinctly to my fingers. There was no room for doubt that there was something going on between the slate and the table. Dr. Slade's fingers were motionless. I could hear and feel the writing, and saw the medium was not producing the sound. I could hear long lines being drawn on the slate, and supposed that the communication might be in several languages, divided by these lines, a phenomena which often occurs. On the usual raps announcing the end of the message, I withdrew the slate from its position, feeling, as I did so, a strong resistance, as if the frame had become glued to the table, and I remarked to Dr. Slade, before reading the communication that the slate felt, as I held it over the table, as if weighted with lead.

The communication was more in the handwriting of my father than ever, if I may use that expression, and I could not retain an exclamation of wonder and surprise as I read the message, strongly underlined, which accounted for the long strokes we had heard. It was of such a private character that I hardly knew whether to give it to the medium to read or not, but on my doing so, Dr. Slade declared that it was the most extraordinary thing he had witnessed since he began his career as a medium, both as to the undeniable writing and signature, and as to the peculiar nature of the communication, which concerned a person totally unknown to him.

The next afternoon (I had sat on Sunday.) I received a letter from this same person stating that he had dreamed a peculiar thing that Sunday night, and would come personally to tell me of it, as it concerned us both. He came on Tuesday morning and informed me that he had dreamed my father, whom he had met once or twice in earth-life, had told him in this dream certain things of a very private nature that concerned us both; that the dream was so real, he had written me on awaking, and desired to know whether I had received any communication personally from my father on the subject. I answered yes; that his dream was almost word for word what I had been told by direct writing, and showed him the communication, which I had copied from the slate.

Now I would like some skeptic to explain this fact to me: Here I get written on a slate while under strict control of three senses,—touch, sight and hearing,—a long message written by an unseen hand, in a handwriting that I recognize to be that of my father; this communication concerns private matters and a certain person of whose existence even the medium is unaware of, and of whom I had had no occasion to think, not having seen him for seven or eight days. This same person, living far from myself, or the medium, dreams, on the night of the day I get this communication, that my father says to him, almost word for word what was on the slate. No letter had passed from me to him on the subject, and it is this person who announces this dream to me the first; it is only when the dream is told that I mention the communication. I would like to see some "scientific" man explain this by "suggestion," "hallucination" or "unconscious cerebration."

I have had a great deal to do with Dr. Slade and I can safely affirm his mediumistic powers are not yet known. I have seen things that I will some day publish, and which may astonish those ignoramuses who consider they know all the laws and conditions that govern spiritual control. This strong physical medium has done more good than can be yet calculated, to spread the cause and I can understand myself now how it was that Dr. D. Home, my father, was so pleased to meet Dr. Slade in Russia, for Slade's phenomena helped my father to satisfy skeptical minds, and proved the truth he sustained among certain classes in that country. Notwithstanding all that has been said, jealousy was a trait totally lacking in my good father's character, and he and I have often had a good laugh when we have heard the oft-repeated phrase, "Home is jealous of all mediums." I repeat that nothing pleased my father more than meeting Dr. Slade in Russia. The very idea that he was jealous of all mediums is preposterous. I might as well write that one star is jealous of another because it shines like itself, in the heavens.

G. D. HOME.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Coming Through the Tangled Rye.

BY WM. C. WATERS.

My head is gray; my blood is young,
Red-leaping in my veins;
The spring darts out my spirit yet
To seek the cloistered violet.
The primrose in the lanes.
In heart I am a boy,
Hunting the woods, the waterfalls,
The ivy on gray castle-walls;
Weeping in silent joy.
When the broad sun goes down the west,
Or trembling o'er a sparrow's nest,
The night might laugh were I to tell
What most my old age chafes—
Memories of wars and crescent moons,
Of nutting strolls through autumn noons,
Rainbows 'mong April's tears.
But chief, to live that hour again,
When first I stood on sea-beach old,
First heard the voice, first saw out-rolled,
The glory of the main.
Many rich draughts had memory,
The soul's cup-bearer, brought me.
—Alexander Smith.

It was said by one of our inspired speakers: "Some stagger o'er the course in drunkenness—some mark their way by deeds of blood and violence, while others, as they disappear, leave a shining track of virtuous deeds, and fill the air with fragrant memories." Delty knows by what law each soul must be governed, and though one pass through an ordeal of misfortune and suffering, while the voyage of another is o'er calm and sunny seas, the result in each instance is for the best. If this sentiment makes a firm lodgment in the inmost sanctuary of the spirit, so that it becomes an accepted part of the soul's treasure, it will help the individual to bear up bravely against the rough, banging winds of misfortune. Behind every cloud there will peer out stars of hope, and

sweet assurance that all will yet be well. It is such a staff we need to lean upon, and this the angel world offers to all that are disposed to accept it. We should have firmly fixed in the mind a philosophy based on facts, that is sufficient to meet every emergency.

No sailor expects to pass over the ocean without meeting with storms; neither should any human being expect to pass through life without having to contend with reverses, therefore the soul should be clad in more than mailed armor to meet and bravely fight the battles of life.

The religious sentiments, trained in proper channels, will doubtless yield that well-wrought armor of protection to the soul. It will enable one to walk with dauntless courage through the darkest scenes of life. We may search in vain for any system of religious instruction so well calculated to produce the desired confidence as that which comes to us through spirit-intercourse. It is in vain that the sectarian calls our attention, to the kind of buckler and shield he wears—not a few of us have worn that for many years, and know how important it is to bear up the soul when dark days come. To believe that by far the larger portion of the human family are to be utterly lost in irretrievable ruin, and no special guarantee on the balance, is far from a comforting doctrine, in the day that a man sees the product of many years of toil go up in smoke, dust and ashes. If from the devastation of earthly hopes, he turns away to find consolation in a future life from the sectarian outlook, there looms up a hell of unpeppable woe, for the multitude, and heaven for the comparative few.

"But," says our Christian friend, "you may know those who are to be saved, for they have accepted the plan of salvation, with the cleansing power of blood and faith in the same; also by their holy living." We are glad to acknowledge that many of these men are just and honorable in their conduct; but since we observe the same correct course of living on the part of a goodly number that make no profession on the subject of religion, we conclude that the mode of living, if a sure "trade mark" of a heavenly character, will apply as readily to the men out of the church as in it. Many men, thought to be pious, have gone to Canada, that they may take from there a retrospective view of the kind of life they lived in this country. Some men of shining note, having fully accepted the "plan of salvation," have retired within prison walls, there to consider the liability to failure of well-laid plans of "both men and mice." I trust the men who have left for Canada, and the men who have left for Canada, and the men who are doing government service here, under limitations of liberty, are in the enjoyment of religion. But the churchman will tell us these men were hypocrites, and there is no hope of heaven for them. The truth is, that many of these are brilliant men in intellect, but led away by a combination of circumstances, too strong for them to withstand. Now, what we want is a religion that will save these men and all others as an ultimate, that the churches would tumble into that great pandemonium of evil spirits that we hear so much about in this world, but has no existence in the next.

The man who takes it upon himself to declare that even one of God's children will be lost, has no assurance that he himself will not be the one. Does any one suppose there is a churchman living that feels absolutely assured that he will be saved under his own plan of teaching? Can such egotism exist in a human soul? The vanity of a peacock might be thought sweet humility, compared with the spirit of such a man. We know the present life to be a school of experience, and so is the life to come. There are graded classes here, and also in the future world. Every man finds his place in some one of the schools that are fitted to his condition. The man who has not learned the letters of the alphabet don't go to hell to learn them. In the heavens he will find plenty of angels very glad to teach him. If he stands low in moral life, and needs lessons, the instructors are there. In whatever direction he needs knowledge or wisdom the heavens are full of it. In leaving his clay vestment, he goes to a banquet that has no ending—a school that will not break up. The colleges of learning will never be closed against him. The Spirit-world teach, as an axiomatic rule, that God is the friend of all alike—His illimitable riches of love, knowledge and wisdom, He bequeaths as a free gracious gift to every human soul, and we take possession of our patrimony day by day and hour by hour, as our needs demand—just as our soul forces expand, and are ready to appropriate the Divine inheritance, which comes to us, sealed and delivered, by the power of Omnipotence. No man or combination of men shall long stand between us and that universal Love Power that wraps His mantle about the tiniest waif that walks the dusty paths of this primary school—to-day perhaps in rage, quarrel and want, but to-morrow ascended to the higher schools and nestled in the bosom of an archangel. Who shall say that it is not the highest wisdom that we start low down in the very cellar of development, at the very foot of an ascending ladder?

Wrapped in the swaddling blankets of ignorance, we grope our way in the dark—stumble and fall, but rise up higher for every fall, until we shall have gathered moral strength to walk erect, and if life here proves too short to learn that important lesson, let no man or woman despair, for the angels of God say to us, "Come up higher!" Though your earthly pathway has been overshadowed with sorrow and clouds, your hands and heart liberated, and your feet torn with thorns,—that was only for a brief primary lesson, that was to precede your entering into the higher kingdom. If any man wishes to believe in an angry Deity, that is his privilege; but it is not mine, for the light flowing in from the heaven, will not permit me to entertain such a thought. Are we to claim that God will perpetrate cruelties which noble-souled men and women could not and would not? Fortunately, such ghastly errors are dying among their worshippers.

The Hon. George W. Jones, now living in Dubuque at the age of 88, was once member of Congress for the Territory of Wisconsin when it included all Iowa; once United States Senator from Iowa; once Minister Plenipotentiary to Bogota; and once United States Surveyor General. Last week a committee of citizens raised a fund of \$1,300 and lifted a mortgage for \$800 which was about to be foreclosed, and which would have left Mr. Jones and his aged wife homeless in the world. The remaining \$500 was given to Mrs. Jones.

Young Storrs, son of the late Emory Storrs, of Chicago, is disposing of his father's valuable collection of autographs. He is selling them singly instead of by auction or the collection as a whole. He recently sold an autograph letter of Napoleon Bonaparte when he was First Consul for \$15. The letter is said by autograph collectors to be worth hundreds of dollars.—*New York World.*

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, May 14, 1887.

Most Questions in Cabinet Work.

The views of our valued friend and contributor, L. C. Howe, as expressed on another page under the title of "The Wells Exposure," are largely sound and sensible; but on several points he lapses into bad logic, and fails to quite correctly comprehend the case. "If Mrs. Wells is innocent it seems to me she must in self-defense demand a new trial,"—another test case, says Brother Howe. No amount of evidence of her powers as a materializing medium prior or subsequent to the séance at which she was found personating spirits will prove her innocence on that particular occasion. At best it would only raise a doubt in some minds as to the truth of the charge that at the time of the exposure she was conscious and performing a premeditated act of deception.

The assertions made by Brother Howe in his third paragraph seem to us at variance with the best interests of justice and of society, to say nothing of the law. Mrs. Wells entered one compartment of an alleged fraud-proof cabinet, after which forms emerged from the other claiming to be materialized spirits; an investigator discovered Mrs. Wells to be out of her room and in the one adjoining, where it was supposed she could not get; the partition had been tampered with, and the clothing she had removed from her person was found where she should have been. These facts stand undisputed and indisputable; this being the case, the burden of proof necessary to dispel guilt on the part of the detected woman and to prove innocence of intent and act rests upon her. And it may here be remarked in passing that Mrs. Wells's conduct on the night of the exposure and since has not been such as to strengthen her assertion of innocence, beyond her limited circle of social and professional friends, and no person not already a believer in her claim as a materializing medium, will be likely to have an opportunity to test her mediumship.

If Brother Howe correctly states his attitude—which we seriously doubt—we should peremptorily challenge him were he presented as a juror in any case involving an act of fraud, deception or criminal violence on the part of the accused. His attitude of mind appears to be such as would render it impossible to convict, no matter how strong the evidence. He would seemingly soar beyond the confines of this planet and demand that the prosecution shall seek in another world for the proof necessary to establish the intent of a person caught red-handed in the act of murder, or detected in a closed room, where he had no right to be, and engaged in an act of deception, fraud, or theft. He, apparently, would demand proof that the accused was not in a trance, nor the unconscious medium of some diabolical spirit who could not be brought within the jurisdiction of an earthly tribunal.

Even were Mrs. Wells to plead guilty it would not, according to some, establish her guilt or prove her manifestations fraudulent even. These people would claim that she was either consciously lying when she pleaded, or was again under the influence of Jesuit spirit who were lying through her lips.

In his fourth paragraph Brother Howe alludes to the claim of "Jesuit spirit influence" frequently put forward as a defense of fraudulent mediums, and touched upon in an editorial on the Wells case in the JOURNAL of March 10th. He says of this claim, "If true, there must be a way to prove it," and suggests "fraud-proof conditions." Will he kindly favor the JOURNAL with an explanation of how cabinet conditions can be made that will prevent the aggressive interference of these hypothetical Jesuits, granting they have the power, power and skill attributed to them? Here are the editorial paragraphs from the JOURNAL to which our friend alludes:

This is a typical case and deserves in all its aspects the calm and serious attention of rational Spiritualists. It should be considered on its merits with no pre-arranged feeling and without passion. What are its lessons? If a reputable woman with developed mental power places herself in the hands of trusted friends associated with her in the management of a religious society, goes to their house, sits in a cabinet constructed under the supervision of these friends and supposed to be fraud-proof, the cabinet in which hundreds of seances have been held, and in a house where complete domestic harmony ever reigned and only good influences are congenial, if with such a medium, and such an environment, diabolical or Jesuit spirits can work their damnable will, what does it teach? What is the remedy? What is the duty of Spiritualists?

The JOURNAL takes no stock in this theory and regards it as wild, irrational, irrelevant, unscientific assumption; but if the JOURNAL is mistaken and the views of Mrs. Wells's defenders are correct, then it is time that the strong arm of the law be invoked to restrain the opening of the gates through which these invisible legions of Lucifer pour, in their hellish haste to degrade mortals; and every legislature and the congress of the Nation should make a special offense for any person to practice mediumship or in any way encourage, aid or invite the manifestations of spirits. A perpetual injunction should be served on the Spirit-world restraining its inhabitants from intercourse with this, and a standing police should be raised to see that no blockade runners nor stragglers cross the line. The whole world should unite in saying: We will forego further knowledge of a future life; we will get on as best we can; we deny your rights to interfere to our disadvantage and we close every avenue for your approach. We have held enough now, and will settle accounts with you when we cross over.

We deem republication of the above paragraphs, taken together, as sufficient answer to Mr. Howe's comments on this point. "Meddlesome legislation is a dangerous thing," but unspeakably more dangerous are meddling Jesuit spirits, ever present, invisible, untiring, diabolical, irresistible when once the door of mediumship is opened to admit them! Between the known danger of meddlesome legislation which lies within the power of a commonwealth to modify, improve or annul, and is amenable to the will of the majority of mortals making up the State, between this and the danger of a never ceasing raid of Jesuit spirits, there can be no comparison!

Arguments and acts which tend to weaken individual responsibility and lessen self-reliance are false in theory, pernicious in practice, relics of priestcraft and superstition; contrary to the spirit of the present age and only fitly mouthed by intellectual and moral weaklings; no liberal or progressive sect, party or movement controlled or strongly colored by them can be permanently powerful.

To say that the reign of fraud, immorality and delusion under the sway of such persons as Hannah Ross, Carrie Sawyer and James A. Bliss "may reveal a beneficent design" on the part of spirits when we acquire a "deeper knowledge of their purpose," is but another way of stating an old theological superstition, at which Brother Howe and other Spiritualists laugh, when put in its original form. It may be that "some great scientific experiment big with possibilities" is hidden under the scant drapery which covers Wells, Ross or Reynolds when they are discovered outside of the cabinet personating spirits; but we cannot thus believe on the evidence thus far adduced.

If the great mass of mankind approximated Brother Howe in goodness and purity the millennium would not be far off, and a hell full of Jesuit spirits would make little headway in demoralizing mortals. But in the present stage of development it will be fully as safe and infinitely more agreeable to fence against these alleged invincibles. It is likely to be several thousand years yet before the race will be cultivated to such perfection in mediumship as to protect it against the powers attributed to this invisible army of diabolical dabblers in other people's business, and in the meantime tentative measures of relief may be worth experimenting with; at least a law that would place a Ross behind bars when caught half nude outside her cabinet where she had left a further stock of masquerading paraphernalia.

Brother Howe closes his generally sound paper with a sentence especially dear to every true Spiritualist, one that should inspire to action, support in trials, and never be lost sight of: "The truth shall make us free."

Imperious Autocracy of Rome.

The popular feeling of America is averse to ecclesiastical discussions. We are supposed to have passed beyond all that. We have generally learned to despise it; and we have pushed the church outside of our constitutions, State and Federal. We do not care for ecclesiology except as each one wants to be free to follow his own tastes and inclinations on this subject, as on all others; but so long as there are crafty, ambitious and powerful ecclesiastics, their spirit, action and methods demand our attention as citizens and freemen.

Mexico and all the countries of Europe would be glad to be able to ignore ecclesiastical if they could; but Rome will not let them. It is the great embroiling power of the world even in our own day. It is the supreme reliance of Bourbonism in France and the most constant and powerful irritant and disturber in the French republic. In Germany it is a menace to the peace of Europe unless Bismarck buys its favor by concessions which are oppressive to the people, and which that prince is too willing to render. It is papal Ireland only which is in constant trouble. The Irish Protestants are under the same civil regime as the papal, and they are always peaceful, prosperous, and loyal to the empire—a fact which speaks volumes in the present contest, though we are in hearty sympathy with Gladstone and Parnell.

Spain, endeavoring to stand erect and go forward, reels in every direction because distracted with the eternal discord between the power of the Romish hierarchy and the spirit of civil freedom. Emerging from barbarism

and ecclesiastical servitude, Mexico exhibits all the phenomena of drunkenness except its exhilaration, distracted by Romish superstition while longing and striving for civil progress and stability. We are not so far removed from them in space, time or circumstance that we can afford to be supercilious or indifferent. We must still watch lest our liberties be stolen. The thief is abroad and prowling near, watching his opportunity. Let us put him in our spiritual Police Gazette, and have the detectives forever on his track.

The ecclesiasticism of the Roman Catholic Church is peculiar and unique. There is nothing like it in all the world's history, and above all others it will repay a studious attention, apart from all the patriotic and civic considerations the JOURNAL has been urging.

It is characterized by an unparalleled imperial autocracy. The pope is elected only by the cardinals. He in turn appoints them, and all the archbishops and bishops; and these appoint all the priests of inferior rank. The pope is, therefore, the creator of the whole hierarchy, and holds it under his control. This hierarchy controls all the property and action of the Church. It is indeed, absolute master of all. It holds the real estate in its own name, and that carries all the furnishing therein or thereon. It numbers in theory and practice the only rulers as well as teachers of the Church, and the laity are only at the best their executives. In most of these points the Romish Church stands alone.

The higher grades of the Greek Church, the Lutheran Church (in Germany) and the Church of England, are appointed directly or indirectly by the State, so that those Churches are not autocracies. They can have no power against the State. In general they will rather reflect the prevailing spirit of the people. They can not be long alien to the ruling power or to the tide of national sentiment. They may be oppressive to the minorities of dissent, but they can never be hostile to the nation. With the hierarchy of Rome all this is different. It acknowledges no national tie, much less authority, dependence and obligation. It will, wherever it can safely and effectively, turn against any nation in the furtherance of its own interest; and as it has an independent interest and set of claims, these may, clash with the interests of the State and be prosecuted to the damage of the State, as every country of Europe has witnessed at different times.

It is, indeed, true that all the churches in the United States and the dissenting churches of Europe are autocracies; but they are autocracies within the State, and are non-political, they make no claims except that of religious freedom, to be let alone in their mode of worship.

The appointing power of the papacy has a baneful counterpart in the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. For purely ecclesiastical ends the latter is the stronger organization of the two, because by its organic law its bishops appoint afresh all the ministers every year, and must remove the pastors at the end of three years. These pastors have, therefore, never any great chance to generate any large personal interest and influence in any one place, or to mold a community after their own pattern; and if they have not conformed to the ruling wishes they will at the end of each term be sent where they will do the least harm. Here this church has a leverage on its pastors definitely mightier than that which Rome itself has on its own priests, because it can only change and remove for cause.

But for reasons which our space now forbids us to furnish, there is no political danger involved in the Methodist itinerancy. With the priesthood of Rome, past associations, inherited instincts and intrinsic and essential spirit and principles, conspire to endow them with an ecclesiastico-political animus, so that they are politicians with a shepherd's crook, and the natural rivals, if not enemies, of all free and independent States. All these Protestant churches are anchored to the country and people by their property, which is held by trustees who are nearly all laymen, and by laymen they are elected. The spirit and power of citizenship has here, therefore, an infinite preponderance while in the Roman Catholic Church all this element of power is vested in and works for the domination of the hierarchy alone.

Rubbish and Reason.

For clergymen to preach about the need of clearing away rubbish and using reason in religious matters, tells how the tide sets.

Rev. William Fawcett is a popular Methodist clergyman in this city and has lately preached on the necessity of clearing away the old rubbish that a solid foundation may be laid. He goes back to Nehemiah and old Babylon for a start, after the clerical fashion, but he gets down to Chicago, unlike some preachers who never get near to-day.

For building of real churches or true character he shows how the rubbish of false opinions and evil practices blocks the way and hinders the work until they are put aside, and that this must be done. So far his talk is good and broad, but he soon shows limitations. Christ is the foundation, and angels sang and mortals wondered when the work began on that sure basis. When that work commenced "humanity was a ruin." This is a narrow view. Was no truth spoken or lived before Jesus? Did not Buddha and Confucius give the golden rule before him? Is the Divine plan so narrow that the salvation of humanity hangs on one personality? Far more rational and hopeful is it to recognize the spiritual kinship of the races in all ages and religions, and to recognize their prog-

ress, with Confucius and Buddha, Plato and Jesus, as among the royal line of leaders and helpers, with the spiritual seers and prophets of the soul and brave reformers of our time as latest in this illustrious lineage. This really would make Christ not less but more, not an anomaly, but a deep-souled and gifted seer and reformer.

Mr. Fawcett thinks the great work now is to put aside Romish rubbish; but he has not cast the beam out of his own eyes and seen the Methodist rubbish that must be cleared up, yet his face is set the right way, and it is not easy to stop while the world of thought moves on.

Rev. Mr. Milsted, standing in Robert Collier's Unitarian pulpit in this city, gets warmed by the wide sunshine of its former occupant, and tells how "heart, soul and mind are all needed in working out a plan of religion that will satisfy mankind," and that reason must be always respected and never violated; this is the spiritual philosophy of harmonious development. He thinks that "the intellect and the feelings should unite," and that to use only the reason would create a frigid atmosphere "as cold perhaps, as some churches in Massachusetts that would not have held together unless they had been frozen together." This seems like a sly hit at the agnostic ice heaps which Unity expects to generate spiritual warmth.

An Irishman once heard a lecture on latent heat which was even in snow balls, and cried out, "How many snow balls would it take to boil a tea kettle?"—which query the learned lecturer could not answer. It might be asked: How many agnostic preachers will it take to give vital warmth to their hearers, and clear away the rubbish of materialism, that a solid foundation for character may be reached? This question is as hard to answer as was the Irishman's.

Crindle-Reynolds in Los Angeles.

On the evening of April 22nd Mrs. Crindle-Reynolds gave an alleged materialization séance in Los Angeles, Cal., at the house of a gentleman connected with a bank and widely known as a reputable citizen. He promised that no grabbing should be allowed; and he improvised a cabinet by stretching curtains across a corner. The usual beautiful and convincing display took place. Mr. "Graft" growled, and spirits of different shapes and sizes moved in and out of the cabinet. At last the "lace girl" appeared and ambled about with her usual grace; at this an electric light worn on the shirt front of an observer was ignited and quicker than a flash the room was bright; the lamp-lighter stepped forward and pulled down the curtained cabinet, but no Reynolds was there; she stood in the middle of the room as the lace girl. The lace fell from her trembling shoulders and revealed her semi-nude form, and she slunk into a corner where surrounded by the ladies present she dressed. When she entered the cabinet she was arrayed in a black silk dress; this was found in the cabinet, together with her materializing outfit which included several wire frames used in making the appearance of two spirits simultaneously. Reynolds evidently had no suspicion of detection and up to the moment of exposure was happy. Not two minutes before the lights were turned up on her half-naked form, says the Los Angeles Times, Mrs. Reynolds had announced that this was "the best circle she ever saw—so nice and harmonious."

The JOURNAL calls the special attention of fraud defenders to the fact that Reynolds was not grabbed, and that their theory of Spiritophysio-jumbo changes whereby the 150 to 180 pound figure of the medium is invisibly and instantaneously transferred through the cabinet and into the grabbed spirit form, meets a serious obstacle. The JOURNAL does not for a moment expect the electric light will illumine the understanding of Colby, Wetherbee, Kiddle & Co., but it will, no doubt, be of value to those who have been more or less impressed with the transcendental sophistry advanced to begot the public and protect impostors.

In a temperate editorial on the affair the Los Angeles Times says:

"We believe in the broadest and most liberal allowances for religious belief; we would not taboo any form of worship because it is new, peculiar or unpopular; we would not inhibit any supposedly sacred rites, observances or manifestations so long as they do not transgress the laws. But it seems to us that enough out-and-out swindling is perpetrated in the guise of spiritualistic manifestations to warrant the punishment of those who practice it for obtaining money under false pretenses."

To one possessed of the faintest glimmer of self-respect and decency such an exposure would prove a crushing blow; but we have no doubt that the Reynolds woman had another group of gudgeons assembled about her last night to witness further materializations, and unless restrained by fear of condign punishment, she will materialize to-night.

The Times simply rises to inquire what difference there is, morally speaking, between this confidence game played in a dark room, or the gold-brick game perpetrated in a back alley? Both are frauds which the law ought to squelch without delay.

The JOURNAL rises to inquire how long Spiritualists can reasonably ask legislatures to wait before interfering with these cabinet confidence games? If Spiritualists with considerable unanimity do not unite to summarily suppress trickery and discountenance the tricksters they may with absolute certainty look to a time in the near future when the law will lay its hand upon the evil.

It is true the great body of Spiritualists do individually deprecate, discourage and discountenance these swindlers, but this is not enough; they must collectively, unitedly and by public word and deed stamp out the damnable rot, or hold their peace when incompetent but well-meaning non-Spiritualists try their hand at legislation.

Owing to the continued illness of Mrs. E. L. Watson, meetings at Metropolitan Hall, San Francisco, are temporarily suspended.

"The New Chivalry."

Was the fit topic of David Swing on a late Sunday morning. The Chicago city election, in which "the bummelement" was signally defeated, and the panders, high and low, to vice and corruption sternly rebuked, was the subject, which gave great scope to point a moral and inspire his hearers with high courage for

"A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of our evil time."

He said that no age had been free from wickedness; great and small crimes have been known in all history. Deception has abounded. The history of art, religion, science and literature, and also of crime and of laws to suppress it and of protests against it, is read together. From the thief Achan, who stole gold and silver and hid them in the ground under his tent in the days of the old Hebrew Joshua, to the grand jury of a city finding thieves among high officials, the war has gone on. Criminals have endangered the peace and safety of society. This evil in man gave rise to the conception of a personal satan.

But righteousness, too, is old. Moses, Plato, Socrates and Christ have lived, and the refiner's fire has never gone out, its blaze growing brighter. Every man should be the friend of society, and must be its friend or its enemy. Men should learn the infinite value of truth and honor, and tread the path of reform with swifter and surer step. The deeds of a few official robbers and of a few anarchists in this city show that every brave and honorable man must carry on a perpetual warfare against the enemies of society. The soldier of the truth is as divine as the fighter with sword and spear, and his chivalric daring and steadfast courage should be as great. The battering-rams of the old Romans did not equal the ballot-box of the Americans. The flag of progress must wave over every hill and tower. Happy the youth who sees this divine banner and who can hear amidst the world's confused noises, the whisper which asks him to be a soldier for truth and for mankind.

Much more equally eloquent and inspiring is in this grand discourse, which is like a trumpet call to the battle with lies and meanness of all kinds and in all places. May we not well apply his moral to our work as Spiritualists? Is not fraud among pretended mediums to be rebuked as fearlessly and exposed as thoroughly as among the members of a ring of city politicians? Should we not honor and uphold the true and devoted mediums as earnestly as we do the true and honest city or State official? Is not "the infinite value of truth and honor" the first thing to consider? Will not the windows of heaven open most widely to him who teaches the heavenly life? Must not the high courage, the fidelity and purity of the new chivalry be manifest in the life and bearing of the spiritual reformer?

GENERAL ITEMS.

H. H. Brown writes: "H. S., on the second page of your issue of April 30th, desires to know the author of a poem. Miss Lucy Larson is the author. She is well known by her poem, 'Hannah Binding Shoes.' She is an intimate friend of Whittier."

James G. Clark, the poet and balladist lately gave an entertainment in Dr. Jewell's church, San Francisco, which proved highly enjoyable to those present. His original productions, when sung by him, never fail to have a most excellent influence.

That J. J. Morse, the widely-known English medium and lecturer, is to speak for the Young People's Progressive Society of Chicago on Sunday the 22nd should be borne in mind by the JOURNAL's city and suburban readers. Let him have a packed house, morning and evening. On the first Sunday in June he begins his engagement at San Francisco.

Thomas Harding writes as follows from Sturgis, Mich.: "The years fly round quickly and the June meeting is almost upon us again; it is expected to be an interesting and profitable occasion; several prominent speakers and mediums are expected to be present, and, as far as I remember, all the old 'stagers,' who have been telling us for some years back that they scarcely expected to see another meeting, are with us still, hale and hearty as ever."

"If such be Christianity in a big city, there is a wide room for radical reform," says a late number of the Chicago Tribune. The Tribune states that a clerical gentleman who is conducting the services in a well known Episcopal church in this city during the absence of the rector in Europe, was recently reported to be missing. He turned up "all right" shortly afterwards, and the trouble was discovered to be simply that vulgar one which has cursed so many people in all civilized ages—namely: poverty. It seems he is being paid at the magnificent rate of two hundred and fifty dollars for the six months' term of service, and to this is added two hundred dollars per year as payment for service as clerk of the vestry. This amounts for him to less than ten dollars per week, out of which at least twenty cents per day is required to be expended in car fare to and from the seminary in which the gentleman is boarding. Out of the miserably small remainder he is expected to keep up an appearance befitting the station he fills during the absence of the rector; in other words, to dress well if he cannot eat well. "Is it any wonder if the poor man grew disheartened and was tempted to commit suicide?" asks the Tribune and then answers as follows: "Surely not; and it is more cause for wonder if he does not exhibit a vein of gall in his ministrations which indicates utter disgust at the whole arrangement."

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RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO
THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLII.

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No. 13

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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WHENCE AND WHITHER?

An Address

Delivered before the London Spiritualist Alliance, at St. James's Hall, by Mr. W. Paine, M. A.

Nothing, not death itself, is more certain than the physical, mental and moral inequality of these living on this planet. That inequality has been the root of the tragedy, the sorrow and the heroism of all time. Religious systems have been devised, full of propitiatory sacrifices and elaborate ceremonies, whereby to avert the wrath or to obtain the favor of the gods that made this inequality. Law-givers have propounded laws which they have fondly hoped might alleviate some of the calamities consequent on it. In despair of understanding it the Christianity of the churches has fallen back on the theory of an all-wise and all-merciful God, though to our limited capacities the all-merciful is not, and cannot be quite understood; the older sacrifices have been replaced by the vicarious sacrifice of Christ, and the theory has been eked out by such dogmas as justification by faith on the one side, mortification and penance on the other. Philosophy meanwhile has canted round pleasantly over sin and sorrow on the back of that compound of cruelty and ignorance, political economy. But there it all is still, gentle and foxy, purity and impurity, health and sickness, happiness and misery, riches and poverty, side by side. With one man there over remains placid comfort and content, while with his neighbor there is nothing but apparent misfortune and despair.

There have indeed been invented heavens of various kinds as a set off to this inequality—heavens always with their corresponding hells, the heavens varying in form from the happy hunting grounds of the American Indian, through the eternal and wearisome Sabbath of the modern Christian, to the absolute sensuality of the Mohammedan Paradise. The hells are generally left out, and we hear little about them except as to their unpleasantness, no one believing that they can affect himself personally; they are always for other people.

But to those who are here to-night these heavens can have little interest; annihilation would be better than most of them, even when as pleasantly pleasurable as that imagined by the Calvinistic leader, Jonathan Edwards, who cheerfully anticipated that a good deal of the happiness of the blessed would be got from witnessing the tortures of the damned!

We have, though, to do with a future state of some sort, of the existence of which all here to-night are as certain as that they are here—but what we are not so certain of is, the existence of a state before this one. Our life is infinite, but infinite in one direction—it begins here. Some, indeed, whose opinion I hold in the deepest respect, solve the difficulty both of present, past and future, by what is called reincarnation, but that, as long as it means re-birth on this earth, simply pushing back the beginning a little way. That begins is still—here.

In this paper, then, with all the humbleness of a man who tries to find out the form of things from the shadows which he sees, or thinks he sees, I propose shortly to consider the question of "incarnation," in the past and the future.

We are accustomed to consider our existence here as bounded in every respect. We talk of our limited capacities, our shortness of life, and so on, but I doubt if we always

quite realize what we mean when we say these things. I do not imagine that anyone now-a-days will deny that what we call our bodies are composed of a number of ingredients, such as carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, and so on, held together in various compounds, which compounds are called organized. But, what I think I may, without presumption, suppose to be not so generally understood is this, that investigation shows that at a certain temperature—I do not like using figures, but it is about 273 deg. below the zero of the centigrade scale—all these ingredients would probably cease to exist as such; that, indeed, material nothingness would be the result of such lowering of the temperature. What we call material existence, then, appears in one direction to be a question of temperature.

Now temperature is only a representation, as measurement of heat, which is itself not a material substance, as we count material, but a form of energy. Hence, we are driven to the conclusion that even from this one point of view our incarnation is a very unsubstantial thing, that indeed it is only the result of sensations which our consciousness can comprehend. We might, of course, have expected this, for we have long ceased to regard color and sound as anything but sensations, they having as color and sound no separate existence.

But let us go a step farther. Chemistry has begun to show that combination of elements is not the same thing as the method of combination, that absolutely the same elements arranged differently produce different "materials," that something like this happens, though "two" and "three" may make what we call "five," "three" and "two" do not. The sensations produced are different. Our existence here is thus gradually being robbed of all its materiality by material science. Our incarnation is only material because our sensations make it so; a new set of sensations would make a different material world even of this. We have, indeed, practical illustration in many of the results reached in the investigation of hypnosis, and states allied to that of hypnosis.

These considerations appear to me, and I think must do to all who care to realize them, as of the most tremendous import. We have been very much in the habit of drawing a hard and fast line between matter and spirit, without perhaps being quite sure where the hard and fast line really is. We have too readily assumed that matter and spirit are utterly different things, and have so, I fear, in many instances, thrown away chances of explanation of phenomena which otherwise would have presented themselves with much more readiness. The passage of matter through matter, for example, becomes much easier of intelligent comprehension when it is spoken of as the passage of spirit through spirit. I confess, indeed, that I have myself often deplored the use of such terms as Spiritualism and materialism, though forced to use them in conjunction with certain phases of modern thought.

What it comes to is this, if I have not utterly mistaken the meanings of modern scientific research, that we are to all intents and purposes ghosts. My friend, Mr. Massey, spoke in his paper, read at our last meeting, of the expectation indulged by certain enthusiastic persons of seeing celebrated people of the world that has gone by walking tranquilly along the strand. I do not hope for any such marvel. I am not quite sure that I should not be horribly frightened if I saw it; but those wraiths would assuredly be no more real ghosts than are the multitudes who daily throng that thoroughfare. Very substantial ghosts it may be said: Yes, indeed, so substantial that a microscope which should be able to magnify an atom into a cricket ball would effectually dispose of any one of those of any personality he might appear to possess. We, then, whatever we are otherwise, are existent in this state, and as to this state, simply as a bundle of limited sensations, though these sensations by their enormous variety of arrangements produce a practically unlimited number of combinations, thus causing what we call the phenomena of life. A very slight difference in our sensation, the addition of a new sense, would inevitably change the aspect of life entirely; for example, a different method of vibration, or rotation, or whatever it is of the atoms of which we are composed, would, I take it, render us invisible to eyes constituted as ours now are. The substantiality of our ghosthood would have gone. What would happen in a condition of things, quite imaginable though, in which one or more elements should be added to the length, breadth and depth of our ordinary space, I forbear even to guess. I also forbear to speculate on a state in which time is not as it is here, but where our past, present and future would be all one, and what we call prophecy would be but the contemplation of things as they are. Nevertheless, it seems probable that such states do exist, and, indeed, what limit can we dare we place on the infinite varieties of possible conditions of life?

We are here then in an essentially bounded and limited state. Now let us consider the case of an intelligent individual outside the boundary of this somewhat narrow region. Such an individual would be endowed either with greater or with less capacities of all kinds than are current here. If the former, entrance into this state would be a prison, some degree or degree of free action would be cut off; if the latter, entrance would be into a new and apparently unlimited country, in which the degrees of freedom would be greater than those of the previous state. To the former of these two states we are

hell; to the latter a heaven. The admission into this state of beings of both kinds gives, at once, the prime factors of inequality.

When we note the large number of people who appear to be on a dead level of mediocrity, intellectually and morally—to whom, whether they be princes or peasants, the animal existence is everything—for whom the daily small routine of life is happiness itself, whether that routine be carried out in the halls and corridors of palaces, in the shop of the tradesman, or in the cottage of the peasant—who are so attached to this earth that the earth treats them kindly in return, and seems to minimize their sufferings—I say, when we note these people, is not the conclusion a just one that this existence is a heaven to them, that they have come from a lower rank in the great chain of being, to which this life is promotion? They are probably, indeed, but little above that lower state, and also probably go but little beyond it at the next change, if, indeed, many of them do not fall back again.

Let us take the other case. Even if recollection of the exact circumstances of the previous state be gone, enough of memory remains to the prisoner who has come from a more glorious condition into this state, to make the sense of incompatibility and incongruity keenly apparent. With a capacity equal to consciousness of higher developments than there are here, he takes in the whole of this; accustomed to the exercise of life in its loftier developments he pours it out here on some unworthy object, and finds it returned in a more degraded form or rejected altogether. Ignorant of the methods of steering adopted by a lower order of beings, he is constantly getting shipwrecked on the shoals of common-place morality. Enmeshed in a consciousness which is of the earth earthy, to him all is pain, though why, his recollection does not tell him. Weary with the sorrow, though dreading descent, which he somehow recognizes as sin, he cries out at last in his despair, and going back toward the peace he has lost, steadfastly works on through unselfishness, knowing that he has purged the evil that brought him here.

I have taken as supposable two extreme cases: that of a lofty intelligence, who, as in the appalling cry of Jesus on the cross might call on the God who seemed to have forsaken him even as he wins the light; and that of a being steeped in all the unredempted sensations of earth. But if, as it seems to me, this universe of ours is only a universe of one set of sensations, there needs must be other universes further from or closer to us, as the case may be; and from any one of these may be drawn intelligent beings, who must pass through this state for some end, of which we know but little beyond this, that it is apparently for purification in various degrees.

I am profoundly conscious that, though the things I speak of are fairly clear in my own mind, my inability may fall easily to represent them to others; but putting aside the metaphysical questions of consciousness enlarged or diminished; of space of one, two, three, four or more on to the infinite dimensions, of time which is neither present, past nor future, I submit it as being consistent with all analogy and with all our present knowledge that this world should be a heaven to some, a hell to others. By a heaven I mean a place of reward, by a hell a place for refinement, purification and expiation. It is to me just as consistent to suppose that individuals in a lower state than this may in some way unknown to us merit the reward of a higher life, and dying to that life be born into this, and so gain a step in what should be their march onward and upward, as it is for us to look forward to something higher and better. The legends of a time when consciousness somehow seemed less dull in certain directions than it does now, speak as freely of lower existences, whether called spirits, gnomes or fairies, as they do of angels and ministers of Grace. May not the beautiful story of an Undine winning a soul by love after all be true?

I do not pretend to say by what agencies beings are made to die to one state and to be born into another; but we all know in some way or other that there is a path upward, and there is another path downward, and I can conceive no end in either direction, not even in the calm ecstasy of eternal nothingness in Nirvana.

Another point suggests itself, and one indeed of great import to those who believe as we do in agencies external to ourselves, how to account for such agencies. I have conceived of this life of ours as being simply a bundle, a small bundle, of sensations. Another bundle of sensations, however, containing some that are not in our bundle, and leaving out some that are in ours, would produce another world, contiguous to, but different from, our own. There, again, there must be the upward path of righteousness, and the downward path of sin. If Spiritualism has taught us anything, it has shown us that while some of these agencies may help us, we may help some of them. There is nothing to show that the disembodied soul, disembodied only according to our consciousness, is generally far removed from ourselves. It has, perhaps, some channels of consciousness superior to ours, some perhaps inferior, but that is all, and we may, I think, conclude that the unembodied entity is similarly conditioned. The prince of the power of the air is not very far off the prince of the power of the earth.

To the great variety of men on the earth—I should have said infinite variety but that the vastness of the differences diminishes on closer view—to this great variety it seems at first almost difficult to apply a law such as

that hinted at; yet it is possible to conceive that either as a result of reward or punishment, or better, as a result of contravention of, or submission to, laws of which we know nothing, intelligent beings die to other states of immensely different nature and are born into this one among an infinite number of probationary states; sometimes all attributes seem to be cut off except pure intellect; sometimes all are gone except almost unbounded affection; at other times nothing is left but the most sordid passion—but all come here to go through the probation of suffering which these differences bring about, to become better or to become worse.

I fear I have been talking too much about the whence, which in this state we cannot have much to do with, and am neglecting the whither to which we all are looking forward. About that whither men are generally pretty well agreed—that they should like to be better off when they get there than they have been here. Many people who have got over the expectation of singing, and harps, and so forth, still have a pleasant feeling that all will be fairly comfortable for them when they pass the river which separates their next state from this. I do not think the indulgence of this notion is quite wise. I fancy indeed that a good many people to whom the next world has become a reality, have got to think that because they believe in that next world, and in the communication with beings in that world, they have thereby somehow or other got salvation. They substitute justification by Spiritualism for justification by faith. This is a great evil. I hold that those of us who feel assured of a future life, assured, not by the vague promises of dogmatic theology, but by the testimony of personal knowledge, are, by that very assurance, bound to lead better and nobler lives. We have no right in virtue of that knowledge to lie calmly on our oars and let our boat drift, thinking it must necessarily float into havens of peace and joy, but seeing the road more clearly, we are bound to row more vigorously and escape the quicksands which we did not see before.

But what is that whither? If, as I have supposed, this world is a heaven to some, that does not put an end to their upward course; the heaven is not a lofty one, and if they get so entangled with the grosser elements of this state that their consciousness is incapable of conceiving anything better, if they have misinterpreted or not profited by the small sufferings they have been subjected to, if they have developed none of the unselfishness which alone seems capable of bringing about that harmony whereby suffering may eventually cease, they cannot expect another life of higher import than this. A very slight difference of consciousness, another place of training, must be the whole of their change. In this connection, indeed, it is curious to note that most of the communications which are freely made by intelligences purporting to be outside ourselves are made by such as are still in close communion with this earth. They are differently situated, but not above the state in which they were here. They have no more real knowledge and aspiration than they had previously. I say most of the communications, and I refer to those which I think should generally be discouraged as being, if not degrading at best useless. I do not wish to ignore that other kind of communication, which includes all forms of inspiration, and which is sent for instruction, counsel and advice; the holy intuition of those sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation.

But there are also the myriads of those who are tried for their purification, tried with the temptations of wealth, power, intellect and success, and who know they are being tried. To such this life is another thing altogether. How it is or why it is I do not pretend to explain, but that it is I know—we all know. Everything which serves to attach us to this state as a state is a hindrance to onward progress; the love of power because it is power, the clinging to wealth because it is wealth, the fatuous belief in mere intellect because it is intellect, all tend to the retardation of that progress upward which is righteousness, and to bring about that progress downward which is sin. If this be recognized, and the temptation be overcome, then is the educational work done, and the purified being may hope to go into some state of higher development than this. But if the work is not done, if the looks turn longingly back toward the Sodom and Gomorrah of this life, then the education has failed, and must be begun again elsewhere. Help indeed is always given; suffering which at first seems so terrible opens up the avenues to higher hope, as it clears the spiritual vision, and lets us see deeper down into the mystery of being. When the chain of earthly love is broken, we have learned our lesson when we begin to know that it was earthly. When the loss of wealth or position has taught us that wealth and position were naught in themselves, the bitter but necessary instruction is again given. If that lesson be well learned, if the man gets at last, in the face of all trial, in patience to possess his soul, so that while in this world he is yet not of it, his life here is already part of the life there, and death is but a small door through which he passes into a world of more perfect sensation, more intense in its reality than this.—*Light, London.*

Emile Barth, a Berlin editor, has just been sentenced to four weeks' imprisonment for offending Prince Bismarck by publishing an article entitled, "Rumors of War Circulated by a Reptile Press."

The 39th and the 40th Anniversaries of Spiritualism.

Kate and Margaret Fox—Words in their Behalf—The First Direct Writing—Dr. Henry Slade—Testimonials.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have been reading with great interest the various accounts of the different societies of Spiritualists in America which have been celebrating the thirty-ninth anniversary of Spiritualism. When all the churches were tottering on their base, sapped by bigotry and superstition, sapped by the worship of Mammon instead of the worship of the Great God; when the souls of men were yearning for some religion that would teach them that their God was one of love and mercy and not a bloodthirsty, revengeful Deity, it was then these few feeble raps announced to the world that a new era was dawning on mankind craving for a new religion; it was then these sounds fell on the ears of blind, groping men, and told them that on the other side of the veil they were vainly striving to raise, were friends and relatives, long lost, dead, but alive again, who were willing to take them by the hand, and lead them by faith, hope and charity, on the path of progress, to the knowledge of truth; of truth untrammelled by worldly considerations; truth that no man could deny, because it was founded on fact. Men were asked not blindly to believe in the new religion, but to see first and believe afterwards.

Doubt had sprung up as to whether there could be a God whom theology had turned into a demon, and the step from denying the existence of a Divinity to denying the existence of the soul was not a long nor a difficult one to take. Men no longer put their faith in churches which they understood were only using that faith for worldly profit, and materialism was standing triumphant on the ruins of theologies of the middle age. No tortures of the inquisition could stifle now the voices of those who loudly proclaimed that the church was corrupt; no stake could silence the longing of those who looked for something better than Catholic bigotry and superstition, of Calvinistic intolerance and narrow-mindedness. Rather than believe that God could be as the church taught He was, mankind preferred not to believe in His existence, and doomed, in thought, his own soul to the dissolution that awaits his body.

Accustomed to being told that salvation could only be obtained by faith in doctrines which conscience forbade man to believe in, and which were contrary to his reason or common-sense, he would finally believe in nothing but the evidence of his own senses, and any new religion would have had no hold on his heart, had not his material senses been acted on. "If I could see, I would believe," was the universal cry. Then came the tiny raps, harbingers of the new religion.

They did not come with flourishing of trumpets, but as a still, small voice, saying as they gently touched the tenderest chords of our affections, "Here am I; listen, see; I bring proof of another life; there is a God of Love." Facts are stubborn things; a man may doubt, but his doubts cannot change the facts, but facts change his doubts, if he will investigate. Spiritualism does not ask you to believe but to investigate and believe afterwards. Startled in the last stronghold of materialism, the evidence of the senses, man investigated, and though but thirty-nine years since the raps opened out the era of modern Spiritualism, yet look at the progress truth has made, despite the strong tides of materialism and incredulity.

Look at the hundreds of thousands in all civilized countries, who are proud to say they are Spiritualists! Look at the mighty press now devoted to the cause! Look at the vast amount of thought and labor expended in the study of the facts of spirit-communion to which countless books testify! Look at the noble and good men, leaders in science, leaders in the church and in literature, as well as crowned heads who have doubted, investigated and believed! All this progress has arisen out of the few raps that were first heard thirty-nine years ago. What will future generations show?

To whom are we indebted for the spread of this truth? Firstly, to God, the Father of all good. To Him we owe our heart-felt gratitude for the good the propagation of the cause has done and is doing. Next to the spirits, our invisible friends, who can utilize us as instruments to spread the fact of their existence and power. Lastly to those very instruments themselves who suffer and have suffered by the stubborn opposition to the truth they have propagated.

In 1848, two innocent little girls, Kate and Margaret Fox, were the chosen instruments through whom the first raps came—raps which laid the corner-stone of fact on which the whole fabric of Spiritualism is founded. Since then, as they grew up to womanhood, who can tell the moral and physical torments these two sisters have not suffered for the truth? To them are the hundreds of thousands of Spiritualists spread over the whole earth deeply indebted. Their names have been uttered during the last anniversary hundreds of times; the Rochester rappings are a household word in every Spiritualist's home.

Words are easy things to use. Let us prove by deed that we are grateful to those two sisters for what has been done through them. They have suffered every misery for us, and (Continued on Page 14)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

AN OPEN LETTER

To Those Desirous of Learning the Modus Operandi of Spirits in the Earthly Spheres.

BY MISTERY, OF SPIRIT LAND.

Since Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in her recent article entitled, "Can Spiritualism Spiritualize," as seen from the spiritual standpoint sets at naught the proven facts of spirit return, should we from the other shore not be listened to when we speak in behalf of this truth.

Miss Phelps states that "she is not a Spiritualist." From our standpoint she is not; neither are many who call themselves such. They are investigators, and should so class themselves if they understand not the laws by which spirits are able to manifest themselves to and through mortals. We shall have something to say in regard to Miss Phelps' article, and then shall proceed to explain the *modus operandi* of spirits in making themselves known to mortals as such.

In the first place why seek in disreputable places and among disreputable people for any knowledge? It is better to seek for the good in such places as this finds lodgment; as among the good and pure is found the best power to use, and there are communications given without disturbing the sense of the fitness of things. Nothing learned in a disreputable place and among disreputable people would be likely to spiritualize, as you would have cause to doubt the statements made by one of doubtful repute, or finding them true would suspect they were learned in a manner not honorable. Mortals who seek Spiritualism learn this: Spirits seek only those they can impress; good spirits seek the good, and evil spirits seek those like themselves, disposed to evil. In the aura of such as do evil, pure spirits find no elements to use; these must by their own efforts make clear the aura that surrounds them, on which good thoughts may then be impressed to assist them to spiritual heights. Mediums of epileptic tendency are not usually under the control of their guides sufficiently to make themselves useful, and seldom become fitted to give proper distinctness to such words as their guides may wish to express; certainly not if they are depleted of aura by mental or physical disturbing influences. If a spirit sets the medium to the task of making his power manifest and does this in an easy manner, shall not some say, "this man is not assisted by spirits?" See in this the reason some mediums are put to epileptic exercises.

Then the challenge is given to mediums from those who understand not the laws of spirit control, to come forth and show the power of spirits to manifest, and it finds no response; "the significant smile" would turn to a sad one did those who thus challenge know the effect this call has upon the spirits who surround themselves, since they see in it folly, knowing as they do the good that could come to those they guide (as best they may) did they understand the conditions necessary to satisfactory investigation. The spirit controls of mediums do not allow them to respond to such calls, knowing as they do that surrounding every mortal who investigates in this way is an aura that is a bar to the results these controls desire to see.

If told it is "thought reading" or "muscle reading," these investigators remove the barrier by carrying to the sance an approving mind, prepared to investigate because not positive to this being beyond the power of man to accomplish.

This matter, as yet not decided upon by mortals, called mind or muscle reading, is neither, in the sense some seek to see it; it is the work of disembodied spirits, as are all such manifestations, who in this way seek to put thoughts into the minds of those who would not otherwise consider the matter.

Since all in the earth-life endeavor to procure the most perfect conditions that favor life in that sphere, shall Miss Phelps or another deny to mediums the power to make such conditions for themselves? To toll with brain and hands is to render the magnetism or aura unfit for the best results, and the perfect manifestation is seldom given by the medium who comes to the sance with magnetism depleted by such exertion. When the same care is given to the physical and mental by mediums, and such as desire tests from them, as they bestow upon themselves when they visit their friends socially, at the demands of courtesy, finer results will be attained. When you observe your friend taking exceptional care of the mental and physical, sleeping in the afternoon after a refreshing bath, that the body and brain may be rested; and after partaking of a nourishing repast dress with great care, do you see in this preparation for a sance with her loved from spirit-land? No she has made conditions favorable to enjoying and adding to the enjoyment of those she may meet of the earth sphere, which she could not do were she depleted of aura by undue exertion. Such conditions as these are necessary to the meeting with her spirit friends if she wishes to prove acceptable to them, and receive communications acceptable to herself.

When spirits come to the earth sphere to put themselves in communion with the earth and its people they leave their spiritual bodies in repose in the spirit-land. It is the impalpable spirit form that seeks this sphere. As they left the earthly form to pass to life in spirit spheres, in this way they return, and in this state act on the brain of the mediums they control by their magnetic influence, and cause them to give expression to the words they impress, or in some other way express that which they wish to disclose. Coming, then, impalpable beings as they are, hence, they are brought in contact with mortals with all their sins upon them and ignorant of spiritual laws. To their sensitive organizations these are as terrible to encounter under some conditions as any ghost man fears to meet.

Sensitive as they are, can you doubt the importance of fine conditions, at which so many cavil? These conditions are, peaceful places and people, quiet minds and serenity of disposition, cleanly surroundings, pure air, sensitive organizations, and minds passive and unprejudiced by positive doubt or supposed positive knowledge of the fallacy of spirit power to make itself apparent in earthly surroundings.

If any do not see the necessity of these conditions, let them not seek to learn of the power of spirits to commune with those in mortal forms; the time is not yet for them to learn.

Given the premises that spirit is an existing power outside the mortal, should the happiness consist with the good in them be less than to make others so? In what is it supposed happiness consists to the spirit freed from its earthly environment? Since leaving the earthly body they have sought knowledge, and to the end that they may assist those on the earthly side of life.

You who are so wise in earth lore learn

this: those recently freed from the physical know far more than you of the laws pertaining to yourselves, and this they have acquired with such rapidity as would astonish you at your stage of development.

Since it is quite evident that the laws of spirit communion are not universally known, permit us here to point out the facts thereunto pertaining, of which no investigator of the subject under consideration should be ignorant. In this there is no mysticism; for they can be analyzed and fully explained, resolved into their elements, which although of a spiritual character cannot fail to be comprehended by minds prone to scientific investigation. Here, then, are the laws set forth by which not comprehending, investigators are as often baffled as they are persuaded of this truth.

Every mortal has a band of guides such as his inclination towards good or evil draws to him; and always those who can successfully use such aura as may surround him. A magnetic aura surrounds every individual, and if he is of a sensitive nature the guides can use this to enable him when one man is met to call him friend, another foe, and to be wary of the next until his nature has been more closely studied. Usually there are two guides present, who are relieved in turn by others. These keep constant watch over thoughts and acts. To fully understand the manner in which these can manifest to mortals under their care, make such conditions as we here advise, as here is matter that cannot be accepted by any without individual investigation. As your guides read your every thought, make an appointment with them mentally; sit at the appointed hour, and within the room to which you should retire to do this; place a small table with paper, and a small pencil—as a pencil of much weight requires more exertion of power to move. The pencil should be held in the hand; both hands should rest on the table. A brisk walk should be taken in the open air immediately before the sitting commences; this will put the blood to free circulation and the mind in a healthful state. Some results may follow the sitting under any circumstances, but not the best unless there is the aura generated of the circulation that is rapid, and from the mind that is free from depression. Since this is so keep in view the fact that in this may be found consolation for all ills, and instruction how to bear or how to avoid them. Sooner or later, if you persist in keeping your appointments, results will be seen that will be of great use to you and to your guides. An hour is long enough to remain thus secluded; and to sit alone is the better way. Some spirits prefer the attendance of two; but they then use the time to learn to control the aura of two, and the power of one is not put to use as quickly as when the sole occupant of the closet is made the charge of the members of the court, which on these occasions are numerous. After the matter and manner of the magnetism has been tried by these and a decision arrived at, the closet and darkness may be dispensed with. The sitting position and table necessary to the first manifestations may then be dispensed with usually; in case the spirit prefers these to use, you will soon be made aware of it. Not all spirits are willing to devote their time to this, as they so often find their friends are not inclined to forego pleasures or duties pertaining to their earth lives, or what they consider as such. Since life in the spirit spheres is carried forward in a manner by which each moment is profitably employed, they often discontinue the cares and pleasures of that life to find disappointment in the path they thought to follow, instead of the flower of hope they so much desired to see. Should the time be given to this and the power be obtained to receive in this way such words as they see it is well to bestow, shall not these friends then see a pure channel for their communications amidst surroundings alike agreeable to spirit and mortal.

We now give an explanation that cannot fail to be comprehended by all of the manner in which the medium is useful to the spirit in manifesting, trusting the importance of the conditions we name may thereby be more fully impressed.

The magnetism or aura that surrounds the candidate for mediumship is used in the following manner: The guide of the candidate is seen by spirits, first, to make passes around the body of the one sitting before them; passing over the head, down one side of the body and up on the opposite side. This is done as you would unwind a skein from hands distended to hold it; and this is repeated until all the aura that can be used is collected. This aura is put at last to the point of the brain the spirit wishes to impress. And here, undue stress cannot be given, that the mind is controlled by the spirit in this manner; the aura being pointed at the brain, as designated; then the unwinding commences; and as the aura flows through the open fingers of the spirit medium controlling, this spirit puts thoughts into it that in this way pass into the brain of the mortal waiting to receive some manifestation from this spirit.

In platform tests or on any occasion when it is desired one medium should give tests to many present, the foregoing is the way the tests are given, with this difference; the band of guides of the medium stand ready to accept the magnetism from the largest number the medium can report from at that time. This magnetism is passed to them from the guide of each mortal that avails himself of the opportunity, should circumstances favor this, to manifest through the aura of such as he has in charge at that sitting. The importance of passivity in this should be impressed. If his charge is in a passive state the guide can collect the aura useful to him, but of no use to the guide is the aura full of thoughts. He gives to some one of the medium's band the words he wishes impressed on the magnetism he presents. In psychic manifestations of the nature of raps, the moving of articles, slate writing in closed slates, and others of like nature, the positive elements of these articles are penetrated by the aura of those witnessing the manifestation placed in the hands of the spirit medium, assisted by the aura of the medium for the manifestation. This spirit puts expression to words in the slates as he learns them from the guide of the one for whom they are given. Other manifestations of this kind are made in a similar manner; the aura is made to penetrate and impel movement. The aura when used for raps is conducted to a given point, and the recoil produces the report.

As to become a slate writing medium is so much desired by mortals, they may learn the conditions on which this depends. In the aura of such as spirits can use for this purpose the mineral element is seen to prevail; and with this we seldom meet. Such mediums hold the nature of a tempest in their magnetisms, and possess a temper that is a terror to those who encounter it when roused. In such the most exacting natures are found, and to this is added, when conditions are favorable, the power to become calm and passive in the extreme. When such magnetisms emanate from mortals of this description are found the power to be utilized in the

slates can be put in the hands of the guides. Given this aura and the most perfect conditions, one of which is seclusion from all that cause an irritable mood, it is often the task of a year for the medium, and for the constantly attendant spirits. I repeat, the aura collected for this manifestation, and others called physical, is not passed through the medium's brain, but is put directly through the instrument at the work desired to be accomplished.

In regard to "muscle reading" or "mind reading," as given by Mr. Bishop, we will say that any medium, writing or otherwise, who is well under control of his guides, given the requisite conditions, can correctly answer mental questions or find what you may conceal. In this manifestation of mind reading Mr. Bishop's aura is used in the following manner: The guide controlling him for this exhibition of his power comes in contact with one who keeps constantly in mind the secret of the concealment, and the guide of this person gives the information required to Mr. Bishop's guide, who by impression leads him to the place designated. To question him before this performance, and in some cases after, is to irritate nerves already taxed, or to be taxed to their utmost. To a man of sensitive organization, as a medium must be, this is a serious matter. Since Mr. Bishop performs these things under such conditions as he encounters, it is surprising in the sight of spirits that his controls are able to carry him through so many exhibitions of this power, such undue stress being put upon his nerves.

In answering mental questions the sitting position is a favor to the spirits. The questioner should allow but one question to form in the mind, and this should be retained. This is seen by his guide; or more are seen, should more have been allowed to form in the mind; and as he draws the aura he presents such question or questions as he perceives in it, not being able under some conditions of the questioner's mind to know which was the important one. Passivity in this, as in every other phase of mediumship, is important in order to attain good results, or any results worthy of notice; passivity in the seeker after this knowledge as well as the medium. In giving communications, if the medium is not passive, it is impossible for his guide to impress upon him the words he has received from the guide of the one who comes to receive such. Otherwise, as the aura is drawn the spirit sees it full of the mental condition of the one from whom he draws it; and what he sees is impressed upon it, to the exclusion of all else; as upon a full page there is no space on which to write more to advantage.

It is in the power of spirits to retain perfect health in those they control, should their directions be followed in every particular. Under the most trying circumstances, let the passive state of the mind be induced to enable the guide to communicate, and direction is instantly given how to proceed. In case of accident or of sickness, not of any use is an M. D. to those who do not require the attention of a surgeon. If they are in direct communion with their guides. In such dire trouble as cancer affords, their directions, faithfully followed, will effect a cure. In no case is the performing spirit physician a charlatan, provided the medium has proved himself a reliable one; he has sought knowledge of those versed in this lore in the spirit-land. Many there make of this a perpetual study, and see in the cures they perform through the natural physicians of the race the power to disturb the conditions that now surround the "Faculty," so-called, who so often lack the faculty to cure the patient under their care. There should be added to the colleges the sance room, where the new may be divulged to those competent to handle it; and then the new race of M. D.'s will see success where now is so often seen failure.

The foretelling of events is a blessing in most cases; as the lives of men are forfeited only so far that should they follow one line certain results will be seen, and should they follow another, the opposite must be brought to view. Many in this have been warned of dangers they have avoided, and led in the way to meet the best conditions for their eternal welfare. And this is classed as "fortune telling," still this is nothing more or less than the careful study of such result as is beyond the ken of mortal eyes; and is to the spirit vision the simple task to learn concerning those they live to care for yet in the earthly spheres. Have you on the further shore some friend whom you know to be truthful? If so, seek communion with this friend; and when he informs you that he is a spirit advanced in the knowledge of spirit-land, having communion with those of good repute who have been ages in spirit-life, shall you not place reliance on what he reports? To each is given the task to learn from such spirits as they can rely upon.

Spiritualism is in no wise a religion; but the teachings of good spirits, followed by mortals, will put righteousness into their lives daily; and to this end it is sought by the wise.

In making themselves understood through other than their own mediums, spirits see that the most they can do is to say the words to the medium's guide, who gives them to the medium to express to you. When a medium says, "I feel the influence of a spirit," giving the description, you think that you see the medium controlled by this spirit. So you do; but it is always through the guide, who is the medium's guard to insure that the power is well used, or used as he desires. It is in this way that you receive your message, let it come through raps, speech, writing or in any other manner.

If all put this knowledge to use, would they have equal power? No; the good have the power in abundant supply; the evil, in small signs. And the latter in following these make themselves known to the good spirits that abound, and they thereby are able to overcome this antagonism to good. Be it known to you, this is the pleasant task all spirits desire to be theirs. Seek to enable them to do this while health and strength are yours, and in every stage of life it will be a source to your path. Cease to mourn your friends as lost, and make favorable conditions that they may manifest themselves through your own power, since thus you will bestow upon them the attention you would not deny were they near in the flesh. However much you may in the heyday of life scorn the belief in spiritual guides, nevertheless, surrounding and impressing you on every favorable occasion, are your sometimes almost forgotten, though once loved friends.

Spiritualists court scientific investigation; that is the touchstone they desire to make the proof of their pretensions. The facts are already proved to all that have investigated with impartial minds (to their satisfaction); among others, many scientists who were not aware that the word of such would be doubted until their attention was turned to Spiritualism. Of little worth is prefix or suffix to the name of a man, or of any class of men, in this matter, for no investigation, though such is made by all the scholars of the world, however honorable they may be, can ever prove

this truth to other than to the individual investigators themselves. These things must be investigated as is the star by a looker-on through a telescope. Can another standing by help in his investigation? No; but a thousand telescopes may be directed to the same star and each scientist looking through learn the truth concerning it. If you look at the star without the aid or condition of the telescope, of what worth to science is that which you may report, even should you before have discovered many things when you obeyed the laws concerning them? Make your investigations in consonance with the laws that control in spirit communion, and then hope that you will not be doubted should you report that you perceive intelligence in the unseen power that surrounds you.

In Spiritualism is seen the power to overturn many things old, and the bringing to light of many things older that shall replace these; which seen in the light of this century will shine with greater brilliancy than in past ages of ignorance.

Gossip with the Editor.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The last document penned by me for the JOURNAL must have been too heavy and stalled you, as it did not appear.

Perhaps in it I have forgotten the only difference as sometimes stated between a wise man and a fool: "The fool tells all he thinks, while the wise man prudently withholds a part." Well, might it not be better if there were more fools in the world to speak out their thoughts? Now if I could only turn to and write something learned, such as "The Doctrine of Energy" in the JOURNAL of April 10th, that about one-fourth of your readers, perhaps, will follow the drift of, you might like me better. As a first attempt, suppose we glance over that article and try to open up some of the more misty paragraphs? The learned Professor says: "There is nothing more wonderful in the influence of one (printed our) nervous system by another than in the influence of so called inanimate matter by the nervous system of any active agent." That assertion might be questioned; but admit it and pass on to the next: "We know nothing whatever [he says] of objects but as the manifestations of the activity of the nervous system." That is cloudy. Does he mean (as the words will imply) that objects are only "the manifestations of the activities of our nervous systems," as some metaphysicians, both old and new, have argued? If not, why not put it plainly thus: We know nothing of objects but as they actively affect our nervous systems through one or more of the several senses. The last sentence of the same paragraph appears to our limited comprehension, equally cloudy, thus: "Anything which affects the object of individual perceptions alone does so through the medium of something proper to the nervous system of the perceptive individual."

Does the Professor mean to say: Anything which only affects peculiarly the perception of any object by some single person must do so through the medium of something belonging to or affecting the nervous system of that person? This wording implies that the "object" is effected. We say no! Neither is that "medium" through which the effect is produced necessarily "proper" to the nervous system affected. It is much more likely to be very improper and abnormal. For instance, once in a while, after your humble scribe has eaten too heavy a supper, through his weakness (like your own) for good things, he will waken in the morning and see the clear white ceiling of his chamber regularly and finely figured with uniform rows of dark leaves and flowers; while his "better-half" sees nothing of them. A little rubbing of the eyes and starting the blood into lively circulation soon vanishes the fleeting forms and shows the ceiling (the object) unaffected. Mrs. Nervous-system at once seizes her broom and sweeps out unceremoniously the interfering effects, that are—in no wise "proper" to her house.

Now, my dear friend, you need not frown and ask why am I so critical,—perhaps you will say hypercritical—of our brother over the water? I am like a bull seeing a red rag daunted in his face, whenever a Professor or a college-bred fellow, unpracticed in the solid realities of life and experienced in little but book-learning, drags out the old "worm-eaten fabric" of scholastic metaphysical mysticism and attempts to recolor and flout it to the winds of this realistic nineteenth century. No matter where it comes from, or where you see it—disguised amongst flowers by the Concord School of Philosophers, flaring more boldly out from your younger Western Colleges, or mildly and would-be learnedly through obscurely mixing its folds with a talk on the "Doctrine of Energy" from the Professor of a Dublin College—it is all one to me. I must needs below and paw the ground.

Look sharp and you see it again in the Professor's next paragraph. "Spiritualism (he says) is monistic in its tendency." What does that mean? Our dictionaries contain no such word. If a coined word, and it had been written monistic, we might have guessed, perhaps, what it meant. Some sort of a one-sided tendency, or a running in one groove of thought. For instance, we presume he means, "Spiritualism does not draw a distinction between dead and living matter." Neither does the Professor, as far as we can see, for he places the same qualification ("so-called") ahead of both kinds of his description of matter, "a so-called living nervous system" or "a so-called inanimate brick." Which are we to call the dead, and which the living matter? He also must be a "monistic" for he labels them both the same. It is truly a hard thing to define the critical difference between dead and living matter. Even "the so-called inanimate brick" or the equally inanimate granite rock, has life enough in it to enter into rapport with, and be controlled by, the law of gravity, the law of cohesive attraction, the laws of chemical affinity, or the laws of all electrical and spiritual forces, and can hardly be called "dead." But when the Professor says, as he does in the same paragraph, that in the perception even of "an inanimate brick," the living substantial factor of it "is in the perceptive" (i.e., the person who perceives), then my "noble rage" waxes hot and I cry, No! The brick is the "substantial factor," the objective reality, and thus is the perception effected.

First, the light is reflected from the brick to the eye; 2nd, by the action of the crystalline-lens the rays are gathered and a beautiful diminutive picture of the brick is formed upon the retina in the focus of the lens and thence by the proper nervous or spiritual perceptive force operating through the brain, the mind or spirit of the man perceives the brick. This normal perception by sight may be confirmed by the co-ordinate sense of feeling through the nerves of the hands by the sense of smell and taste, if the object be edible or odorous, and by the sense of hearing if it gives forth proper atmospheric vibrations. These are the methods of normal

healthful perception in our present sphere of life, through the brain as the great nerve centre. Any other theory of perception, however "modern" our professor may deem it, is nonsensical and absurd as applied to the regular every-day perceptions which are appropriate to the outer life we are now living in this wonderful world of material forms and invisible forces.

True it is that our delicate organizations, so wonderfully provided for connecting the cruder forms with the invisible forces of the inner life, are sometimes liable to be abnormally affected by disease or other irregular or unhealthy action, to take on and convey to the perceptive centres pictures and impressions that are similar to those produced by real objects, but those pictures and impressions are illusory, and indicate no real objective existences, just as the pictures on the ceiling alluded to in a former paragraph. Another illustration may be given here. Let any one close their eyes and with the finger, or the blunt end of a pencil or other object, endeavor to touch the back part of the eye-ball in several different places. The effect will be that the retina or sensitive surface which lines the inner concave of the eye will be disturbed, and wherever the eye-ball is touched the sensation of rings of different colored light will be produced and will always be seen in a direction at right angles with the inner surface of the eye at the point disturbed. This is an illustration of perception by the optic organ which has no objective reality; but weak is the reasoner and fool who the theory that classes it in the same category as the regular, lawful perception of bona fide outstanding objects, produced by the action of light upon the regularly adapted organs of sight.

The Professor's next main paragraph is beyond my depth; but finding him astray in more simple matters, I will not take him on trust here. Allow me just to quote one sentence from it as a sample:

"That which is a design or a thought, either conscious or extra conscious, becomes a force, or directed quantity, when supplied with an executive and translated into the language of extension."

Just so! That's the jargon exactly! The Professor states that he desires to return to this subject in a more "exhaustive article." Put it through—let him exhaust! The next paragraph is as the Beast in Revelations: like unto the last, and is about as clear as "the whiteness of the what," with "environment" thrown in, as it was when Paddy, single-handed, surrounded the Hessians. Read and admire! "But whether the physical basis of the object be particular or general; that is, whether the object be confined to the perceptive of the individual or be the common property of any number of observers, depends upon the manner in which the energy is differentiated by the prime mover."

Amen! So it does! Glory Hallelujah! It is enough. But I must again repeat: remember Newton, the prince of practical philosophers, when he exclaimed in sorrowful wailing: "Oh, physics! beware of metaphysics!"

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Transfiguration.

BY FLETCHER WILSON.

Transfiguration is a phenomenal fact in nature, especially recognized by Spiritualists, and not unknown to scientists everywhere. In its fullest sense it may be called the phenomena of nature as witnessed in the growth and development of every plant and living creature. The spear of wheat is transformed to a stem, and still upward to a full head of ripened grain; the lion's harmless whelp to a roaring and vicious animal, and the helpless infant in its cradle to a man or woman, and still onward to angelhood. There are also momentary transfigurations, as the bending low to the ground a field of grain by a sudden gust, and again becoming erect, as it passes by. Man, too, by sudden emotions is transformed in every look and feature, and varying in exact correspondence with the character of each emotion aroused. How opposite is the expression while in anger, to that of tender affection; and there are cases on record where persons have become so inspired with heavenly visions as to shed a halo of light around them, and it is believed to be the permanent condition of all the angels in heaven.

But a fact which we as Spiritualists need especially to learn is, that nothing loses its identity by transfiguration. It is not unfrequently the case that at the advertised materializing sances held by professional mediums in our large cities and towns as a business enterprise, that the professed mediums themselves or their accomplices have been detected in place of the materialized spirit forms, and when thus caught, they have almost invariably claimed, or their Spiritualist friends, who either know no better or are as designedly corrupt as themselves, have claimed for them that it was a case of transfiguration in which the medium was in no sense responsible.

There are no words in any human language that will express the crime in such deception as this, and the false plea of transfiguration has had much to do in sustaining the vile wretches in their nefarious practices.

Were it possible for me to compare the stately oak to the sapling from which it grew, one might well say there is no resemblance between them; but had he lived to witness its daily growth, its identity would have been clear and distinct. Bend a tender tree at your door before some child; cord it to that particular shape that it cannot straighten, and when that child returns again, though hoary with age, he will recognize it at a glance. So, too, a long lost son may return; at first sight he seems a stranger; but a few glances by those anxious parents reveal their son to them. Christ was transfigured before Peter, James and John, so that his face shone like the sun, and his raiment was white as the light, yet it was the same Jesus who took them up into the mountain, and a voice out of the cloud said, "This is my beloved Son." There is no known law in nature by which one distinct object can be changed into that of another; and were it so, all our hopes of identity and the recognition of friends in the Spirit-world would at once be blotted out.

Transfiguration is simply a change of appearance in an object, and as applied to the mediums under consideration, is of momentary duration (they look natural again as soon as they are caught); and admitting, for the sake of argument, that the controlling spirit has forced the medium, unconsciously to himself (for it would require force, coupled with unconsciousness, to induce an honorable man or woman to do so vile a thing), to walk out of the cabinet in imitation of some one's departed spirit friend; henceforth, if honest, as so many professed Spiritualists pretend that he is, he would advertise his show thus: "The Wonderful Materializing Medium, A—B—C—, will hold a Sance at

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, May 21, 1887.

Excessive Priestliness.

There is a priestly work which is good, healthy and conducive to the well-being of man. There can be no question that there have been religious leaders whose practical service to the world is very great. There is a permanent place for them, eminently useful, in the moral economy of the world. But they may easily mistake their functions and turn their powers for good into an evil channel, like everything else.

There is a permanent place for religious teachers. Preaching can never go out of date. When sincere and earnest, and fully up to the advancing intelligence of the times, it meets a want of the human mind and heart which nothing else can so well supply. The pastor has also a very sacred place to fill as the spiritual adviser of conscientious people who may feel occasionally a need of a spiritual wisdom other than their own. As the common friend of a collective body with whose prosperity and happiness he is identified in a very noble way, the worthy pastor may have a peculiarly refining and elevating influence.

All churches have had men who have rendered in great purity such services to their people; but they are far from being universal. In some churches the priests do little teaching. Their time is mostly occupied with ritualistic performances, on the assumption that these are the necessary and chief means and conditions of salvation. This is not a leading characteristic of the Protestant ministry, though in the Episcopal churches the ritual is so long that it leaves little time for special instruction and stimulus through the sermon; but the general excellence of its rubric rendered in the vernacular is a great compensation. These rubrics have the disadvantage of being stereotyped and always old and belated; and no where is the immutability of inertia so conspicuous as here, so that improvement is next to impossible. Those, therefore, are the best churches where the ritual and rubric are relatively brief and subordinate. They present the least obstacle in the way of progress. They exalt the intellect above the senses, and insinuate the right and duty of earnest thinking. They have little or no power over the people except through their intellectual and moral convictions and their religious feelings; and they are easily disposed to allow that these are the only influences which are right and legitimate, or at least, the only ones that should be accounted authoritative. This is, indeed, in substance, the general doctrine of the Protestant churches.

Here is the focal point of contrast between them and the Papal church. This church is characterized by demanding a blind submission to an unproved and self-asserting authority, and its method of holding this, shows the same quality. It is repressive to the intellect. It is oppressive to all sense of manly and moral individuality. It is excessively gregarious, with the priest as the bellwether of the flock, the autocratic buck of the herd. The priest thus intrudes into all things and undertakes to direct all things. Their monasteries and nunneries of every grade and name are a device of great ingenuity for the promotion of priestly power. They may be made to promote religiousness in a few, but this is a subordinate and uncertain result. As priests always rule these establishments, they are to them always a source of influence and afford countless opportunities for the exercise and development of their authority. In such institutions the bulk of the inmates are easily molded by the leading influence of the place; and as that is always intensely and ultra priestly, these places are the hot-beds of the most blind and virulent ecclesiasticism. Isolated from the world, they lose all sympathy with the normal thought and feeling of mankind, and

think that the rights and interests of all men ought to be like their own, absolutely surrendered to the priestly prerogative. They thus help to form an atmosphere for the whole church; and make the will of the priest everywhere absolute, as in the convent.

It is a part of the same scheme to have their whole people isolated from Protestants as much as possible. It is seen to be unsafe to let them feel or discern the spirit of independence and intellectual rectitude which prevails in other bodies. They must therefore be guarded against any influences which may raise doubts and excite conflicts in their own breasts. Let them remain wholly under the influence of the priests and of the training they have thence received. The Bible in the public schools or the religiousness of the public schools, is only a pretext for getting their children away, and herding them by themselves with the priests as their chief schoolmasters. This is seen to be necessary to the retention of their power. It will prolong that power indefinitely. Such a course ought to be denounced as essentially un-American and anti-American. The citizens of this country should oppose it as contrary to the genius of our institutions, unfavorable to national homogeneity, and calculated to foster political trouble in the interest of the papal priesthood. If the State has any right of self-protection it has the right to enforce a kind and degree of education conducive to that end, which all acknowledge, as evinced in the history of our State educational institutions. We have, therefore, a civil right to repress an injurious isolation of a large body of our people from the rest of the nation in their primary education. We ought not to allow any body of them here to be exclusively subject to a peculiar and ecclesiastical regime. They should be all alike subjected to a State curriculum and to teachers appointed by the State, and thence to feel in youth the national spirit and impulse.

It Makes a Vast Difference.

It is quite apt to make a vast difference whose ox is gored. The complacency with which some very good people will hear an advocate of honesty and purity maligned, and their plain intimations that his haste and overzeal warrant them in sympathizing with the object of his criticism, is a matter of every-day experience. They only see clearly when injustice is done to themselves; this quickens their perceptions and often works a lightning-like change of views. An amusing illustration of this occurs in the history of the Ross exposures in Boston.

Mr. Robert Anderson, a Spiritualist, was present at the last exposure—that is what the JOURNAL calls such an exhibit, but its esteemed Boston contemporary usually prefers the term *fiasco*—he thereupon wrote a letter to the *Banner of Light* in which he asserts that the exposure was "successful and decided." He further relates that the city editor of the *Post* before publishing the account called at the rooms of the Ladies' Aid Society, an organization of Spiritualist ladies, and interviewed Mrs. Blinn, President of the society, who was present at the exposure, but not one of the expositors; and that Mrs. Blinn upon being interrogated as to the correctness of the *Post's* report said she was "sorry to say it was substantially correct." The aforesaid editor also informed Mr. Anderson that "of the three hundred Spiritualists present in the parlors, every one appeared to rejoice that the Ross fraud had at last been effectually exposed, and exposed for the most part by Spiritualists themselves, some of them believing firmly in the genuineness of spirit materializations in general."

Mr. Anderson prefaces these statements with the remark that he "was persuaded that the *Banner of Light* would have been willing, and even glad, to help in exposing anything that it was satisfied was fraud," and intimates that had he been in control of the affair he should have taken his favorite paper into his confidence in advance of the exposure. He closes his letter by affirming his knowledge of the fact that the *Banner* would not knowingly favor fraud, and adds: "I shall not be hasty, therefore—as is the manner of some—to think, and even to say, 'that you in any way or measure countenance what you know or have good reason to believe to be fraud—and a fraud of so base a nature that every honest Spiritualist must desire to have it crushed out from our midst.'"

In introducing Mr. Anderson's letter and the *Post's* account of the exposure, the editor of the *Banner* refers to the detection of his favorite materializer in these pathetic words, "Mrs. Ross has again passed under a cloud of trouble," and declines to make any comments on the case because the matter is before the courts and hence it would be "out of place." Although Mr. Anderson puts in his own evidence and that of others, the editor of the "oldest Spiritualist paper on earth" speaks of his admiring correspondent's letter thus: "We also append expressions of opinion on the part of a correspondent."

It now appears that Mr. Anderson passed under "a cloud of trouble" shortly after the publication of the aforesaid letter, for in the Boston *Post* of the 4th inst., he raised his voice in another tune, and it will be seen to have been pitched on a strikingly different key. Here it is:

THE PRESS DEPENDERS OF THE ROSS.

To the Editor of the *Post*:

Sir—Did you notice an item in the *Banner of Light* of the 30th of April, which reads as follows: "But it isn't legal in Massachusetts for men to create a rumpus in citizens' houses, and tear women's

clothes from their backs—yet this is done with impunity in the city of Boston, and there is not a word in the daily press repudiating it." Is it not about time, under such circumstances, to move the "Cradle of Liberty" out of town? This, of course, can refer to nothing else but the Ross medium case. I am sorry to see such a silly fling at the exposers of this business. We had expected better things of the *Banner* than this. A citizen's house, where an advertised public show is given, and for which money is paid to see it, is no longer private, at least while the show lasts. In the face of the evidence that Mrs. Ross, when found in the cabinet, had no clothes to be torn from her back, as well as the statement of the editor of the *Banner* in his editorial of a previous issue, that he did not wish to prejudice the case now before the court by any remarks of his own, we are astonished to see such an item as the above admitted into his paper, so full of an unworthy animus toward honest men and women whose only crime was the exposure of fraud.

Can the editor of the *Banner* wonder that the secular press has no word of repudiation? The case referred to in said item is not similar to the Ross case. No citizen's private house was forcibly entered. The exposers were invited to the Ross mansion to see materialized spirits, and to pay for seeing them, and they would willingly have gone so if they had seen what they were invited to see. But to be treated to a show of boys and girls of mortal mould, and asked to embrace them as materialized spirits of departed sons and daughters, was something more than common flesh and blood could bear. If the exposers had torn the clothes from the Ross frauds, which they did not, it would hardly have been matter of astonishment under such a provocation. The citizens of the "Cradle of Liberty" need have no fears that the privacy of their houses will be invaded by any "form grabbers," nor even the sacredness of any honest medium disturbed. Only frauds need have any fear; frauds who are not only robbing innocent victims of their money, but cruelly outraging the most sacred feelings of our common humanity. The *Banner of Light* can afford no ground for its silence in this respect. Ross case—if it desires to be respected by honest Spiritualists. Let it be remembered that Spiritualism is not on trial, nor even spirit materialization; it is only fraud. If these exposers have violated the rights of any of the citizens of Massachusetts, the courts are open to them; let them not hesitate to punish the offenders at once.

ROBERT ANDERSON.
 It will be noted with pleasure and encouragement by the JOURNAL's large body of rational readers that Mr. Anderson develops strength of character and good sense under his cloud of trouble. It is a pity though that the sword of affliction had to pierce his soul before his mental vision could be cleared. The JOURNAL welcomes this new recruit to the rapidly augmenting army of rational Spiritualists, but must at the same time enter the plea of extenuating circumstances for the "spiritual paper" which the new recruit only lately regarded as the soul of consistency and the uncompromising foe of fraud, but which he now slays with all the neatness and dispatch of an experienced soldier in the JOURNAL's great army of Truth.

The *Banner* is much more rational in this affair than it has been in the past under similar circumstances, as the record will show. When Brother Anderson penned his highly seasoned eulogies of his favorite paper he knew or ought to have known the course the *Banner* has pursued in years past. He knew or should have known that its editor has invariably championed the cause of exposed frauds and treated reputable citizens and zealous, experienced, honorable Spiritualists who were so unfortunate as to be witnesses against those tricksters with contempt; even arraigned them as the real culprits. In his *Banner* letter Mr. Anderson did not assert his knowledge of the facts of the Ross exposure with any more directness and positive certainty than he did what he claimed to know of the *Banner's* history and policy. The editor of the *Banner* knew his correspondent had drawn the long bow to its utmost tension in the latter statements, and therefore was fully justified in believing the former had been equally as strongly colored; hence he could not fail to discredit both as evidence, and discreetly speak of the letter as "expressions of opinion." Furthermore, it is now impossible for the *Banner* to change its traditional policy under the present regime; the bonds of thirty years cannot be easily broken. Jeff Davis still hates the Union and glories in his record. The *Banner* mourns the good old times when deception passed current unchallenged, and the dear public swallowed with alacrity; when the adventures and the trickster held the reins and their "organ" was more profitable than the low sporting paper where its editor got his training for a larger work; when the "sly fling" did effective service in checking critical investigation; when mandarin sentimentality and sectarian cant enveloped the pretender and the pretense with a mantle mis-called "charity," when the bloom was on the boom and the magic circle was unbroken.

Wanted, A Representative Paper.

The JOURNAL is in receipt of several earnest letters from Boston Spiritualists setting forth that the large body of rational, truth-loving Spiritualists in that city and New England have no home paper which represents them or seeks to advance the interests of psychical truth and sound ethics. They complain that in local matters involving issues of world-wide interest they are obliged to depend on the courtesy of the daily press for a hearing, and also to seek from the same source the assistance needed in renovating the Cause at the Hub. They are very justly impatient over this state of affairs, and inquire if it is not possible for the JOURNAL to establish a branch in that city.

The JOURNAL is deeply in sympathy with these perplexed people, but is free to say that the remedy lies in their own hands. Let them pool a small portion of their interest-bearing resources and form a strong corporation with not less than \$100,000 paid up capital, for the purpose of publishing a high-class, independent paper that shall command the attention and respect of rational Spiritualists and of the great investigating world. It will take the sum named to make such a paper as is needed there, and the money will all be expended before the concern is self-supporting, but this should not defeat the undertaking. If this cannot be done at present, then let this large body of good people who represent wealth aggregating millions,

make sufficient inducement for the JOURNAL to open a branch office in Boston and devote a page to local matters of that city and New England.

With a competent corps of assistants and a moderate use of the telegraph, this plan could be made to work satisfactorily. In the meantime, while the subject is being canvassed and the best plan evolved, give the JOURNAL the patronage in money and contributions to its columns that it should have, and see how near it will fill the "long felt want." It is very gratifying to note the already rapidly increasing circulation and influence of the JOURNAL in New England, but this should be increased an hundredfold.

More Medical Protection.

The Illinois law regulating the practice of medicine has thus far worked little real hardship and has certainly wrought much good by driving out of the State such peripatetic pretenders as R.C. Flower, of Boston. But now the swarm of doctors swells and their revenue grows alarmingly less. With the increase of intelligence in a household the visits of the family physician decrease. Innumerable insignificant ailments formerly thought only within the reach of the doctor are successfully treated by the nurse-mother, or some other intelligent member of the family circle. And, too, the psychological side of medical treatment is coming to the front; the populace is learning to fight disease without calling in the professional doctor. This is all wrong and the dear people will soon go to the demeriton box-wows unless it is stopped—in the opinion of the horde of doctors whose numbers are increasing each year. To protect these professionals in their emoluments, perquisites, and prerogatives it is proposed to construct an annex to the present law which shall cover the oppressed pill vendors and calomel prescribers, and shield them from that loss of wealth and comfort which the rapid growth of popular independence and intelligence now render imminent. To this end the annex has been secretly and carefully built and only awaits the finishing touch of the legislature. The people have not intimated the slightest desire for the improvement, but the poor doctors are in for it, and working with vigor and persistence to secure relief from the resistance they now meet with in their laudable efforts to fill their pockets, and incidentally but necessarily the cemeteries. The proposed annex is a skillfully contrived affair, of a flexible, elastic and adhesive nature. It can be regulated by the superintendent so as to avoid stumps and rocks that might offer unpleasant resistance, and again it can be planted on some weak obstacle with a crushing power that will be irresistible. Here is the plan of the concern:

"Any person shall be regarded as practicing medicine within the meaning of this act who shall treat, operate on, or prescribe for the sick or afflicted. Itinerant vendors of any drug, nostrum, ointment, or appliance of any kind intended for the treatment of disease or injury, or who shall by writing, or printing, or by any other method profess to cure or treat disease or deformity by any drug, nostrum, manipulation, or other expedient, shall pay a license of \$100 per month into the treasury of the board."

This is excellent as far as it goes; but really the carpenters were too timid or the architect lacked that broad grasp which is needed to plan a perfect thing of this kind. The JOURNAL suggests certain additions and would extend them indefinitely:

Any preacher, priest, minister, teacher or lecturer of any religious philosophical, psychological or ethical society, or any lay member thereof who shall in public or private pray for the recovery of any sick person; or shall express words of encouragement to one who is sick, for the purpose of strengthening his power to resist disease; or who shall by word, act or deed trench upon the domain of the medical profession, is guilty of practicing medicine within the provisions of this act, and shall upon accusation be fined \$100, and upon conviction \$200, and upon a second conviction be imprisoned in the county jail for a period of not less than one year.

Every head of a family, whether male or female, shall select three family physicians, one from each of the three schools of practice constituting the syndicate, to-wit: Allopathic, Homoeopathic and Eclectic. Every household, and the head of every family shall pay over one-tenth of his or her gross annual income to said physicians, and in case the fee-bill for the year is in excess of that sum then he or she shall, promptly pay over the amount of said excess to the said physician or physicians. Any person who shall write, print or publish a book, tract or newspaper article calculated to instruct the public in matters of health shall be deemed guilty of practicing medicine and subject to the same penalties as hereinbefore mentioned. All fines collected under this act to be distributed among the doctors belonging to the pool; the expense of enforcing the law and all court costs to be borne by the State.

The *Daily Northwestern*, Oshkosh, Wis., says: "Rev. E. H. Smith delivered a lecture at the First Congregational church on 'Heaven and Hell.' Mr. Smith does not believe in hell fire or everlasting punishment. He says that in this world man is created in a thousand different states. He therefore thinks it unreasonable to suppose that in the world to come he will be consigned to one or two. Mr. Smith is of the opinion that man's future happiness depends upon his formation of character in this world. He thinks both heaven and hell begin on this earth, and is also of the opinion that there are different stages of happiness and misery in the world to come."

The Wetherbee-Fairchilds Show.

A woman who passes by the name of Fairchilds started a materialization show in Boston a couple of years ago, and with the help of John Wetherbee's prolific and imaginative pen, built up a profitable custom. She has always worked the confederate trick, and with an audacity seldom equalled. Below the JOURNAL gives an account of one of her exhibitions written by an active Spiritualist, who is also the Secretary of the First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society of Boston. Her letter first appeared in the Boston *Daily Globe* of the 10th inst., and is as follows:

In the interest of honest Spiritualism and of genuine materialization, I feel confident you will have no objection to publish the following brief account of my experience at Mrs. Fairchild's séance, held Sunday, May 8th, at 2:30 P. M. Of course, I can only give a few particulars of what fell under my own notice. First of all, I wish to state that I am a firm believer in Spiritualism, and have been, and am now, more than willing to believe in the genuineness of so-called spirit materialization. Having read many communications from well-known Spiritualists, especially John Wetherbee, of the wonderful manifestations that occur in the presence of this Mrs. Fairchild, and one of her cards having fallen into my hands endorsed by J. Wetherbee in the following words: "This *Banner* from prejudice refuses to advertise Mrs. Fairchild. I have proven her to be genuine, and in some respects, I consider her the best medium in this city."—John Wetherbee, March 31, '87."

This determined me to pay a visit to this "marvellous" medium. I did so, but was far from getting the satisfaction I had hoped to obtain. I received once more to visit Mrs. Fairchild's séance room, and did so on Sunday afternoon, May 8, hoping for better things. But alas for my hopes. I shall give no description of this well-known séance room, when all were seated, and the doors and windows all locked and secured. The first person as I remember that was called to the cabinet was a venerable-looking old gentleman, who remained a considerable length of time apparently talking with some form. He then took up his position in the circle. Shortly after several forms made their appearance at the curtains, but were apparently very shy. These forms, however, were recognized by persons who seemed to be regular attendants at these séances. "I pass per without notice several such recognitions, and come to that which more nearly interests myself. A female form now peeped out from between the curtains, and I was informed it was for me. Hoping with all my heart it might be what it claimed to be, I went up to the cabinet. With some difficulty it gave the name of "Leena." I knew of no such person. We tried to converse for a few moments. It then occurred to me to put my hand upon the arm of this gentle, whispering "Leena," but what was my surprise when I found a well-developed muscular arm. This excited my suspicion. I asked permission to embrace this gentle girl. I did so and found in my embrace a young man. The next thing I knew was that I was smarting under a stinging blow from "Leena," who made her escape, but leaving in my grasp the "ghostly music" with which this young villain was trying to cheat me into the belief that I was conversing with a deceased relative.

As soon as I received the blow I called for help, and several not knowing what had happened made a rush for the cabinet. Mrs. Fairchild as soon as she got a glimpse of me rushed at me and nearly tore the bonnet from my head, saying as she did so, "This is the devil who has done all the mischief. While this was going on, in connection with myself, several gentlemen came behind the cabinet and saw two forms retreating through the door at the side of the cabinet and run up stairs like cats. One was a young man, the other a young woman. They rushed through a door at the head of the back stairs and locked themselves in. Of course, having no warrant the door could not be broken open. I heard John Wetherbee say to some of the gentlemen present, "You didn't catch them, did you?" They replied, "Get us the key and we'll soon catch them." He replied, "There's a case of typhoid fever up stairs. You can't go into that room." I thought there was something there he dreaded more than he did the disease. I make no pretension of giving anything like a full account of this séance, only giving as much as fell under my notice amid all the confusion. I shall hand you the "ghostly music." Mr. Editor, if you please, to have it. When we have done with this terrible fraud business, and true Spiritualism relieved of this disgusting and demoralizing traffic in materialization?

Yours for the truth,
ALICE F. TORREY.

The third annual gathering of the California Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association, will be held at Oakland, from June 5th to July 4th. The objects of this association, as set forth in its constitution, are to encourage spiritual, moral, intellectual and social growth; to bring the rapidly increasing numbers who are welcoming and accepting the truths of Spiritualism into closer communion and sympathy. To make individual efforts more effectual by concert of action, and open the way for wider diffusion of the knowledge and experience which comes to each; to establish and support spiritual meetings; to buy, rent or lease suitable places for holding the same; to open, improve and maintain camp grounds, and to erect suitable buildings thereon; to establish and maintain schools, universities, infant shelters, orphan asylums, homes for mediums and aged persons, found libraries, and do a general missionary work. The management announces with pleasure that thorough and complete arrangements have been made to make this camp meeting a joyous and profitable occasion. The grounds are located in East Oakland, at the northwest corner of Twelfth street and First avenue, on the eastern shore of Lake Merritt, and have been chosen with special reference to their close proximity to railway stations, street cars, conveniences of obtaining water and light, and every thing that is needed for the comfort and accommodation of a large camp meeting. A large number of speakers, trance, inspiration and normal, from all parts of the State and coast, will occupy the rostrum; the following mediums will be present: Mrs. J. J. Whitney and Mrs. Ada Foye, test mediums; Fred. Evans and Dr. D. J. Stansbury, slate writers; Mrs. M. J. Headlee, the well known psychometrist and trance test medium; Mrs. L. G. Eggleston, symbolic medium, and Dr. H. F. Merrill. The public services will be held in the grand pavilion tent recently enlarged and colored, rendering it cool and its light mellow. All communications relative to speakers, programme, transportation, membership, etc., should be addressed to G. H. Hawes, the corresponding secretary, 320 Sanson street, San Francisco.

Brother J. G. Jackson will find out all about monism by studying the articles of Mr. Hegeler in *The Open Court*. If he is still rational at the completion of his study and can give a coherent interpretation of Mr. Hegeler it will be a boon the average man will bless him for.

Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

His Wife.

I cannot touch his cheek.
Nor ruffle with a loving breath his hair;
I look into his eyes and hear him speak—
He never knows that I am there!
Oh, if my darling would but only know
That day and night through all his weary life,
I whom he loved in the years long ago,
Am with him still,—his wife!

I watch him at his task,
When the broad sunbeams first light up his room;
I watch him till the evening lays her mask
Upon the face of day; and in the gloom
He lays his pencil down and silent sits,
And leans his chin upon his hands and sighs;
How well I know what memory round him flits!
I read it in his eyes.

And when his pencil's skill
Has sometimes wrought a touch of happy art
I see his face with sudden gladness fill:
I see him turn with eager lips apart
To bid me come and welcome his success;
And then he droops and throws his brush aside;
Oh! if my darling could only guess
That she is near who died.

Sometimes I fancy, too,
That he does dimly know it—that he feels
Some influence of love pass thrilling through
Death's prison bars, the spirit's bonds and seals;
Some dear companionship around him still;
Some whispering blessing, faintly breathed care,
To presence of a love no death can kill
Brightening his loneliness.

Ah, but it cannot be!
The dead are with the living—I am here;
But he, my living love, he cannot see
His dead wife, though she clings to him so near.
I see his eyes; I press against his cheek;
I hear him breathe my name in wailing tone;
He calls me—calls his wife—I cannot speak,
He thinks he is alone.

This is the bitterness of death!
To know he loves me, pines and yearns for me;
To see him, and to feel his breath
Fan my sad cheek and yet I am not free
To bid him feel, by faintest look or sign,
That she who never left his side in life
She who loved him, whom he loved so much—
Is with him still—his wife.

Julia McCarthy.

Isolation their Opportunity.

Men, Like Trees, Should Stand Alone to Become Well Developed.

The few vacant pews in the Church of the Messiah at Park avenue and Thirty-fourth street, New York City, on the first Sunday of May, seemed to suggest to the Rev. Robert Collier the subject of his sermon.

"Next Sunday I suppose there will be still other familiar faces missing, and so on until you all get scattered abroad for the summer," he said.

"I want to teach to you the value of isolation," he said. "It is a good thing to go off and be alone. Mr. Emerson has told me that when the people came crowding around him at Concord he would often steal away to Boston, take a room in the big hotel, lock the door and lose himself. Character must have room to develop greatness."

"The finest trees that I ever saw were some magnificent oaks that a friend showed me some time since. They were large spaces between them, and the great branches had full chance to reach a well rounded development, and in the soil underneath the roots spread out unhindered in all directions. The man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before is to be commended, but I think we must very naturally temper our praise for him who makes four blades grow where there is only room for two."

"To those who are going away let me say that if you do not find a place of worship that you can attend with respect to yourself, worship God alone in spirit and you will never find a home Sunday. Reading is not always a good way to worship God in the true spirit and faith."

"When I came to this land thirty-seven years ago there was not a friend, relative or acquaintance to greet me. The wide temperance of the water. Now I can hardly go into a town but people come and tell me they are glad to see me and show all kind of hospitality, and yet those old years when I was a stranger, hard and lonely and struggling years as they were, I consider the sweetest years in my life. I was so dependent on myself that I felt my chance to develop myself."

"There are many young men in this city who doubtless think they are in hard times, and yet they are passing through the best years of their life. They are alone in the great city, and how they long to go back to the old New England home to smell again the perfume of the woods in spring, to see the mist lying low on the hills, and even to hear the old parson in the little country meeting house, who used to seem so proud and awesome before, but even in the crowded city they are growing braver and better without those old supports to their life."

"The isolation is their opportunity."

Muslims Ahead of Christians in Africa.

The attention of those who watch the religious movements of the world, and the changes and drifts of its religious opinions, has been recently directed to the fact that Mohammedanism is not the effete system which some, judging from the condition of the Turkish empire, are led to believe it to be. It still retains its vigor upon Africa, and, in that region of western Africa lying between the equator and the Great Desert, it has recently manifested an unwarmed missionary zeal which has met with a wonderful success, and has wrought a transformation which reminds us of the old Moorish civilization.

Throughout that vast section unwarmed and unclad barbarians have become decorously clad and have learned to carry themselves with a self-possession and self-respecting dignity. Everywhere are found industrious communities divided into various crafts; the rattle and clang of the workers in iron, and brass, and copper, are heard; a large variety of cloths are manufactured and made into garments; markets are crowded, but in them are never found either native beer or spirits, or gin and rum—those appendages to our western civilization. Outside of the towns, forests have become things of the past; and in their place, we find a cultivation of the various cereals, and of cotton, indigo, and other productions demanded by an advanced stage of civilization. While neither Moor, nor Arab, is to be found in that entire section of the industries and arts seem of the high Moorish type. Of course, a desire for education has been awakened, and schools—Mohammedan schools, of course—are found everywhere; in nearly every village are found men who, recently brutally ignorant, can read and write Arabic; and, in the El Ashar, the great University of Cairo, are found men, who once devoted felish worshippers, have through many obstacles and dangers fought their way from the larger towns of this remote and renovated section of Africa. Undoubtedly, Islam has wrought this wonderful change, and perhaps because the more change it has wrought, the more it has been called to do. It is the most great; come to pray, the more it is far better than the debasing orgies of Fetishism. Let us hope that this revival of Mohammedanism may speedily prove to be only the vanguard of a high and true Christian civilization through the agency of our own increased missionary effort. Mohammedanism is evidently making a stupendous effort to capture Africa. We ought to have been ahead of it.—N. W. Christian Advocate.

Mrs. Clara E. Sylvester of Seattle, W. T., writes: May the work of benevolent friends go on. I am glad that Spiritualism is getting strong enough to throw off the dead weights that have attached themselves to it, and are dragging it down, and that it is attracting the attention of its purity and truth should command. I had hoped to see spiritual societies organized all along the shores of Puget Sound by this time. We surely have liberal people enough but as yet there is no standard around which to rally.

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OHIO'S TERROR.

A Wonderful Blind Man!

Charles K. Gaines, the blind murderer, was found guilty of murder in the second degree May 5th, at Tiffin, Ohio. He took the matter very hard, trembled, and could scarcely utter a word. When the verdict was read he crumpled his hat in his hands and pressed it over his sightless eyes. His wife was more calm, but turned very pale.

Charles K. Gaines was born near the village of Sycamore, Wyandot county, nearly fifty years ago. At the age of four years he was one day wandering from the dooryard to the farm-barn, where his juvenile attention was attracted by a litter of little pigs. This struck his fancy and he at once proceeded to appropriate one to be taken to the house for a pet. This so enraged the mother of the pigs that she rushed at the despoiler of her family, and before help could arrive, attracted by the child's screams, the enraged brute had knocked him down and eaten his eyes, entirely out of his head. The child was rescued and after hovering between life and death for some time recovered, though his face was terribly scarred and disfigured and the eyeballs entirely gone.

This boy grew up to be the wonder of all the country round. In a few years from the time of his terrible misfortune, he had developed a remarkable sensitivity of touch, smell, and hearing. He early manifested his precocity, and before he had grown to manhood became the terror of the neighborhood. He would wander over the entire township at all hours of the day or night without anybody to guide or assist him, and no one ever heard of his getting lost. He knew where every meadow patch was, where the best apples, peaches, and plums grew, and where the first berries ripened, and was never lacking about helping himself to these or any other delicacies his appetite craved. When yet a boy he was presented with a pair of game chickens by an old Spaniard who resided in Sycamore. The blind boy became interested at once in these game chickens and took to raising them. It was not long before he had several gamecocks trained to fighting and was taking them about the country and matching them to fight others. At these cock fights he noticed the wonderful power of intuition which he seemed to possess. He would stand with the crowd while the chickens were fighting, and the minute his bird was getting the best of the fight he would show that he knew it by clapping his hands and shouting, but if it got the worst of it he would look crestfallen and prepare to retire. He would be on the outcome of these fights, but no one could ever feel him as to the result. He always knew whether he had lost or won.

As he grew to manhood he learned to drink whiskey, and at times would drink hard, then would let it alone for a long time. When under the influence of drink he was ugly and quarrelsome and would pick up a fight with any one. In a fist fight he was no mean opponent, for he would strike straight from the shoulder and hit his opponent some distance. He learned the trade of broom-making and at an early age moved to the village of Melmore in the southern part of this county, where he plied his vocation.

But he was a sort of universal genius. Your correspondent has seen him on a steep roof nailing shingles and doing his work better and faster than his fellow-workman, notwithstanding they could see. He could recognize an acquaintance some distance away before a word had been spoken. He would ride horse-back at break-neck speed. Besides all this he played the violin exquisitely.

In the year 1871 Medora Sprague, a comely girl, graduated from the Tiffin high school, and the year following became a teacher in the public schools of the city. Some time in the course of the following three years this young lady visited friends at Melmore. Here she met Gaines. Although he was unrepentant in appearance, and even repulsive looking to many, she married him. This was in 1875. This strangely matched couple settled down to married life in a little house in the old slow-going village of Melmore, and were to all appearances happy and contented. Two children having been born to them, both bright little girls. The husband let drink alone and quieted down for awhile and worked steadily. He walked to the city, a distance of eight miles, often, to dispose of the result of his labors—ax handles and brooms.

After a time he took to drink and became abusive, but the good people of the Presbyterian church in the village persuaded him to reform, and he got along nicely for some time. He became an active participant in all the church meetings and occasions, and resounded the pulpit with his eloquence and eloquence and moved his audience greatly. His career as a temperance advocate was brief and he soon took to drinking again. He became violent and abusive, was always quarrelling with somebody, and would abuse his family, and at times beat them brutally.

The climax was reached last August, when he went on a protracted meeting, and was ordered the next day to leave town not to sell him liquor. The next day, Aug. 19, Gaines and his nephew, Nathan Eckelberg got hold of some hard cider and became drunk, and then went to the saloon and demanded whiskey. This was refused them, and, after raising a disturbance, they left, vowing vengeance on the saloon-keeper. After ineffectual efforts to borrow revolvers, they returned to the saloon and renewed their demand for whiskey. Being again refused they attacked the saloon-keeper, L. C. Ledy, and killed him with stones. The police from this city captured Gaines in a broomroom field, and when he was brought in, he was a wild man, and when he was brought in, he was a wild man, and when he was brought in, he was a wild man.

His nephew was sent to the penitentiary for life, and for a short moment, at once came to the conclusion that the woman who was so prodigal in her love for him was a fool. He was a prodigal in her love for him, and he was a prodigal in her love for him, and he was a prodigal in her love for him.

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Manifestations Through the Mediumship of Geo. D. Search.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Geo. D. Search, the slate-writing, materializing and clairvoyant medium, was here about three weeks during the month of March, and made it his home at Millard Blanchard's, visiting Milo and Pleasant Valley during the time. He held sances in Millard Blanchard's house several nights. I attended but two, the first of the 24th and 25th of March. Thursday night (24th) Search was put into a sack made of mosquito netting, sewed up all around except at the top, which was shifted closely about his neck. He was seated in a chair within the circle, the sack and his pants sewed to the carpet and chair. This night we had a violin and guitar. The light was turned off, and before we had finished the first song the instruments left the laps they were confided to, and floated with a peculiar undulating motion all about the room, music being produced to the tune of our songs. When we were not singing, Search was describing the friends of the sitters, a half dozen or more, all of whom were recognized. The sack was then taken off and it was found that neither thread nor seam had been broken. The light was again turned on, and the same chair as before, when manifestations similar to the above described were resumed, but apparently with greater power.

I would here remark that the instruments would respond with great clearness to every question asked, either yes or no, and when a spirit friend was recognized from Search's description, both the instruments would stop and lived clear, all the good time. We then tried the light sance, but not a sound could we get. This sance was composed of about twenty persons of both sexes.

Friday night (25th) the circle was composed of thirteen persons, females predominating. The medium was seated in the middle of the circle. After the light was extinguished and singing commenced, the guitar left my lap and floated away, playing the same tune as before, and then returned to my lap during this sance, but was constantly talking or singing in the place we saw him seated before the light was extinguished. After about a half-hour, we decided to try the light circle. The cabinet was simply three breadths of black cambric strung to a wire six feet eight inches from the floor, and a shawl hung over each end of the wire to more closely fit the walls; wire strung across the corner of the room; rope of enclosed space from right angled corner to centre of curtain two feet two inches. The guitar was placed close in the corner of cabinet with keys up. No sooner had we become seated (in light sufficient to see the medium who sat in a chair outside of the cabinet and about the centre of the curtain, with a sifter on each side of him, each with a hand connected with one of his, and their others were joined together in the middle of the cabinet) than the instruments were played upon, displayed in various attitudes above the wire and curtains, and was occasionally thrust out at the sides of the cabinet along the wall, once disengaging the guitar from the strings. The question was asked if slate and pencil were wanted? Three distinct sounds were given on the instrument in response. The slate was handed near the curtain when a hand was thrust out through the opening between the edges of the curtains and took it quickly in. The pencil was taken in like manner. Judging from the sound of the writing, the slate was laid on the floor and a few lines written. It was then handed out through the opening, the lines read, and then returned as before, was written on again and thrust out the sides of the cabinet a few times, and then handed over the wire.

During these manifestations hands of both sexes and at least four different sizes were being displayed at the aperture, the sides and over the top of the curtains. Faces appeared at four different times, sending to squeeze out through the narrow opening, and emerging to full size as they emerged. They looked rather white. I could distinctly see the eyes, nose and mouth, but recognized none of them. A child's hand came out frequently and caressed and patted Mrs. Taylor, an elderly lady, who sat next to the medium. Simple raps were freely made when opportunity offered and stillness prevailed, giving satisfactory answers to many questions from the sitters in the room.

Several about here have had slate-writing tests given in open daylight, and under precautions entirely precluding the idea that Search had anything to do with it except that of medium. The composition is characteristic of persons purporting to be the authors. Many specimens, too, are the exact handwriting of the persons whose names are signed on the slate. GEORGE KNOWLES, Delphos, Kansas.

The Supernatural.

Mrs. Annie Dean Clapper, a well-known lady of Denver, who died suddenly in that city last week, had predicted the exact time of her death nearly a month before. Early in February she had a dream in which the scenes of her death-bed and at the funeral were vividly pictured to her. Her friends endeavored to laugh away the unpleasant memory, but their efforts were unavailing and she refused to believe that the dream was not a premonition of her approaching end. She passed the remaining days of her life in religious meditation, and in her last hours charged her friends to arrange the funeral ceremonies just as they had appeared to her in the dream. Her request was complied with and every detail carried out as she had particularly wished it, even to the posture of the head in the coffin.

The wife of a miner in Western Pennsylvania dreamed one night recently that her father appeared before her in the room and implored forgiveness for an act of unkindness in her childhood. He then kissed her on the lips and departed. She had not seen him for years, and the dream impressed her so strongly that she set out the next day for his home, in a distant part of the State. On entering the house she learned that her father was dead. She reached his bedside, he called out to her: "I am dying; won't you forgive me?" and expired.

A negro woman in Southwest Texas who had been treated by a voodoo doctor for a slight ailment drove him out of the house one day and called in a regular physician. The latter left a prescription and told his patient that she would soon be well. But she grew worse instead of better, and on the afternoon of the following day died in delirium. The physician cannot account for her sudden death and the voodoo doctor who was driven from the house by the voodoo doctor out of revenge.

A thin, white ghost of gigantic height has been seen by many farmers who live just out of Brazil, Indiana. It is usually encountered at the main road in the evening, when it appears to be striding rapidly along the town, but one farmer met it face to face right before his own door. He threw a stone at the spectre, but the missile passed straight through his chest without apparent effect, and the man fled into the house.

Jacob R. Schnarr, a farmer living near Medina, Mo., had a load of wood to town one morning last week and went into a grocery store to make some purchases. Suddenly he sat down and said to the crowd around the store: "Boys, I feel as if I was going to die before night." He was laughed at, but as he started to drive home later in the day he slipped from the wagon beneath the horse's hoofs and his skull was crushed by the frightened animal.

There is a hill a few miles, from Cambridge, Ind., which is said by the country folk to be the nightly meeting-place of ghostly, supernatural visitors, who indulge in wild and antics. By day, men stand on the peak of the elevation can hear a strange, rumbling noise, and at times feel the earth shake perceptibly. In the night-time a thick haze settles over the surface of the hill, through which men say they have seen spectres clad in shining white dance around the peak uttering unearthly cries and groans. Years ago a pioneer built a cabin on the hill and began to live there, but the strange sights and sounds impelled him to abandon it, and the house has since been unoccupied.—The World.

Freaching in His Sleep.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I knew an old man who preached in his sleep; he was a religious man. The most singular feature of his life was that he would preach in his sleep. He had been tortured by the thought of sin, but could not be waked. He never knew anything about it, but he was a religious man. The most singular feature of his life was that he would preach in his sleep. He had been tortured by the thought of sin, but could not be waked. He never knew anything about it, but he was a religious man.

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Three Visits from the Flying Dutchman.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

From the day I set foot on the decks of the good ship Bardwell, sailing from Boston around Cape Horn, I heard of the Flying Dutchman. As a boy I believed in the yarns, but by the time I was out of school I was prepared to take three stories for what they were worth. I am going to tell you, however, that I really saw as mysterious a craft as the traditional ghost ship, and that if my own eyes were deceived, so were the optics of a whole ship's company.

In April, 1883, I was mate of an English whaling bark called the Lord Rosemore, Capt. Pierce McConnell, and we were off the mouth of the Amazon. We had then been out three months and were having a big run of luck. The weather seemed to be made for our special benefit. There was day after day of good working winds and smooth seas, and there was no day in which we did not sight whales. On the day of which I wish to speak particularly we had killed two fine whales, and by evening both were alongside and the men were as calm as a millpond. We should have begun the cutting-in process at once, but the decks were not yet clear of the last whale, while the men were so worn out that they clamored for a night's rest. The barometer was high, the sea smooth, and the Captain issued orders for all the men to knock off. This meant that the watch should have their bunk, while the men on watch were to sleep on duty. There was no wind enough to drift us, and consequently we had no fear of any vessels except steamers, and they would hardly run us down on such a clear night that our ship could be seen a mile away. I went up as soon as the vessel grew quiet I went to sleep on my post, and that I slept for a long hour.

When I awoke it was with a chill of apprehension. I felt that something was very wrong, and at once I inspected the decks from stem to stern. The men of my watch were stretched out here and there, all fast asleep, and everything seemed all right. We had a whale on either side, and they were riding buoyantly, while half a dozen sharks were tearing at their rough hides. Our night lights were all right, everything safe from fire, and I called myself a fool for thinking that anything was wrong. Nevertheless, I could not get warm and nervous, and the desire to sleep left me entirely.

It might have been half an hour after my awakening, and I was softly pacing the deck, taking in its whole length, when a large square-rigged ship, with every sail set, and seeming to draw, came out of the darkness to the northeast. She had a bone in her teeth, and her hull was careened over two or three degrees to the pressure of the wind, and for the moment I forgot where I was, and the circumstances which surrounded me. The ship stood down to pass under our quarter, and I never took my eyes off her for an instant. She came swiftly, but there was a ghost-like movement that sent chills over me. As if she were a real ship, and as if a genuine topaz breeze were blowing on, came the stranger, and as she was within a cable's length she shifted her helm a bit, and the two craft were broadside on for a moment. The two craft were twenty-five or thirty miles from the shore, and the ship's port light was in true sailor fashion, and on the quarter deck I saw the Captain surveying us through his night glasses. I could see that he was an old man, having long white locks and a long white beard. Why, sir, I would stake my life on what I saw, though it would be useless to try to make you believe it. Just as the stern of the stranger was abreast of us, she opened her gun, and as if the motion accompanied an order, and there was a rush of the men to execute it. Sail was taken in while you could snap your finger, and the helm was put down, and the ship came into the wind. She was a stone's throw away then, and my eyes were still on her when some one behind me hoarsely exclaimed:

"My God, Mr. Merwin, but did you ever see the like of it?"

I turned to find one of the men behind me. I turned from him again to the strange craft, and she was gone! It took me two or three minutes to realize that there was no wind and no sea, and that no ship could have maneuvered as she did, and then I asked of the man:

"Jones what did you see?"

"I got a chill, sir, though it's warm enough, as we all know, and I was looking off at the water. As I stood on my feet I saw the ship, and I was right behind you when she shortened sail and came up."

"And where is she now?"

"Gone, sir. That's a ghost ship, sir, and we are in for bad luck."

I could have kicked myself for believing in what I saw. Next morning a great gale came, and I got the lashings holding the whale on the port side gave way with a great crash, the bark rolled over to starboard with the weight of the other fish, and as she rocked back the other lashings parted, and we ran to the rails port and starboard, in time to see the whales sink out of sight. The whole crew were aroused, and the Captain stormed in a terrible way, but no one was to blame, no one could be censured. Next day we returned through the straits, and the Flying Dutchman had been sighted, and, strangely enough, there was not a skeptic. The Captain made me relate the details over and over, and then he ordered sail on the bark and we stood down the Brazilian coast for 150 miles. The whales had suddenly left us, and it was exactly nine days before the cry of "There she blows!" was heard again. We lowered for a forty-barrel whale and got him, and the boat was hoisted and returned to the ship. We tried out the decks cleaned up when it came on a calm, quiet night again. The men had had a long rest, and every one on the watch was wide awake, when, at about 11 o'clock, with everything quiet and aloft, the lookout suddenly called:

"There's a big ship close aboard of us on the starboard bow!"

Every man sprang up, and we all rushed forward to look at the plain as a lighted lamp at midnight, was a big ship tearing down upon us and only a cable's length away. No joke of us remembered that it was a dead calm, and we yelled out in chorus to attract the stranger's attention. He held for us until I could see the sparkle of copper under his fore foot, and then a shift of the helm sent him along our broadside, and the performances of the previous occasion were repeated. He went out of our sight after rounding us, and by that time our Captain was on deck. He questioned every man separately, and all told the same story, and later on, as he stood with me on the quarter, he said:

"Mr. Merwin, that's bad luck again. It may mean something more than losing a whale."

Next day we raised a whale and he stove two barrels and killed three men, and it was eleven days after the first visit that we saw the Flying Dutchman again, with all the men in my watch wide awake, and the ship drifting off before a gentle breeze, the ghostly visitor came out of the darkness again, ran up past from stern to stem this time, and was seen as plainly as before. Next day we raised three whales at once. Down went three boats, the Captain leading. I killed my whale almost at once. The boats were fast, and were run off, and from that day to this have never been heard of. We saw the stranger no more after that. Had he appeared once more I believe that every man of the crew would have leaped into the sea and sought death by drowning.—New York World.

Measuring Sunshine.

There was a time, not many years ago, when the sun might shine and shine with all its might and yet leave no scientific record of its presence beyond the effect of mere heat shown by the thermometer. Nowadays all this is changed, and there are scattered over various portions of the country instruments which catch every gleam of bright sunlight and write it down indelibly, so that by looking at the picture presented we may see at a glance whether such and such a day was really fine or cloudy. The contrivance by which this is effected is exceedingly simple, consisting as it does of nothing more than a solid glass plate set on a pedestal with a surrounding frame in which, to place at a suitable angle a strip of blue cardboard. The glass plate plays the part of a burning-glass, and when the sun shines brightly the rays are focused upon the strip of cardboard, where the effect is seen in a scorched patch of more or less distinctness. As the relative position of the sun changes the scorched changes too, so that at the end of a bright, sunny day the picture on the card consists of a long scorched line, and at the end of a cloudy day the scorched line is very short. By measuring the length of the scorched line the number of hours' sunshine is precisely ascertained. The instrument, although commendably simple, has one great drawback. If the brilliancy of the sun's rays be shadowed even to a very small extent by mist or by a thin veil of cirrus cloud the best produced is insufficient to produce a burn on the card.—Manchester Examiner.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The World's Outlook.

The tranquil outlook of the world from its highest standpoint of observation to a mere materialist, is far from being encouraging to the philanthropist. True he will

A CELESTIAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

How a Hymn Sounds When Translated into Laundry English.

There is no doubt about the Chinese Sunday-school being an interesting place to visit. There is one of them in Sixth Avenue, conducted by the Baptists. A Mail and Express reporter strolled in there a recent Sunday afternoon. There were about seventy-five pig-tailed Celestials, all demurely side by side. The pupils listened to the proceedings with inflexible gravity and sang with earnestness and considerable melody. A Sunday-school hymn rendered into laundry English is a rather curious thing to hear. The first song they rendered was the good old hymn, "Shall we gather at the River?" As sung by the Mongolians it sounds something like this:

Shall we gathel atel liver.
Whale high angel feel have flood,
With its clyste tide foelvel
Flowing by the thione of Glod?

After that the teachers began their individual labors with their almond-eyed pupils. The raw recruits were first taught to read. Those who had been there before received instruction in the foundation of the Christian religion. It was hard work and the teachers did not make progress rapidly. An excellent and elderly lady, who has given the best part of her life in this kind of work, struggled with the Oriental dandy of Sam Wing and Charles Lee, two Bleeker street Celestials. She was trying to teach them the lesson of Divine forgiveness.

"Now, Sam," she said, with an encouraging smile, "what would you do if your friend Charles should do you a great injury—come into your laundry, perhaps, and throw dirt all over your clean clothes?"

"Cluthe his heel out, allee same Melican man," said Sam, promptly.

"What does g-heel spell?" said a hard-working young woman who was expounding the mysteries of the English language to Wun Lung and Wah Low.

"Gheel," said Wun, promptly.

"No, no. Like this," said the teacher, opening her mouth to show how the Caucasian overcomes the troublesome "r." Wun opened his mouth and took long breaths and labored hard, but the sound wouldn't come, and after a while the teacher gave up in despair and began to read the story of the Prodigal Son, explaining as she went along. She followed the adventures of the prodigal with interest. They could understand most of it, especially the reference to the fattened calf, as the Chinese are fond of roast pork. But when the teacher made the final application of a lot of blarney and unrelieved simplicity overspread each face. That was evidently too much for them.—*New York Express.*

Voltaire and Christianity.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Although I must acknowledge that Mr. Whitworth has many times treated us to rare gems of thought, in his attack upon the remarks of J. Clegg Wright, published March 25, entitled, "A New Savior," had a clashing sound, and thought flashed upon my mind which have often found their way there before.

We find in the New Testament the word "believe" often repeated. Jesus says, "Except ye believe," etc.; but it is supposed that Jesus thought that this little word would ever be made strong enough to fortify a church and in his name deluge the world with blood? I think not. Had the so-called followers of the meek and lowly Jesus expressed as much earnestness in their adherence to the precepts of Jesus, which he intensified by his self-sacrificing life, in his earnestness to establish a religion based upon the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, there would have been no work for a Voltaire to do. Should we reflect the corrupt state of the church upon the fair name of Jesus? I think not; neither should we reflect the licentiousness of France upon Voltaire. It is true that Voltaire did not, like Martin Luther, establish a better church; if he had, probably it would have been too radical for the advancement of that age.

It is true Voltaire is often denounced as a scoffer, but do we not see enough folly in the so-called Christian church to-day to provoke our scoffing? Sabbath after Sabbath the beautiful Sermon on the Mount is read before the people, and prayers are being poured forth for the hastening of the reign of peace, which prayers for eighteen hundred years have proved a failure and will so continue as long as the church looks upon human slaughter placidly, or participates, in a sense, in the wholesale practice of carrying it out.

But when the representatives of Christianity shall with the earnestness of a Voltaire rush to the front and say, "The fair name of Christianity shall no longer be blighted by superstition, nor history's page be stained by bloodshed," then will the time hasten when we shall need no more avatars.

In Slumber for Five Years.

An extraordinary case of suspended animation is reported from Thénelle, a town in France. The subject is a young woman, twenty-five years of age, and since the 20th of May, 1883, she has been continuously in a state of deep sleep. She has been examined by physicians and specialists a number of times, and recently by a select committee, and from their observations it was learned that her sleep resembled a lethargic torpor, in which her respiration was normal, and her pulse, although feeble, was found to be rapid—about 100 pulsations a minute.

Every attempt to arouse her from her stupor has proved unsuccessful, and the senses appear closed to every influence. Sounds, pleasing, blows, placing the body with a needle, alike have no effect. The eyes are cast upwards so far that it is not possible to examine the pupil, nor is any reflex movement of the eyelids noticeable when the eyeballs are blown upon. The jaws are firmly set, and several of the teeth of the subject have been broken in ignorant attempts to force them apart.

The subject was in a very delicate state of health before falling into the lethargy, and was of a nervous, highly strung temperament, and was thrown into a series of convulsions by a sudden fright, which was followed by the deep sleep from which she has never been aroused. It is possible to feed her with liquid administered with a spoon, and this is done several times a day, the food consisting of milk, and milk with the white of egg, syrup and other liquids. The fluid is poured into the mouth and thence it flows into the pharynx, when a swallowing movement may be observed.

The *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, which has a long article concerning this case, considers the patient an hysterical epileptic, thrown into a condition resembling that of period of hypnosis which is designated lethargic sleep. It is probable that life will continue for some time longer, provided the digestive process continue uninterrupted, although death usually marks the end of these long periods of inaction.—*Scientific American.*

Materialization.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I like the JOURNAL for its scholarly articles and its plain criticisms on so-called materializations. A year ago I attended a materialization séance in Boston where every one present (as I saw afterward) except myself, certifies as to the examination of rooms, cabinets, etc., and the impossibility of cheating or imposition. The forms appearing were recognized by those present as departed mother, wife, sister, daughter, and even grand-mother, and if my senses did not deceive me, the pretended materialized forms were in every instance the same in build, motion and outline, as that of the medium, and even the voice was apparently to me the same in every case.

After the medium had left the cabinet and room in plain sight of all present, a few moments after she emerged from the cabinet, again to the wonder of all but one present. The agitation of the curtains of the cabinet indicated to me when she entered from the rear, where there was abundant opportunity. There may be such a thing as materialization, but to believe in it I desire the evidence of my own senses.

Devices of Advertisers.

So many devices are resorted to by advertisers, that the ordinary reader sometimes becomes shy of the tempting paragraph, fearing the advice that is concealed in it like a pill in jelly. Who, for instance, on beginning to read the advertisement of Dr. J. C. Wright's Catarrh Remedy is what it claims to be—a cure for a disease at once loathsome to friends, and annoying and even dangerous to the sufferer.

The Only Cure For Scrofula,

For Blood diseases is through the use of a powerful Alternative, such as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. By no other treatment can the poison of Scrofula, Cancer, and Catarrh be so thoroughly eradicated from the system.

"For many years I was troubled with Scrofulous Complaints. Hearing Ayer's Sarsaparilla very highly recommended, I decided to try it, and have done so with the most satisfactory results. I am convinced that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best possible blood-medicine."—John W. Starr, Laconia, Iowa.

CATARRH

for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint, and completely restored my health."—Jesse M. Rogers, Holman's Mills, Albemarle, N. C.

Charles G. Ernberg, Vasa, Minn., writes: "I hereby certify that I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, with excellent success, for a cancer humor, or, as it seemed to be, cancer on my lip. Shortly after using this remedy the sore healed. I believe that the disease is entirely cured, and consider

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

sarsaparilla to be an infallible remedy for all kinds of eruptions caused by impure blood."

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, if perseveringly used, according to the gravity of the disease, always proves efficacious. "For the last ten years I have been seriously troubled with Scrofula. I finally determined to give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a persevering trial, and am cured by its use. I am sure it will remove all impurities from the blood, and consider it the greatest medical discovery of the age."—Charles T. Johnson, Waukegan, Iowa.

Geo. Andrews, overseer of the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was so afflicted with

SALT-DEUM

that the ulcers actually covered more than half of his body and limbs; yet he was entirely cured by this remedy.

"My daughter was greatly troubled with Scrofula, and at one time it was feared she would lose her sight. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has completely restored her health, and her eyes are as well and strong as ever, with not a trace of Scrofula in her system."—G. King, Killbuck, Conn.

"I was always afflicted with a Scrofulous Humor, and have been a great sufferer. Late my lungs have been affected, causing much pain and difficulty in breathing. Three bottles of Ayer's Sar-

have relieved my lungs and restored my health."—Lucien W. Cass, Chelsea, Mass.

Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

A SOLID 10 PER CENT
Per annum, first mortgage on productive Real Estate. Loans approved by Tacoma National Bank. BEST OF REFERENCES. Address: ALLEN C. MASON, Tacoma, Wash. Ter.

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We want reliable everywhere to sell our book, *Maternity*. It is a revised and enlarged edition of the book entitled "Wife and Mother," by Mrs. F. H. Burr, M. D., of the Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia. Six new chapters. Over 600 pages. Most complete ladies' manual published. Prepared by a physician, and thoroughly illustrated. Lady made \$34 first week; another \$25 in two weeks; another, with no experience, made \$115 in 19 days. Agents average \$25 a week. Write for Circulars and Terms. Address: MILLER & CO., Publishers, 119 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

MONEY FOR THE HONEST!
In amounts of \$50 to \$500,000. One to Ten years time. Our new plan—available to all—bordered with gold, and amount you can safely use, also see and occupation. The system in full, with forms, etc. Free on receipt of stamp. No postals answered. I. BUTLER, Sec'y, Bradford Block, Cor. Sixth & Vine, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Golden Medical Discovery

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established. Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimples, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers. Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs. For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Reliable information about climate, crops, land prices, cost of living, and other information can be obtained from the old established magazine, the *Southern Californian*. Sent any where, on trial, one year, for one dollar. Specimen copy, 15 cents. Address Fred L. Allen, Publisher, Los Angeles, Cal.

MIND-CURE AND SCIENCE OF LIFE.

Prof. A. J. Swartz, Editor and Publisher, 161 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. Scientific Lectures, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 8 o'clock. Address: Prof. A. J. Swartz, Editor and Publisher, 161 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

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POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

"Our family think there is nothing like the positive and negative powders"—so says J. H. Wright, of Dover, Del. and so says everybody.

For the treatment of Fever, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Liver Complaint, Heart Disease, Kidney Complaints, Neuralgia, Headache, Female Diseases, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, and all active and acute diseases.

Buy the Negative for Paralysis, Deafness, Amnesia, Typhoid and Typhus Fever. Buy a box of Positive and Negative (half and half) for Colds and Fever.

Mailed, postpaid, for \$1.00 a box, or six boxes for \$5.00. Send money at our risk by Registered Letter, or by Money Order.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL DISPENSARY, Buffalo, N. Y.

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The crowded condition of the JOURNAL'S advertising columns precludes extended advertisements of books, but investigators and buyers will be supplied with a CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST on application. Address: JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago, Ill.

THOUGHTS FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

Addressed to the working classes, and written through the mediumship of Mrs. Vestman Smith.

THE GREENWOOD PATENT

Convertible Wire Basket.



THE LATEST. One of the greatest novelties and most useful articles ever placed before the public, and a covered basket by patent. It is not only useful, but decidedly ornamental. Can be turned into a hundred different shapes. Is made of the best steel wire, and is always ready to be turned into a Car Receiver, Fruit Basket, Bread or Cake Basket, Ladies' Work Basket, Egg Basket, etc. Price \$25, by mail.

PRINCE CITY STEEL CO., 45 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG DISEASES.

LIVER DISEASE AND HEART TROUBLE.

Mrs. MARY A. McCLURE, Columbus, Kansas, writes: "I addressed you in November, 1884, in regard to my health being afflicted with liver disease, and heart trouble, etc. I was advised to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I have the 3-ounce bottle of 'Discovery' and four of the 'Purifier' and 'Felt's' pills. My health began to improve under the use of your medicine, and my strength came back. My difficulties have all disappeared. I can work hard all day, or walk four or five miles a day, and stand it well; and when I began using the medicine I could scarcely walk across the room, most of the time, and I did not think I could ever feel as well as I do now. I am very grateful for your kindness, and thank God and thank you that I am as well as I am, after years of suffering."

Mrs. J. V. WHELAN, of Yorkshire, Connecticut, N. Y., writes: "I wish to say a few words in praise of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Purifier' and 'Felt's' pills. For five years previous to taking them, I was a great sufferer; I had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am happy to say I am now well and strong, thanks to your medicine."

Chronic Diarrhoea Cured.—D. LAFARRE, Esq., 276 and 277 Decatur Street, New Orleans, La., writes: "I used three bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and it has cured me of chronic diarrhoea."

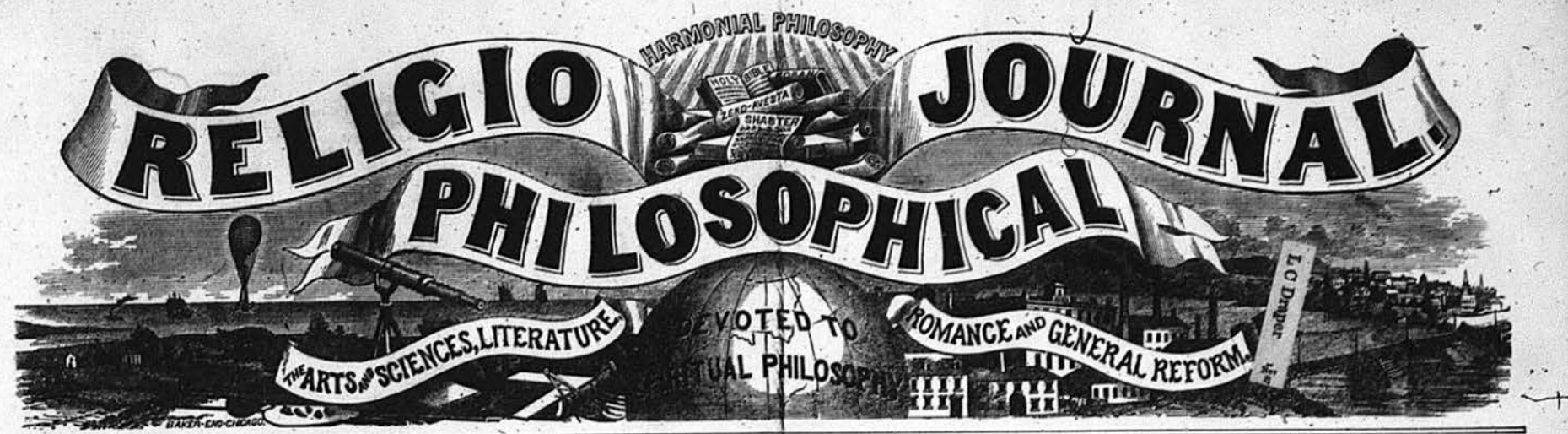
Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures all humors, from the common pimples, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

INDIGESTION, BOILS, BLOTCHES.

Dr. J. ASHBY HOWELL, Pastor of the M. E. Church, of Silver Spring, Md., writes: "I have been afflicted with catarrh and indigestion, boils and blotches began to arise on the surface of the skin, and I experienced a tired feeling and dullness. I began the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as directed by the directions, and in one week's time I began to feel like a new man, and am now sound and well. The 'Purifier' and 'Felt's' pills are the best remedy for bilious or sick headache, or tightness about the chest, and the best taste in the mouth. I have been such complaints and in one week's time I began to feel like a new man, and am now sound and well. The 'Purifier' and 'Felt's' pills are the best remedy for bilious or sick headache, or tightness about the chest, and the best taste in the mouth. I have been such complaints and in one week's time I began to feel like a new man, and am now sound and well. 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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLII.

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No. 14

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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THE TRUE LIFE.

Lecture by the Rev. E. P. Powell, Delivered in the Opera House, Utica, N. Y.

Of course I do not intend to undertake to tell you how you ought to live. I don't know that I can explain better what I mean to undertake than by a picture of the most wonderful age the world has ever known. I have told you before that Socrates, Buddha and Confucius lived at the same time; one in India, one in Greece, and one in China. It will not seem inapt if we suppose these three men to be a little nearer, in fact to be together; for since their death their influence has floated together. Suppose, then, Confucius and Buddha to be spending a few days with Socrates in Athens; of course as they are very marked, decisive characters, they are here for a purpose; they are holding a conference to discuss the true purpose of life.

Socrates is a dreadfully ugly looking fellow, but you can see he is very confident and very calm. He is sure that he has discovered the folly of his age and found the solution. Confucius is a smooth-faced, tall and portly man, who gives you the impression of a retired business man; but what a head! He fears nothing and is quite as sure of himself as Socrates. Buddha comes in the garb of a beggar. Socrates does not seem to know what he has on; probably Xantippi, his wife, dressed him while he was explaining to her what is a model republic. No wonder her temper was tried. Confucius, on the contrary, is exceedingly careful of every fold of his dress, his silver buckles shine and his silk robe is worn with magnificent grace. Buddha however, is quite as positive a nature as either of the others; his mendicant shirt does not hide the exquisite beauty of his form, which is not sensuous but the ideal of vital health. His face is lovable and yet strong, for a man's face is never lovable that is not strong. You would feel like saying "dear Buddha," as soon as you saw him. Confucius reminds you of any great scientist who is busy making discoveries or inventions to enable science to feed the crowd; he looks to be what we call a practical man. It is the stomach of the crowd that he considers first; Buddha is as evidently considering their souls, and Socrates their heads.

Alcibiades, a young fellow of the Greeks, has invited them to his house and spread a feast. Buddha pulls a crust from his wallet and praying devoutly, refuses anything else. Socrates supposes himself to be eating heartily, but really scarcely devours a morsel so busy is he talking. Confucius with considerable ceremony, eats a hearty meal, laying aside a portion for the Gods.

The feast over, Socrates begins the discussion. "You know," he says, "my friends, Buddha and Confucius, why we are met to-day. Our subject of discourse is salvation, how to save man from sin and loss. Buddha, we will first hear from you."

Then Buddha dropped on his knees saying: "O Life, Light of Life, O Life of my soul, illumine me. I am nothing; shine within me, light a lamp in my soul that I may see myself and know Thy will. Who shall overcome the earth and the world of death? Who shall find out the path of virtue as a clever man finds out a tree? He who knows that this body is like froth, and has learned that all things are unsubstantial, he shall break the arrow of death. Salvation is to conquer the flesh, to overcome desire for life. A wise man should give up all possessions and all desires, leaving all pleasures; calling nothing his own; the wise man thus loses the destructive force of care. No one can find peace and pure salvation in household love, in wife or in children. He who gives up all attachments of a worldly sort, clinging

ing to nothing, having conquered his faculties, he is full of light and peace and is free from this world; for the world is evil; to love it is evil, it is our task master. Give all to the poor and follow me, and I will show you rest. Life is to be gotten rid of, it is full of evil. To find God and see him, to enjoy eternal freedom from earth-lives, that is the true end. Teach men to rise above their senses, to scorn love, to seek only God."

Then Socrates, although boiling full and never having held his tongue so long before in his life, still bound by courtesy, turned to Confucius and said: "O Confucius, is this true? What sayest thou? Is man to be saved by giving up the world and betaking himself to poverty and prayer?"

Confucius answered, "Let me first hear from you, Socrates, for I have heard so much of your wisdom that I have a longing to know if all the wonderful things said of you are true."

Socrates said: "That, Confucius, is my great puzzle. I am peculiarly anxious to know whether I am, as the people say a wise man, for really I do not know. I only know that the rest are fools, and their judgment not worth a bit of copper."

"But my opinion is that those who adopt Buddha's ideas will end in conceit and hypocrisy. When they think they have given up all things, then will they be most completely slaves to notions, whims, beliefs and feelings, and that you know, Confucius, is worse than to be a sensualist. The sensualist lives like a beast, and is happy in his way; but the self-denied are happy only in a life. The world is full of devotees who give up the world, but they pray and look for another world. I do not see that they differ from the rest of us. I pray also, but even as I would throw a crust to that hungry dog there; for I think the dogs may be hungry for a little attention and what I have to spare I give them, also a cork or some trifling gift. But my opinion is, a man is saved or made better by nothing of this sort; he is made better by nothing but knowledge. Salvation consists in finding out the truth, and one may do this only by hard study and by questioning all things. I would question the trees, the stones, customs, laws, and all sorts of men, hoping to find out something to a certainty. Then I hold that a man knowing something, will never be content without knowing more, and that sets him on the road to be, after awhile, master of the universe. Then, becoming master of truth he is no longer a slave, and so he is free. Now this, O Buddha and O Confucius, seems to me clear: that to know, alone will save a man."

Confucius with the elegance of an orator and a man of the world said: "Now having heard the views of both my wise masters, gracious lords of wisdom, I nevertheless differ from you both. In my opinion salvation is obtained neither by praying nor meditating, nor by knowing, but by doing. Do not ask of me what mystery have you solved, but what have you accomplished; for the real salvation after all is to enable the people to earn food enough; not to teach them how to go without food. The head cannot laugh at the stomach, but the stomach can laugh at the head. I would teach all men to labor and to love labor, to be honest in the use of what they get by labor; to be patient, enduring, self-contained. In this way they shall conquer the earth, the rivers, the air, and the soil shall pay tribute and men shall live happily, having abundance. Religion I would not teach them, but morals. Having given the gods a share, I would let them alone, giving them no farther concern; for of this I am fully convinced that prayer is but a waste of time. One may grow a cup of rice before he can pray one grain of it into his bowl. My ideal is the nation where all men do their duty, from prince to the humblest of the poor. Nature is our mother; all we have to do is to find her bosom and drink the milk she furnishes. Where praying abounds idleness and poverty abound. When a man ploughs not, some one in consequence suffers hunger; when a woman weaves not, some one is cold. The sweetest of all music is the whirr of the shuttle, for it sings, 'plenty for the poor.' There are four things that I believe in, scholarship, morality, industry, truthfulness. The doings of heaven do not concern me. The corner of all virtue is 'not to do to others as you would not wish them to do to you.' You, Buddha, strive to find the gods; Socrates tries to find himself; I would seek to find my neighbor. The noblest reverence is not that which is shown to unseen beings, but to our fathers, to the old people. Neither, O Socrates, do I see that knowledge always helps a man to true wisdom, for the learned often make fools of themselves. Let us rather bend all our energies to teach men to do right things at right times, and to make this earth a place of abundance."

"But," said Buddha, "this earth is a delusion; it involves a snare to the soul. Who so loves the world loves a sinful thing; life cannot be without pain, therefore it is evil; it is to be endured only as the will of the gods."

Confucius answered, "That is the very question for us as wise men to settle."

Socrates added, "To despair beforehand is folly. Whoso begins with distrust the works of the gods cannot have true faith in the gods."

So these great men presented each his own theory of salvation; each one saw the earth to be not what it ought to be, and sought for a remedy. Socrates saw how men make fools of themselves; Confucius saw how men are lazy and wasteful; and Buddha saw how they are cruel and unjust.

Very curiously these three men, born about the same time, 2,300 years ago, represent the only three plans ever yet devised for saving humanity: the praying or religious method; the investigating or school method; the working or moral method; and in one way or another, and after one or the other of these men all have followed. All the world has been busy on one or the other of these plans. Buddha or the religious man has unquestionably had the most influence and followers. I do not know why, only that mystery has great power over human nature. Of one thing we are conscious, that there is more of the unseen about us than the seen, and we are desirous of looking into the God realm. Socrates has had also his vast power, for he is justly considered the father of philosophy. The schools of to-day that wield such paramount influence, are the consequence of the Socratic theory of salvation.

Christianity was born more directly of Buddhism, and so far as it has controlled the ages, it has made praying and fasting predominant; its hope is in another life, not in this.

The Reformation of Luther was caused, as you know, by a revival of scholarship in Europe. That when the Socratic method came in, then schools and universities began to multiply, and reason dethroned credulity. For four hundred years the passion has been to know. Whatever men said in the church, practically they said in their lives, that the salvation of society depended on schools. Education has been for so long the sheet anchor of civilization.

But to-day the theory which is becoming supreme is neither that of prayer nor of study, but that of work. Curiously enough Confucianism is coming to the front. The salvation of morals, of honest deeds, of justice and industry is to have its day. Shall we pray no more? Yes, most certainly. Shall we give up study? We shall only study the more; but our praying will become an uplook and an outlook of one who trusts in the vic-tory of right doing; and our study will have for its end not to enable us to teach the theory of prayer, but to lead a hand in the skilled toil that blesses the world and bars out misery.

With the salvation by right doing comes to the front the toiler; this is the dawn of the laboring man's era. With it comes less of faith in prayer, more of rationalism, less of priestly influence, less of the power of teachers and philosophies, more confidence in doing what our hands find to do.

I told you I would try to illustrate what I wanted to say about life by a picture, and I think you understand me. It is this: No one man, nor one age, nor one race finds out the whole; and it is only by bringing together the ideas of different ages and races that we get a complete view of right living. Here we see life looked at from three standpoints: Buddha shows us what it is to live for the glory of God; Socrates what it is to live for the glory of truth; Confucius what it is to live for the glory of humanity. Are these not all one-sided and partial views? Is not the real man made only by uniting the three methods? We cannot get at certain power without meditation on the Infinite and Ideal. Now Buddha is right, though right only in part; for one must strive to get away from sensualism and so above a sense life; and Socrates is right, though right only in part, for one must know that which is outside of him and the relation he bears to the universe; and Confucius is right, but right only in part, for one must know how to calmly do his duty. But Buddhism alone leads to self-degradation, to scorn for reason, to abominable waste of time and would, if it had complete and sole sway, turn men into beasts and the world into a desert; cellibacy is better than marriage; the family is a sin, life is an evil. Give the Socrates idea sole sway, and art and science will bow down to sensualism, morals would die out and license destroy liberty. Confucianism alone reduces society to the level of machinery; each one plays his part as a wheel, a belt or a cog, and is satisfied.

The three ideas united: (1.) Aspiration, hoping, yearning, praying, seeing the divine, looking gods in the face. (2.) Studying, looking under and questioning all things, coveting wisdom, worshipping reason, having a passion for knowing. (3.) Honoring humanity, doing for others, obeying law, regulating yourself for the general good; these three things make a true life; here then is the real trinity, Aspiration, Study, Work; and you cannot afford to believe in any other. Our age is a one-sided age; our religion has too much of the devotee in it; it needs more of the study and work; and up one needs to know this more than you, radicals.

You say the duty of the preacher is to make you feel. No it is not. It is to make you careful students and workers; he has no other general duty whatever, for if he should make you feel wrongly, you will act unwise-ly; on the contrary, if you think wisely and carefully, you will be sure to feel all that you need to feel. Feeling is evanescent when its impulse comes from another, but if it rises out of your own calm convictions, it is a permanent affair. There is a serious and dangerous mistake in this matter; if you will not drill your minds to careful work, you can never be taught to feel rightly. I do not know any trouble with reform but this, at least none so serious; the reformer in nine cases out of ten has nothing in stock but a lot of feelings; when he feels he acts, but when he does not feel he will not act. You cannot count on him to be true to any line of conduct because he does not certainly know what line to follow; then it is the duty of the preacher to show him the line. Not a

bit of it. It is the preacher's business to show him how to go to work and find the line for himself. I understand that it is no policy for those whose living depends on controlling the people's feelings to shift the responsibility on the people themselves. But if we are ever going to get rid of craft in the priest and credulity in the people; of religious selfishness and falsities we must teach the people to rely on nothing but hard study and sincere doing. Those who give it up are not reformers, they are humbugs and humbugged; they are out of one net only to be caught in another; escaping orthodoxy they become bigoted and silly in some other direction. You spend all your time in getting money and then take a dose of feeling, and it will leave you at the end a being who does not know himself.

But you can say you were not trained to study. Then if you cannot study, stop believing. But those who study least come to me with the most terribly strong feelings and theories; they are trained to feel and not to work.

I go into the churches and I am never taught anything; I am only told how to feel in order to be saved. It would be considered a sin on God's day to give me a lesson on the structure of my brain or lungs and how to live healthily and think clearly; and as for doing, it would be criminal inside a church to show me how to make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, or how to raise more corn and so help feed the hungry children of the world.

And remember this, that no possible phase of liberalism is safe or valuable that does nothing more than individualize the person who adopts it; this is to throw a man off from society as a scrap is thrown off a wheel by its rapid revolution. I am confident of two things. (1.) That there is a need of more individuality and independence. But (2.) that really independent individuals are better able than any others to co-operate for good ends. There is a vast deal of individualism that leads only to isolation; it is selfish and envious. Free individuals have a free power to work co-ordinately that others do not possess. I mean this, that slavish minds are to be set in place where the teachers want them or as they term it, where God wants them; but individualized people can place themselves where they know they are needed by society.

FAITH AND KNOWLEDGE.

A Lecture Delivered before the First Society of Spiritualists, New York, BY MRS. HELEN J. T. BRIGHAM.

Reported for the Harmonical Philosophical Journal, by Geo. H. Melville.

This society has changed its place of meetings to Adelphi Hall, north-west corner of Seventh avenue and Fifty-second street. On Sunday evening, May 15th, Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham spoke on the subject, "Faith and Knowledge," in part, as follows:

In regard to faith,—to say that we have no faith would not be true in the highest expression of the term. We do not accept a statement, or believe it because another believes it, or because we have read it, or because it is old. Error may be very old. Many a good thing we find where we least expect it; we find the whitest lilies in the midst of dark surroundings, growing from the mire while their starry blossoms give forth sweet odors. We find in old mythology beautiful thoughts and truths. Confucius taught that as the sky bent over all lands and all waters, so the Great Spirit that rules the earth loves all human souls. Can we find a better explanation of the infinity of God, the ever living present Spirit? Land nor sea cannot take us from him, nor him from us. If we are beyond the vale of human teaching, the same divine presence is over us and sends down the light of inspiration upon us. It is true that good is found in many places. So it is also true that amid beautiful truths there are found errors. You ask, why is this so? Why has not God given man the pure truth, and not cause him to search earnestly to find it? We answer that we do not know, but we believe God has so constituted us that it is best for us to toil. Toil is a blessing, not a curse. Extreme toil is not desirable, nor is extreme inactivity, but between the two lies the divine blessing. So it is in mental and spiritual activity; we find a delight in them that we could not taste or enjoy were it not for toil. It may be that it is necessary for our highest good that God has given to us a world which leads us to investigate in order to understand and to comprehend the beautiful beyond; therefore, wherever the truth awaits us, we are to study, grasp and understand it. It is necessary for us to seek the truth that we find it; it is necessary for us to prove all things, so far as possible, and to hold fast that which is good.

But what is faith? Is it mere acceptance? Is it blind belief? No! And yet that is what many people fancy it to be. Because one has knowledge of a thing from a source that seemed to be infallible, that is not faith,—that is credulity, blind acceptance, and it is not worthy of the name of faith! But what is it? You ask. It is a kind of sense; as one might say, it is spiritual perception; the interior conviction; the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of the unseen, something that speaks to your nature and forces itself upon you until you have the consciousness of knowledge. That is our definition of faith. We are aware that it is a higher definition than the world accepts; but some day the line will be drawn between credulity and

faith and we shall be blessed with a spiritual perception of the truth.

It is said that Spiritualism gives the people knowledge; that it does not come in the realm of credulity; it doesn't insist on your believing that which others have believed; it leaves the people to reason. It is this speak in this light of reason that we will lay before you this evening, and show you as far as possible what it is. Jesus said to his followers, "Ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house there are many mansions." You believe in God, but you have not all the same idea of God. According to your intellect, capacity and spiritual unfoldment; your ideas differ, as they naturally must.

A person can stand where but little of the sunlight is revealed to him; for instance, in your great city, where the tall buildings tower on either hand, what do you see of the sky? You look up, and there is a strip that is blue by day and bright with the stars at night; it shows you a little tint of the morning and the evening; but what do you know of the glories of the sunrise or the sunset unless you climb to the top of some high building? So a person may have a narrow, coarse, undeveloped nature, and he may see and know something of God by his acts, by his manifestations of power and glory, but it will only be like this little strip of sky seen from the street, narrow and confined; yet he has some idea of God. There are those who say, "No, we do not believe in God. Can we find such a person?" Those who call themselves atheists speak about force, about the spirit of nature. What is the spirit of nature? What is this force that acts by law, by system, and never blindly? What is that force, that spirit of nature? That is another name for God; it is another view. Take a diamond, turn it one way and one says, "I see a red light." Another says, "No, it is not red, it is green." Another says, "It is not green, it is blue." They are all speaking the truth, but from their separate standpoints.

The Divine Spirit shows itself through many systems, through the sun by day, through the stars by night, and from the various manifestations in nature, proves its presence, for it is the Divine Spirit, and matter as we are wont to call it, is only the physical expression, the external through which the spirit of Deity makes itself manifest. And so if you believe in God in some way, and you all do, for you have some idea of this spirit that dwells in the universe as a spirit dwells in a body, then, remembering this, you come to the thought of yourself, and you know in your body dwells a spirit, and it makes itself manifest.

We have often met people who say they do not believe in spiritual manifestations, but they do. They not only believe in them but they know they exist; they mean they do not believe in the manifestations of departed spirits, or of any one returning who has passed through the change called death. They believe and know that all that makes the body worth anything is the life that is dwelling in it. It is the occupant that makes the house beautiful—it is the dweller in the house, the spirit in the body. Now there comes a time when life is ripened and is ready to pass from the body, and this passing away is called death. This change which you call death will come sooner or later to each one. What lies beyond? Is there anything? One says there is nothing beyond; death is the long sleep from which there is no awakening; all is eternal darkness. That is a terrible thought.

The world is hungering for knowledge and Spiritualism can give it; it can bring a knowledge of that higher and better life which the world needs so much to-day. There are many who have no clear idea of the other world; their idea is dim, shadowy. Is there anything that will assure them that their loved ones are not far off? When Jesus spoke of the other world, he told but very little, for those to whom he was speaking were not able to understand. He told them, "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you; I will come again and will receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also." Let not your hearts be troubled, I will not leave you comfortless; where I am there ye may be also, even unto the end of the world." Are not those great comforts for us? And he said to them again, "There are many things I would have told you but you cannot bear them now."

Spiritualism demonstrates that there is life beyond the grave; it proves that there is life that cannot die; it teaches progression, and it teaches a religion that is broad as humanity.

Perhaps the most significant incident of the reception of the Rev. Mr. Keller, the contumacious Irish priest, on his release from prison is the fact that the soldiers of the Scotch regiment stationed in his parish, blind with his own flock in welcoming him back. "Soldiers of a Scotch regiment," says the cablegram, "fraternized with the people." For a number of years none of the Irish regiments have been permitted to do duty in Ireland. The Tories would not trust them. So they were sent to India, Bermuda, Jamaica, Hong Kong, or some other distant British colony or province. If it comes to exiling the Scotch regiments in the same way Britain's home guard will be considerably attenuated. The Rev. Mr. Keller was imprudent for refusing to testify against temperance who made him their leader under the plan of campaign. The Scotch soldiers, being the sons of craftsmen, could very readily sympathize with the Irishmen.

LIEUTENANT O'KANE'S GHOST.

The Extraordinary Narrative of an Old Army Officer.

A Handsome Young Irishman with a Sor-row—His Death at White Oak Swamp—His Dual Apparition and Its Purpose.

[Harrisburg (Pa.) Correspondence of the New York Sun.]

"I don't believe in ghosts, spirits, or supernatural visitations of any kind," said an old and well-known army officer who has been spending a few days in this city; "but that under certain conditions there are mysterious, mesmeric, psychological, or occult influences brought to bear upon the human organism with the most extraordinary, startling, and inexplicable results no man living has better reason to know than myself. I am never attempted to make the slightest endeavor to solve or understand these mysteries. I am content to believe that I was once the medium through which a result of this kind, the most amazing of any I have ever read of, either in alleged fact or acknowledged fiction, was accomplished.

"I was a Lieutenant in the Fourteenth United States Regular Infantry during the late War. As you may know, a great many dashing and ambitious young soldiers from the Papal army in Rome came over early in the War, and through the influence of Archbishop Hughes obtained commissions in the Union army. One of these soldiers, by the way, is now the son-in-law of James G. Blaine. With these, and still not of them, was a young Irishman, whom I will call Larry O'Kane. That was not his right name, and it was years before I learned what his name really was. I do not give it now, for reasons that will presently be obvious to you. My regiment was stationed in the vicinity of Har-de-Grace when this young Irishman was assigned to a Lieutenantancy in it. I ranked him by one file. There was something about the boy—for he wasn't more than 20—that attracted me to him at once. He was handsome, manly, and every inch a soldier. There was a peculiar reserve about him, and a melancholy that added to the interest his coming awoke in me. I was getting up a mess at the time, and I asked the young Irishman to mess with me, and he accepted the invitation. We were not long in becoming the best of friends. We shared all the comforts and discomforts of march and bivouac. While he was courteous and polite to all our comrades, he seldom talked with any but myself, and even to me he never spoke about himself, except on rare occasions I will mention. It was plain to me that there was a mystery of some kind connected with him, but, although I might have had a pardonable curiosity to know what it was, I never permitted myself to trespass on his too apparent desire to have it remain a mystery. The young officer always had plenty of money, which was by no means a usual thing with us soldiers in those days. He was free with his purse. He never drank nor relieved the monotony of camp or the pockets of himself or comrades by that boon to mankind, a game of draw. He smoked, and his collection of meerschaums was a vision. Young Lieut. O'Kane, reserved, melancholy, and exclusive as he was, was beloved in the regiment from the Colonel down to the last private in the rear rank.

"On one or two occasions, when we were expecting to be called upon to join in some looked-for battle, and lay in our tent smoking and talking, he said to me that if anything happened to him he wanted me to be his executor, and on those occasions, as I believe now, he would have told me his story if I had indicated an inclination to hear it, but I always replied to him in a trifling manner and laughed at the idea of a soldier having anything that would give an executor work to do. But his melancholy increased at those times, and I am sure he had a presentiment of what was coming.

"Well, we got into active service by-and-by. We were in the thickest of the fight at Gaines' Mill, and the coolness of that boy officer, with old soldiers falling around him like dead leaves, was the marvel of the regiment. Our regiment was with the others of the command that subsequently collected at and about White Oak Swamp, an aimless and confused mass of soldiers, so ignorant were we all then of the geography of that region and of the Rebel movements or designs. The first night we camped at White Oak Swamp Lieut. O'Kane and myself lay smoking in our tent, and he once more began on the matter of the executorship. He said enough to assure me that it only needed a word from me to settle his life mystery; but I foolishly treated his manner lightly, and while I was chaffing him on his gloomy forebodings there came an order from the Captain directing me to pick a force of twenty-five or thirty trusty men and make a reconnaissance beyond the lines, as there were suspicions of Rebels lurking in the vicinity on our right flank, the truth of which it was important to know, as we were all at sea in regard to the surroundings. Lieut. O'Kane at once requested to be one of the party, and I consented. The men were picked and we started to carry out our orders.

"It was early on a beautiful moonlight night. We had not gone far when two shots in quick succession rang out on the air, and the bullets whizzed over our heads. Two other shots followed these presently, and we halted to consult on the best course to pursue, when I heard another shot. The sound never reached poor Larry's ears, for the bullet passed through his heart. He threw up his hands and fell dead where he stood. The moon shone full on his handsome face, on which there was as sweet a smile as ever rested on human lips. Whatever the young Irishman's life troubles had been, they had evidently found a welcome ending. We buried our dear comrade where he fell—a duty we seldom had time to perform for others in the days that were coming—and while this was being done part of my command skirmished about and captured three marauders. There were no other Rebels in the vicinity, and the night's deadly work had been theirs. They never marauded more.

"The death of the gallant O'Kane greatly depressed me all. As soon as I could bring myself to do it I made an examination of his effects. I found a large paper package. On the outside of it was a note addressed to me. It was in O'Kane's peculiar square and characteristic cursive, and was a document appointing me his sole executor. I found a Catholic prayer book that had belonged to him. On the fly leaf was written, 'From sister to—'. The name that followed had been cut out. There was nothing anywhere to indicate who the young Irishman was, or whether he had any friends. I concluded not to open the envelope in the package until I could obtain legal advice. I forwarded it to the then proprietor of the Metropolitan Hotel in New York, who was an old confidential friend of mine. I obtained leave of absence a few weeks later, went to New York, and consulted a lawyer well known to me,

hen and well known to the Nation to-day. Together we opened the dead Lieutenant's package, and imagine my surprise to find evidence that he was the owner of property in St. Louis and Chicago worth at that time not less than \$80,000. Then the folly of my not favoring O'Kane when he unmistakably wanted to tell me his history the night he was killed became apparent to me. Here was a fortune that by right belonged to some one to whom he intended it should go and no clew to his or her identity. My lawyer assured me that I could claim and possess the property as executor, but I refused to do so. I placed the paper in the hands of the British Consul in New York, with the instructions to him to use every dollar of the income of the property in efforts to find out who the young Irishman was. I did not think of applying to the Catholic authorities, who might have had some knowledge of the dead man's history. The papers were deposited in the vaults of the Metropolitan Safe Deposit Company and I returned to my regiment.

"In the exciting times that followed I had but little opportunity to follow up the O'Kane mystery, and after the war I was sent out to Fort Pembina, in Dakota, being then a Captain in the Fifteenth Infantry. One day we had been put through several hours of tedious and laborious drilling by our Major, who had a passion for severe exercise when it had to be done by others. When he let up on us I was about as tired a man as ever swung a sword or handled a musket. I went to my quarters and lay down on a sofa in a private apartment to rest a little before dinner. I fell asleep. I don't know how long I slept, but when I awoke I became aware of a presence in the room, and, looking up, there, within four feet of me, and gazing down at me, stood Larry O'Kane, just as I had seen him the night he was killed. I wasn't frightened; I did not start, but quietly returned the apparition's gaze for a moment and then exclaimed:

"Larry, speak to me!"

He raised his hand, shook his head sadly, and in an instant disappeared. I sprang from the sofa. I was now thoroughly frightened. I thought I was on the verge of insanity. The more I pondered on the extraordinary circumstance the more confused and alarmed I became. Finally I staggered over to my writing-desk, which stood against the wall on the opposite side of the room. My eye fell on an envelope that lay there. I could not have withdrawn my gaze if my life depended on it. The envelope was an ordinary one of the kind I used every day. On it was written in the well-remembered, unmistakable, square handwriting of Larry O'Kane, an address which I will say was this:

MISS MARGARET O'KANE,
Outram,
Ireland.

"There could be no doubt that this address was left for me to use in writing to the person named, and that she was a near relative of my dead friend. I lost no time in writing, and in the letter I told my story of the young Irishman's death and property. Fort Pembina was 100 hours from New York then, and I knew that my letter could not reach its destination in less than ten days more from New York. A month must pass before I could possibly receive a reply, even if it was sent with the greatest promptness. What was my surprise, therefore, to receive a letter, twelve days after I had mailed mine, with the postmark of Outram, Ireland, and other foreign marks upon it. My hand trembled as I opened it. It was from Margaret O'Kane. It stated that the writer's brother, whom she had not seen since 1860, had appeared to her, and she knew that he must be dead. The apparition had left an address on an envelope which was mine, with my title, the number of my regiment, and all. She had felt certain that by writing to that address she could learn something of her missing brother, who she wrote, on the eve of his marriage with a lady he madly loved, had been cruelly deceived and cast off by her. He had sold his commission in the army and gone away, no one ever knew whither. The knowledge of his death and the property he left had come in time to save the writer from absolute want, as the agrarian troubles in Ireland had ruined the O'Kane family.

"By a subsequent scientific calculation made by myself and others, it was demonstrated beyond doubt that Larry O'Kane had appeared to me and to his sister at the same instant of time. It is needless to say that his estate was quickly settled and placed in rightful hands. The envelope with his sister's address, as it was left on my desk, and the one with my name and address, which Miss O'Kane kindly forwarded to me at my request, are both in my drawer in the vaults of the Safe Deposit Company in the Equitable Building in New York City, together with the correspondence between Miss O'Kane and myself, and I am willing to show them to any one at any time. This experience of mine is a true one. Who can explain it?"

Massacre of Saint Bartholomew.

Strangers in Paris passing along the Seine in front of the Louvre have their attention called to a stone balcony and window at the second story from which it is said that Charles IX., fired with a fowling-piece at the Protestants who fled along the quay on the morning after the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Tradition does not assert that he succeeded in adding to the thirty thousand murdered on the previous day and night. Historians have never been entirely agreed in regard to the part which the king played in this fearful tragedy. It was arranged by Catharine de Medici, his mother, and he is said to have tacitly consented, and the next morning he had declared that it was justifiable on the ground that Protestants were plotting to destroy him. Everything connected with it strikes the mind of the modern reader as horribly dramatic. The clock that struck the hour is still seen in the ancient tower of the palace of justice, not so far from the Louvre that its solemn tones could not be heard and its pale face almost seen. The tower of the Church St. Germain Auxerrois, from which pealed the first notes of the tocsin, still remains. It is but a short distance from the palace and was in plain view. The bellman listening for the clock to strike the hour set his bells pealing, and those of the other churches of the city responded in similar tone and spirit, and the bloody work commenced. The reception of the French ambassador by Queen Elizabeth and her court, attired in the deepest mourning, is no less scenic, while the death of Charles IX., as related by contemporary historians, forms a fitting final to the tragedy. It is like that of Philip II., writhing in his last agony in the little niche beside the altar in the escurial chapel while the monks were thundering a mass to drive away the demons that were striving for his departing soul. The disease of which Charles died is

not clearly explained, but he suffered frightful tortures in his last moments, and the blood exuded from his pores, while his mental sufferings were even greater than his physical pains.

Voltaire says in a note to the "Henriade" that Henry IV., was present when Charles died, having been summoned by the expiring monarch. To Henry he recommended his wife and daughter, and advised him to avoid the counsels of some one to whom he had himself listened, and whom Voltaire presumed, to have been his brother, who afterward became Henry III., for the name was uttered in so low a tone that those in the room could not hear him. His mother however, seems to have understood, for she said at once: "Sire, you should not say that." Charles replied that it should be said, since it was true. Henry remained beside the king till he breathed his last.

This scene is differently described by an historian who was afterward secretary to Henry IV. The quaintness of the writer's style adds piquancy to his narrative, but can scarcely be given in an abbreviated version. The king feeling himself near his end, after having remained some time without uttering a word, turned himself to one side, and, as if he seemed to awake, said, "Call my brother." The queen mother sent for duke of Alencon, afterward Henry III. The king on seeing him, turned his head and again said, "Let my brother come." The queen mother replied: "I do not know whom you mean, sire; here is your brother." The king was displeased and said: "Let them bring my brother, the king of Navarre." The queen mother, seeing the king was greatly in earnest, ordered that Henry of Navarre be sent for; but for some reason, never explained, commanded that he should be conducted under the vaults of the palace. Henry, fearing treachery, at first refused, but yielded on the king's repeating his request and on the assurance of the queen mother that he should not be harmed, but more especially relying on the word of the Viscount d'Anchy. He had a presentiment of evil, and used afterward to say that he never felt himself so near death as at that moment. Having seen under the vaults a great number of halberds in ranks he again hesitated, but finally was induced to go on and was admitted by a private entrance to the king's bed-chamber. As soon as the king saw him he turned toward him and stretched out his arms. The king of Navarre sighed and wept and fell on his knees at the bedside. The king embraced and kissed him and said:

"My brother, you lose a good master and a good friend. I know it is not you who occasion me so much trouble. Had I believed what they said you would not have been alive. But I always loved you. To you alone I trust my wife and daughter. Do not trust the queen, but God protect you." The queen mother interrupted him. "Ah, sire, you should not say that." "Yes, madam," replied the king, "I must say it, for it is true. Believe me, my brother, and love me. Assist my wife and daughter. May God have mercy on me. Adieu, my brother, adieu!"

According to another historian, during his last hours Charles called his physician, Mazarille, and implored him to do something to alleviate his sufferings. The physician told him there was no relief but in the Great Healer, and withdrew, leaving orders for certain persons only to remain. His nurse was an old Huguenot woman to whom he was greatly attached. She was sitting on a chest at a little distance and, drowsing, when she heard the king bitterly weeping and sighing. She approached him and drew off the heavy cap which seemed to annoy him. Then giving vent to a heavy sigh and shedding tears so plentifully that they interrupted his utterance he said: "My dear nurse, what blood, what murder! Ah, I have been wickedly advised. May God pardon me and be merciful. I know not where I am, they have made me so, perplexed. How will all this end? What shall I do? I know that I am lost forever!" Then the nurse thus addressed him: "Sire, be the murders on those who forced you to order them. Your majesty could not help it. Since you never consented and now regret them, I believe God will never impute them to you, but will cover them with the mantle of His justice. To His son alone you should look for aid. Ah, for the honor of God, let your majesty cease from this weeping." Having said this, she rose for a handkerchief, for she saw his face drenched with tears. Charles made a sign that she should retire and leave him to repose.

It is agreed by historians that Charles was not a bad king, though weak and with an occasional impulse of cruelty. In proof of this it is related that once when out rabbit hunting he said: "Make them all come out, that I may have the pleasure of killing them all at once." An incident like this has, whatever meaning any person may see fit to put upon it. The philosophers of history are busily occupied with that period and the century that followed it. The French historians vie with the English in expressing their horror of St. Bartholomew and their admiration of Henry IV., who, though nominally a Catholic, remained a Protestant at heart until the last. The French writers never cease to regret the fatal mistake made by Louis XIV. in revoking the edict of Nantes and driving the most industrious and richest of his subjects into foreign countries to teach the arts and industries in which France so far excels. The curse has ever since followed this act of religious folly, and is felt at this moment in the competition which this country experiences on all sides, which weighs like an incubus upon its trade, and which adds every year thousands to the idle and dissolute classes. The Paris municipality had to feed the past winter 50,000 more unemployed, idle, and dissolute persons than last; that is to say, probably more than 300,000. And the modes and methods of French crimes become constantly more unique and atrocious. It is not hard to trace the germs of all this in that fatal night of St. Bartholomew and the political idiocies of the century that followed. To this may be attributed not only all this, but the agrarianism, the socialism, and the atheism which curse one of the fairest countries in the world.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Crimdle-Reynolds Again.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of the 14th instant copies from the Los Angeles (Cal.) Times of the 22nd ult., a part of an article in which Mrs. Crimdle-Reynolds, the famous materializing medium, is specifically charged with using personal agencies in dark circles for producing what she and others advertise as spirit forms.

Nearly four years ago I attended several dark circles given by this woman at the house of the Rev. Mr. Morrison, a progressive clergyman of San Francisco. Mr. Morrison had engaged her for one evening as a professional spirit medium for form materialization, to meet himself and friends at his house. At the time appointed about twenty intelligent ladies and gentlemen, mostly members

of his congregation, came together in his private parlors, not more than two or three of whom had ever seen the medium. She came in late with her husband as an escort. The back parlor was used as a cabinet; it was separated from the front by sliding doors. These were pushed to either side, and the opening filled by a heavy portiere; about two feet distant from the curtain a sofa was placed, on which Mrs. Crimdle-Reynolds reclined when entranced. The back room was used ordinarily for library purposes.

Mrs. Crimdle-Reynolds sat in front and to the one side of the curtain for half an hour before she entered the back room. During this time she conversed freely with as many as desired. I scrutinized her talk and person as closely as I could, and did not discover anything in her manners or conversation that would lead me to regard her with any suspicion of fraud. While conversing with me she became unconsciously entranced, and in this condition, she rose, and pushing the curtain aside, entered the back room to take her position on the sofa. As she did this with her back to the audience, two spirits stepped into the front room, one under each arm of the medium. They walked on either side of the room, talking to different individuals with "bated breaths," though with a clearly heard and well understood voice. There were those in the audience who recognized the spirits, and after maintaining a conversation for at least five minutes, they bid the company good night and retired. It was only a few minutes after these young lady spirits had disappeared when two children came from behind the curtain where Mrs. Crimdle-Reynolds could be seen reclining on the sofa, and walked to the centre of the room; one was a "toddling wee thing," just beginning to walk; the other a "mucchee talkee little galilee," about three years old. The elder held the other by the hand, and led her with encouraging words, "walk straight," "don't fall," "stand up," etc., all of which interested and amused the company present. The baby began to grow helpless, and the little girl to perceptibly weaken, when after a vain effort to return to the medium, a distance of ten feet, they dematerialized in the presence of all, sinking out of sight upon the floor.

I wrote you soon after my return home more details of my experience with Crimdle-Reynolds than I do now, and I call your attention to what I then said about this woman. In the absence at Dr. Morrison's home the materializations were genuine else I have never seen any.

Mrs. Crimdle-Reynolds has often been charged with practicing deception when conditions for doing so were favorable. I am not defending her from these charges. I only wish to say that to me she has appeared as a genuine materializing medium. If she does not appreciate the beauty and holiness of honor and truth sufficiently not to exchange them for money, I am sorry indeed. I sincerely hope it may be discovered that the Los Angeles Times has not stated all the facts in the case, and that if they were fully presented in their proper relation to each other, this woman would appear to the public in a better light than she does at present.

In commenting upon this exposure of Mrs. Crimdle-Reynolds, the JOURNAL rises to inquire, "How long Spiritualists can reasonably ask legislators to wait before interfering with their cabinet confidence games?" I cannot see what business legislative bodies have with such matters, and I am sorry to see such a suggestion appear in the columns of the JOURNAL. Brother Bundy, you are playing with fire, and should be careful that you do not start a conflagration that will destroy your own home and happiness.

May 14, 1887.

N. B. WOLFE.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal
Lady Calithness and the Star Circle.

Behold! how wondrously God is working in the vineyard of his love. From out the "Christ-Circle" of earth, he has chosen one whose position and influence is a power for good, such as the ranks of Spiritualism are sorely in need. To be fashionable, is the folly of the world; and many there be who bow at the Virgin's shrine, or kneel at the altar of ritualism, who fain would desert their penance or their formulas if 'twere not fashionable to worship. How necessary, then, if one must needs meet the folly of the world, in order to purify and uplift it, that this higher, purer, truer principle should find its allies where power is, and make its weapons of such texture and material as shall best adapt itself to the needs of the race.

Catholicism, founded upon superstition and bigotry, has fought all forms of emancipating thought. Its people must needs be governed, not led. No one, nor many leaders, could have accomplished in organization that which the priesthood has accomplished by government. The mandate has been unlike the master, in that he said "Follow me," whereas they say, "Obey me," yet from out the ranks—and the upper ranks, too, of this servile people, has come one, with the courage of her convictions, which neither priest nor Pope can restrain. "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life," is wholly apprehended by this brave and noble woman.

"Except ye be born again ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven," is a living voice to her soul's ear; and neither catechism, nor ritual, can deter her from the order of the new birth.

Her "midnight visit to Holyrood" was a spiritual baptism; her vow of consecration such as every true soul should not only breathe, but strive ardently to fulfill. The higher conceptions of life as drawn from those significant words, "I am the resurrection and the life," is a catechism which should enter into the daily rehearsal of all pure souls. To believe that if a man die he shall live again, is a pernicious doctrine if unaccompanied by vows of fidelity to truth, to those principles which constitute immortality. Jesus demonstrated those principles in their highest form, not only by the evidence to the senses of a resurrected body, but by a life so pure, so true, so charitable, so great, yet withal so humble, that his name is immortal. He demonstrated a principle, to which there is no death.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself: This do and thou shalt inherit," not buy, with gifts to the church; nor purchase through the prayers of the confessor, nor through the blood of another, but inherit, by divine right, by a principle of heredity, eternally.

These are the true life-principles of all forms of religion, and although many Spiritualists aim to be more scientific than religious, all science is but a demonstrable principle, and all religion is but an aspiration toward a principle in nature, of which inspiration is its expression; the inward

*A midnight visit to Holyrood. By the Countess of Calithness, Duchess de Pomar, Author of "The Mystery of the Ages," etc. London: C. L. H. Watson, \$1.50.

breathing of the divine voice upon the ear of the soul. The laws which govern both are identical; and each, if pursued properly, must inevitably lead to the other.

Jesus, the central figure in this circle of two spheres, demonstrated all these principles; and demonstrated, too, the complete subjection of all things material to the spiritual. His heart was too tender to ever turn one empty away; his life too pure to behold the iniquity of men save to forgive; his raiment so simple as not to distract his thought from the loftiest flight of spiritual enjoyment. That pride of humility as demonstrated by the Quaker, was not his; nor yet the aestheticism of the Lady of Calithness. That she should have been drinking such rich draughts from the fountain of "living waters," only to return to the consciousness of the quality of her wrapper, is deplorable. "My quilted satin wrapper," as an addenda to such pure and unalloyed truths as had been breathed upon her soul but a few hours before is a weakness of the sex to which we belong, which we should seek to rise above. Only recently a metaphysical teacher, in writing to a friend, of one of her lectures, said: "The audience was spell-bound for fifty minutes by the words of truth that fell from my lips. Oh! how I wish you could have seen me in my elegant black velvet costume." These two most worthy women illustrate a like result in two distinctly opposite spheres of life. One a lady whose environments have always been aesthetic, who knows no other form of life, but who fails to recognize the inconsistency of a membership in the "Christ Circle" and the consciousness of elegance and personal adornment; the other a woman from the humbler walks of life, filled with zeal for the advancement of the truths which her mind has grasped, and believing her mission to lie in their unfoldment; yet the words of truth are so coupled with personal vanity as to be nauseating to one who would expunge all the dross from such priceless gems. That the love of the beautiful is admissible in all souls none will gainsay; its homage for personal adornment is, to say the least, unlike the master who taught simplicity in all its forms: "Except ye be as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." Our greatest men are, and have been, those who lived in their soul-atmosphere; and though called visionary or exclusive, transcendental or unsympathetic, yet the world is richer in their thought than it could ever have been by their gold; and mankind is made better by their fidelity to the principles which actuated them. Let us, then, as women, strive to emulate our greatest men, and uplift ourselves above the pettiness of costume and be strong in principles.

The world needs patriots and martyrs to truth. The wheel of progress in its revolutions should crush out the chaff from all teachings, leaving only that kernel which, though buried for centuries, springs into life when permeated by that light which streams forever from the "Inspiration of all Life."

Chaos and confusion have dwelt too long in the human mind; let us welcome the "new dispensation" as one of peace, purity, potentiality. From out the loins of woman has come all the world's Messiahs; the mind that can nurture and feed an infant soul whose mission is that of a savior, must needs have food and to spare for a world starving for that "bread of life," and thirsting for that "living water," and may we not hope that—

"The coming of the Son of Man is here heralded unto thee, for Truth alone must reign in woman, ere God's love divine becomes supreme, when all the kingdom is delivered up to Love, and Truth is then incarnate, and God remains the All in All. This is the consummation sure, and thou art being stripped of all the Unseid robes which have been thrown upon thee from without, that so the living Truth may naked stand in native purity thy form within."

MARY V. PRIEST.

May, 1887.

"Unanswerable Logic."

BY WM. KIMETTE COLEMAN.

In several cities of the Union it was my good fortune, during the earth-pilgrimage of Thomas Gales Forster, to be a delighted auditor of some of the grand, inspiring and eminently logical discourses of this zealous champion of spiritualistic verities; and truly did I prize the priceless privilege. I have always been sorry that circumstances placed me for the most part during Mr. Forster's occupancy of the spiritual rostrum, in localities apart from those blessed with his labors; so that only at long intervals and for brief periods did I have the pleasure of hearing his masterful addresses. I rejoiced to learn from him a few years ago that he intended publishing in book form a selection of the best of his inspired productions; and in the volume recently issued is found the fulfillment of that resolve, published, not by himself as originally purposed, but owing to his translation to the "thither side of life," by his loving, estimable companion, Carrie Grimes Forster.

Thomas Gales Forster was for years a power upon the spiritualistic platform. In my opinion Spiritualism has never had a public champion comparable with him in some respects. The subject-matter of his discourses was usually excellent, presented in fit and choice expression. For logical sequence; for their wealth of facts, of truths in nature, in science, philosophy, theology; for power and beauty of language earnestly and forcibly presented; for the characteristics embodying excellence and genuine worth, the lectures of Mr. Forster were pre-eminent. Being an educated gentleman, his discourses were largely grounded upon scientific and philosophical truths, and his statements of an historical or scientific character could generally be relied upon as correct; and of very few of our trance speakers can this be said truthfully. Now that Mr. Forster has been taken from us, the only trance speaker that I have heard who approximates him as regards that logical power so characteristic of Mr. Forster's efforts, is Mr. J. J. Morse—the addresses of whom are marked by the logical and forcible presentation of nature's principles in eloquent strains, permeated with sound common sense. There are other good trance orators whom I have not heard of, whom, of course, I cannot speak in thorough understanding. I speak now only of those whose lectures I have personally heard.

"Unanswerable Logic" contains the cream, so to speak, of Mr. Forster's trance addresses, as prepared and modified in the study, under the inspiration of his attending spiritual Mentor, being, therefore, more finished and thorough presentations of the rich themes upon which they treat, than when originally delivered in trance. The twenty-four lectures cover the basis and ground work of the spiritual philosophy, being an extremely logical demonstration of the rationality, truth and beauty of modern Spiritualism in its

*Unanswerable Logic: a series of Spiritual Discourses, given through the mediumship of Thomas Gales Forster. Boston: Colby and Rich, 1887. 488 pp. 12 mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

higher phases. In this book will be found no idealism, transcendentalism, kabbalism, theosophy, re-incarnation, pre-existence, lost Atlantis, pyramidalism, metaphysical healing, a non-historical Jesus, Egyptological myths or any of the other vagaries of the occult forms of so-called spiritualism with which the world is being cursed; but instead we find in it only good, sound, old-fashioned, Simon-pure, common sense Spiritualism, the genuine article, not the latter-day, spurious abominations, now almost "thick as autumn leaves in Vallumbrosa."

This is an excellent book to place in the hands of Christian inquirers or investigators as well as in those of free thinking skeptics. It is so clear, pointed, logical, forcible, readily calculated to make an impression upon the thinking mind. Portions of the book are admirably adapted to reach the Christian consciousness, while other parts adapt themselves more specifically to the scientific or philosophic rationalist. As a missionary medium the work is capable of great utilization. A book of this character is of the nature of a classic in Spiritualism, and of course every spiritualistic library should contain it. A portrait in steel of Mr. Forster forms its fitting frontispiece. It is for sale at the JOURNAL office.

San Francisco, Cal.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
(106 West 29th Street, New York.)

BON VOYAGE.

There's not an hour but from sparkling beach
Go joyful men in fragile ships to sail,
By unknown seas to unknown lands. They hail
The freshening winds with eager hope, and speech,
And wondrous countries which they soon will reach.
Left on the shore, we wave our hands, with pale
Wet cheeks, but hearts that are ashamed to quail,
Or own the grief which selfishness would teach.
O death, the fairest lands beyond thy sea
Lie waiting, and thy bark is swift and stanch
And ready. Why do we reluctant launch?
And when our friends their heritage have claimed
Of thee, and entered on it rich and free,
Oh, why are we of sorrow not ashamed?

Helen Jackson, (H. H.)

The W. C. T. U. of Fort Worth, Texas, have opened a home for fallen women.

Miss Fanny Letter, a leading White Ribboner of Ohio, lately addressed fourteen hundred convicts at the State Penitentiary, Columbus, upon temperance.

Through the influence of the W. C. T. U. of Delaware, bills have been passed by the legislature, raising the age of protection to fifteen years, prohibiting the sale of impure literature, and making scientific temperance instruction compulsory in all public schools.

Mme. Di Censola is receiving much encouragement in her scheme to support and educate the Italian orphan girls, and especially to make good house servants of them. There are 40,000 Italian immigrants in New York City.

Columbia College, on its centennial day, conferred honorary degrees upon three women—Amelia B. Edwards and Miss Alice E. Freeman as doctors of letters, and Maria Mitchell as doctor of laws. These are the first women who have been thus honored in this country, but they are not the last who will be. Miss Edwards is an English archeologist, formerly novelist, whose illustrated articles and books on Egypt are authority among savans. Prof. Maria Mitchell has been known to a generation as one of the foremost of living astronomers, and Miss Freeman, President of Wellesley College, ranks high as a linguist and student of general literature, as well as a thorough teacher and head of a large college. Columbia has done itself honor.

The following description of Miss Freeman is taken from the correspondence of a Savannah newspaper: "With her erect figure, dark hair, and big brown eyes and the glow in her cheeks, she looks the embodiment of Nineteenth Century womanhood, conscious of strength, rejoicing in new opportunities and eager to put her just realized powers to the proof. Miss Freeman is a graduate of Michigan University, as are so many of the teachers and successful women workers of the day. As a woman her influence over other women is marked. Professors and students of Wellesley alike are loyal to her, and commencement visitors have odd experiences now and then when they seek the President's room of an evening and find a disconsolate graduate or two sobbing away in the darkness over a forgotten glove or a bit of lace, while the unconscious owner is enjoying the festivities of the hour somewhere outside," and all this emotion arises from the parting with a principal whom they dearly love and perfectly respect.

A despatch from Burlington, Vt., states that Mrs. Louise Daniels, wife of Capt. Daniels, of the Lake Champlain steamer Water Lily, has just received a license as pilot of that steamer. She passed in a most satisfactory manner the usual examination before the United States inspectors, and yesterday was examined by the Dean of the Burlington Medical College, with reference to color-blindness or other defect of vision. Her eyes were found to be perfect. She stood at the helm of the Water Lily on the first trip through the lake and received many encomiums for the skill she displayed. Mrs. Daniels, who has spent the past ten years on the lake during the summer, is forty-two years old and is the embodiment of womanly grace and vigor.

Queen Kapilani of the Sandwich Islands, together with Princess Liliuokalani, the heir apparent, her husband and their suit, are now on a tour to England to attend the Jubilee of Queen Victoria. They have been entertained at State banquet by President and Mrs. Cleveland, and have much enjoyed the attention received by them every where. The Queen is large and dark—the complexion of all native Sandwich Islanders, and cannot speak a word of English. She is affable, dignified and kind. The heir apparent, sister of King Kalakaua who has no children, speaks English slowly.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

Under the above name associations of women are doing good work. A sketch of these organizations is furnished by a contemporary, thus:

This modest sisterhood numbers among its members hundreds of the prominent society girls of New York city. It is almost without organization, and in one sense almost without a definite purpose, "and yet," said a lady in speaking of it, "in real truth it is most far-reaching, wide-sweeping of all purposes, and in its results is the most truly beneficent of any society of the day."

To begin at the beginning of the story: Mrs. F. Bottoms, who has been engaged in giving Bible readings in drawing rooms in this city for the past ten years, called a meeting of her oldest and wisest friends to consider what to do. They met for the first time,

a little company of ten at the residence of Mrs. Bottoms, on the morning of January 13, 1886. They decided to organize themselves into a "sisterhood of service," adopting the Rev. Edward Everett Hale's idea of "ten times one are ten." They laid down no rules or regulations for their work. They specified no particular line of work, but comprehended their whole desire and all possible future service in their mottoes:

Look up and not down,
Look forward and not back,
Look out and not in.
Lend a hand;

taking for their watchword, "In His name." They have no needless organization to cumber their service.

Each one of the ten tied with her sisters in forming other tens, and in a little time hundreds of women and girls were drawn into them. Each ten chose its own way and time of doing it. One circle of ten desired to visit the sick children in the hospitals and chose that as their work. Arrangements were made for them at the Hahnemann Hospital, and now detachments of the ten take turns in assisting the institution regularly, bringing dolls, picture books and toys of all sorts for the little ones.

Another ten has undertaken to teach a class of poor working girls to sew and cook. Another circle call themselves the musical ten and sing in hospitals, at sick beds, or in drawing-room concerts for the benefit of the needy. Another ten aid the home and foreign missions, and still another choose the difficult duty of trying to help people tell the truth. They were troubled at the carelessness manifested by themselves and their friends in this respect and determined to root out the evil as far as they themselves were concerned and to warn and remind their friends of it.

There is an association called the Shut-In Society, composed mainly of invalids who have been confined to the house for many years. One little circle of ten determined to try to bring some light and joy into the lives of these invalids, and each of them took a list of names and now corresponds regularly with the sick ones, sending books and other reading matter, and sometimes worsteds and silks to be woven into pretty forms.

There is scarcely a branch of philanthropic work which these circles do not touch upon, and the good they do themselves is said to be as great as that which they do to others. One fashionable boarding school resolved itself into tens, and because the girls were too much occupied with their studies for outside work, they decided to pledge themselves not to speak unkindly of any schoolmate or friend and to assist each other by little acts of kindness whenever possible. The principal of the school has since informed Mrs. Bottoms, that the whole atmosphere of the institution has changed.

Circles have been organized in Maine, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Georgia and Florida, and even England is taking the idea up now. Mr. Moody's school at Northfield and Smith College have resolved themselves into tens and wear the badge, which is a small Maltese cross of silver attached to a bit of purple ribbon. On one side of the cross are the letters "I. H. N.," meaning, "In His Name," and on the other is the year of the formation of the order, 1886.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

American Society for Psychical Research.

A general meeting of the society was held on the evening of the 12th inst. at the rooms of the Boston Natural History Society. About ninety persons were present, and Dr. H. P. Bowditch presided. Dr. R. G. Gardiner, the previous secretary, read the records of the previous meeting, and his place was then taken by the recently appointed secretary, Richard Hodgson, LL. D.

Dr. C. S. Minot then read selections from a manuscript paper by Miss Alice Fletcher, of the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology in Cambridge upon "The Supernatural Among the Omaha Tribe of Indians." The paper will appear in full in the next proceedings of the society. Miss Fletcher, after briefly treating of the more general beliefs of that tribe about nature at large, about the relations of men to various animals and about the abode of the dead, proceeds to relate a number of interesting and in some cases elaborate ghost stories narrated to her by the Indians. These ghost stories, of which Dr. Minot read some specimens, illustrate the force of a popular superstition in determining the tales told about particular persons. The ghost of the Omahas is not very remote in his character and occupations from the actual man of everyday life, save in so far as he is intangible, and exhibits a behavior always in accordance with the traditions about what he ought to do. The ghosts hunt, or make an encampment, or are sought to take revenge upon the living for past wrongs, or otherwise show themselves to be not real beings of another world, but phantoms constructed after the model of the Indians' own imagination.

Dr. Minot said that Miss Fletcher's paper had obvious applications for work of the Psychical Society. From the narratives of the Omaha ghosts it was evident that the Indian criterion of ghost is the want of some peculiarity which would be encountered if the appearances were due to any incorporate being. Thus the sounds are heard, but nothing is seen. This is the same criterion which we ourselves employ. Just as with our apparitions, so with the Omaha ones also, there is usually no utility in their coming, though in some cases there are advantages. Pursuing the comparisons further, there are found sufficient traces of likeness between the Indian ghosts and ours to lead us to conclude that for any thorough study of our phantasms the investigations must be extended to those of other races, and the researches be conducted so far as possible from an ethnic standpoint. Dr. Minot added that he was not able to speak from his own knowledge as to the value of Miss Fletcher's article to ethnology, but competent authorities had assured him that it was an important contribution to our knowledge of Indian beliefs. He congratulated the society at having secured a communication of so great scientific worth.

The chairman, referring to some of the stories which had been quoted, said that they suggested that the ghosts believed in by the Omahas were audible rather than visible, whereas in the ghost stories found among the more developed white races of Europe and America the contrary seemed to be the case.

The new secretary then gave an account of the methods of working in the English Society for Psychical Research, referring to the constructive work attempted by the society in connection with the experimental investigation of thought transference and mesmerism, and the collection of narratives of remarkable phenomena, and the conclusions which had been reached concerning the frauds in connection with the Theosophical Society and in some of the physical phenomena of Spiritualism. He then referred to the difficulties experienced in collecting reliable accounts of apparitions and haunted houses

and similar phenomena, so many of which had already been published by the English society, and he urged the members to make careful and immediate records of any such experiences. Accounts were quoted of some of these remarkable phenomena, and he appealed for assistance in collecting similar accounts, with as much exactitude of detail and corroborative testimony as could possibly be obtained. It is expected that a library may soon be formed in connection with the society, containing books on psychical subjects, and also a monthly journal, in which early accounts of the society's progress may be given.

Professor William James then put a question concerning the *modus operandi* employed by a conjurer in some cases of skillful deception quoted by the secretary in illustration of the frauds practiced by some professional mediums. After this had been answered, the meeting terminated and was followed by informal conversation among the members.

Late May Magazines Received.

THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW. (New York.) Varied and vigorous articles from writers of the first rank compose the table of contents for May. H. Taine's study of Napoleon Bonaparte is the most searching analysis of the character and career of the great soldier ever written. Ex-President Noah Porter makes the Science of Ethics the text of a discussion of Physiological Ethics. Ellis H. Roberts follows with a presentation of the Moral Aspects of the Tariff; the interesting development and achievements of science by the use of Astronomical Photography are traced and described; the New Literature of Norway and Denmark receives a very entertaining resume; Rose Hawthorne Lathrop's story, A Touch of Divinity, is a very original piece of writing, and the editorial departments have variety and strength.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE. (Boston.) The publisher of this monthly calls attention to the double number—April—May—and says: "The unavoidable delay regarding the illustrations, and the serious mistake of the paper manufacturers rendered it most expedient to make this extra number serve in point of date for both April and May." New England cities and towns are continued; a sketch of the life of Thomas A. Doyle is presented; the fifth chapter of Isms is devoted to old Theology healing. Other short articles, poems and notes add to the interest and variety.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. (New York.) Contents: Ludwig Windthorst; The Bible and Phrenology; Familiar Talks with our young readers; Beecher and Phrenology; Health papers; Notes in Science and Industry; Editorial Items, Etc.

THE PLATONIST. (Osceola, Iowa.) Contents: Life of Hal Ebn Yokdan; The Eleventh book of the Metamorphosis of Apuleius; Iamblichus; Papers on Sufism; The Yoga Aphorisms of Patanjali; Notes and Reviews.

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW. (Boston.) Contents: The Name Christian; Righteousness its own Law; The Rising Tide of Crime; Socialism in Germany; Longfellow's final memorials; Editor's Note-Book; Literary Criticisms.

L'AURORE. (Paris, France.) The April number of this French monthly, published by Lady Cathness, has a rich table of contents, upon Spiritualism, Theosophy and the Occult Sciences.

JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN AKADEME. (Orange, N. J.) Contents: Plato's Dialectic and Doctrine of Ideas; Conversation on the paper; Platonic Doctrine of Ideas; The Akademie meeting.

THE FREETHINKERS MAGAZINE. (Buffalo, N. Y.) Contents: Construction; Freethought Education; Mediocrity and the Church; Spiritualism; What is Freethought? Literary Department, Etc.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH. (New York.) Articles upon health and how to preserve it, with notes and extracts, fill the pages of the May Journal.

BABYHOOD. (New York.) The May number of Babyhood has many suggestions and hints for young mothers and those interested in the care of infants and young children.

THE PATH. (New York.) This monthly is devoted to Theosophy in America, and the study of the Occult Science, Philosophy and Aryan Literature.

CHILD CULTURE. (New York.) The aim of this monthly is to interest parents, kindergarten and primary teachers.

YOUTH. (Chicago.) Children will find short stories, poems and notes with illustrations to amuse them this month.

THE SIBERIAN MESSENGER. (Northfield, Minn.) The usual amount of good reading is found in this issue.

THE PANSY. (Boston.) The children will welcome the many stories and illustrations as usual.

Early June Magazines Received.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. (New York.) A great variety of articles appear in the June American Magazine. The story of the social life among the Knickerbocker families of New York is continued. A Woman's Experience in the War, gives a vivid account of the frequent alarms at and near Chambersburg; Prof. Van Buren Denslow describes the faith and works of the Shakers; the House of Representatives furnishes material for a descriptive sketch of Our Nation's Lawmakers. A pleasant sketch of Mrs. Logan, includes memorable incidents that took place during the most stirring periods of General Logan's career. There are several continued stories, poems and notes, and the American Pulpit contains short essays by prominent clergymen.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Boston.) This sterling monthly has its usual amount of good reading for June as the following testifies: A Crucial Experiment, by J. P. Quincy; The Theory of the Social Compact; Ballad of Pezente Town; Paul Patoff; Enceladus; Recall; Nursery Classics in School; The Second Son; A Caged Bird; Completed Work of the Federal Convention, by John Fliske; Our hundred days in Europe; Ethel Vedder's Pictures; Richardson's American Literature; The Goethe-Carlyle Correspondence; Chinese Ghosts; The Contributor's Club, Etc.

ST. NICHOLAS. (New York.) The frontispiece for June is well called a day-dream, and an appropriate poem follows entitled, June; Frank R. Stockton contributes King London, with illustrations; the serials are continued with the same variety and attraction; General Adam Badeau writes of Sheridan in the Valley, a subject that will interest both young and old. The Child-Princess, Charlotte, is a pleasant sketch of history; Palmer Cox has his usual installment of the Brownies

and their doings. Other poems, sketches and stories fill a most excellent number.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (New York.) Contents: The Close of Day; Miss Falkland; A Journey to Exeter; Some London Citizens and their Monuments; An Unknown Country; Straylines from an Angler's Pocket-Book; Two Sonnets; A Secret Inheritance.

UNITY PULPIT. (Boston.) The Sermons of Rev. M. J. Savage are published weekly and put into pamphlet form, price five cents each, or \$1.50 a year. Those not able to hear this gifted speaker, can read and enjoy his sermons at home, by subscribing for the Unity Pulpit.

New Books Received.

THE NEW CHRISTIANITY. An Appeal to the Clergy and to all Men in behalf of its life of Charity. By John Ellis, M. D., New York.

THE APACHE PRISONERS IN FORT MARION. St. Augustine, Florida. By Herbert Welsh, Philadelphia: Indian Rights Ass'n. Price, paper cover; 10 cents.

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Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guarantee of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, May 28, 1887.

The Much Vexed Question Again.

On the second page will be found a perspicuous letter from an occasional correspondent whom the JOURNAL would gladly welcome to its columns weekly. Dr. N. B. Wolfe, author of that valuable work, "Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism," and one of the keenest observers among the millions who have given attention to the physical phenomena of modern Spiritualism. Dr. Wolfe makes the recent exposure of Mrs. Reynolds at Los Angeles the occasion for recalling his interesting experiences with the same person several years ago, a brief account of which appeared in the JOURNAL for January 19th, 1884. The JOURNAL accepts Dr. Wolfe as a competent witness and offers his testimony, as well as that of Dr. G. B. Crane, which he incorporates in the account published in January, 1884, in proof of the claim that spirits render themselves apparent to the physical senses of mortals by what is called, for convenience, materialization. There is a mass of equally credible testimony to support their testimony which no fair minded person will taboo whatever may be his own experience, or lack of experimental knowledge. The philosophy underlying this phenomenon has never been satisfactorily given either by spirit or mortal, and a vast proportion of what passes for materialization can better be accounted for in other ways. Yet the prime fact of the actual demonstration of materialization is too strongly fortified to be demolished by any amount of deception or delusion.

Love of the marvelous, venality of some mediums and weakness in others, general ignorance of the subject, bad methods of research and experimentation and an hundred minor causes have conspired to envelop the study of this phenomenon with unusual difficulties and resulted in no end of demoralization and bad blood. The remedy in this instance, as well as in all others pertaining to the phenomena of Spiritualism, lies within the grasp of Spiritualists. It is not only possible, but highly probable, that were a tithe of the scientific study and experiment given to electricity, to be devoted to the development of psychical science, equally as marvellous strides would be made. A brief review of the skeptical and unreasonable opposition to the development and utilization of steam and electricity, will disclose that history is again repeating itself in these particulars in the psychical field. It is unnecessary here to cite illustrious examples from the list of those who put themselves on record against the feasibility of utilizing steam and electricity; they will readily occur to every well informed reader, or may be easily hunted up. With the experience of the past fifty years, and especially of the last twenty, who will dare to say that electrical science is not still in its infancy? And, too, there are gifted minds that glimpse still more subtle and powerful agents which may yet be made to do service in the interests of this world's material prosperity and happiness.

The phenomena of Spiritualism are strictly within the realm of science, and only within its borders will they ever be developed into a psychical science that can be made to systematically and certainly aid in the advancement of the individual in his quest for happiness. Sporadic phenomena, spasmodic attempts at investigation, experiences of doubtful authenticity or by persons untrained and laboring under some overwhelming emotion of grief, joy, or religious fervor will never of themselves furnish a satisfactory solution of most questions, nor enable the mass of men to posit their faith in an unseen world upon the sure basis of systematized knowledge. Spiritualism covers a rich and accessible field and invites Spiritualists to work it with that zeal, persistence, devo-

tion and rational endeavor which characterizes their efforts in other great activities.

The imminent need, the imperative demand of Spiritualism to-day is, it seems to the JOURNAL, that its wealthy adherents shall do their duty; that they shall make adequate return for the blessings conferred upon them. There should be one or more richly endowed institutions devoted to the special work of carrying forward the experimental work essential to the development of psychical science. All questions of religion and ethics may safely be left to adjust themselves, once a few momentous spiritual matters are well mastered and put before the world in such a way as to compel general acceptance.

The JOURNAL can name twenty Spiritualists whose reputed wealth aggregates nearly \$100,000,000, and of this twenty would be its friend and contributor, Dr. N. B. Wolfe. What grander philanthropy can engage their attention than such a work as suggested above? Dr. Wolfe is a man of vigorous health and intellect who might, it would seem, give his remaining years to such a work. He is well qualified to organize and direct such an activity. The JOURNAL nominates him for the task and urges that he undertake the work; a work which would secure for all engaged therein the lasting gratitude of the people of earth and cause the heavens above to resound with songs of joy.

In a small way, beset with innumerable obstacles on every side, misrepresented and misunderstood by many Spiritualists, with inadequate resources and contracted field, the JOURNAL has steadily striven to create an interest in, and aid the work of, psychical science, and to cultivate the ethical and religious fields as well. In this endeavor it has elevated its purpose above all personal and individual considerations, and held that the pleasure or pain of the individual was secondary to the well being of the cause and of the race. In its mission the JOURNAL has been effectively aided by the co-operation of a considerable body of rational people, who knowing the essential facts in Spiritualism have fearlessly followed wherever Truth might lead, unfettered by sectarian bias or pride of opinion. But the JOURNAL cannot alone compass the gigantic task before the world; it craves the opportunity of working with other agencies which shall be put forward by those endowed with the wealth and ability to render success certain.

When that day comes, when the facts of Spiritualism are observed, collated and systematized with the same care now given to astronomy and electricity, then will such exhibitions as that of Crindle-Reynolds at Los Angeles, Ross and Fairchild in Boston, and many others of similar nature, cease to be the main sources of supply for the faith of thousands; then the heart-breaking scenes of deception and exposure now so frequent will cease, and the reign of honesty, certainty and peace will dawn for Spiritualism. Faithful mediums of the Spirit-world will be raised above the level of to-day and Spiritualists will happily lose sight of those old theological vagaries that now stalk abroad, their ancient hideousness but thinly disguised with Spiritualistic varnish.

Dr. Wolfe quotes the JOURNAL's inquiry, "How long can Spiritualists reasonably ask legislatures to wait before interfering with these cabinet confidence games," and says he is "sorry to see such a suggestion in the JOURNAL." The JOURNAL is no less sorry that it is obliged to thus indicate what is coming; but seeing unless Spiritualists do act well their part and do their duty, that legislative action is inevitable, it were cowardly not to give a timely warning. Already in Pennsylvania and New Jersey this has been broached, and it is within the JOURNAL's knowledge that members of other State legislatures are seriously considering how to frame statutes covering this matter. Under these circumstances the JOURNAL dare not hold the curtain before the eyes of its readers and hide their vision from the legal enactments that are slowly materializing in legislative cabinets. The JOURNAL is not "playing with fire," as Dr. Wolfe thinks; on the contrary it is vigorously endeavoring to prevent Spiritualists from getting scorched; to protect the wheat from the tares; to preserve the rights of honest mediums and differentiate their status from that of tricky mediums like Crindle-Reynolds. The JOURNAL does not seek to "start a conflagration," but is laboring to dispose of the refuse matter in the unfurnished Spiritual Temple so that neither spontaneous combustion nor a stray spark will endanger it. And in this work it stands ready to cooperate with Dr. Wolfe and all other sensible Spiritualists who will devote themselves to the task of completing the structure which gives such promise of grandeur and permanence.

Celibacy and Citizenship.

In a comprehensive sense to follow nature is generally right and wise, and the contradiction or suppression of nature is wrong and injurious. This is very easily misconceived and perverted like every other economic truth. Nature shows the propriety of eating and drinking, but we are not, therefore, justified in becoming gluttons and drunkards. So there are other enjoyments which are a manifest law of nature, which are neither to be systematically repudiated nor to be indulged without rational control and regulation. This expresses the law of all earthly life. All things are good in their proper connections and degrees, and beyond that they are evil. The doctrine of a universal human fall and depravity, and the branding of all nature as tainted and perverse, so that it is always to be opposed, suppressed

and denied, has been the source of incalculable evil to the world, while it has in a corresponding proportion augmented the power of ambitious ecclesiastics.

This is the ostensible ground for the practice of celibacy. Moral loves are sinful, and all fleshly pleasures are to be denied, in order to purify the spirit of its native taint of earthliness and selfish proclivity. Woman especially has been a curse from the beginning by her weakness and wiles, and her natural solicitations addressed only to the inferior elements in the masculine constitution. Let her alone, therefore, and approach her, if at all, only as an undesired necessity, and as a dangerous inferior, who for the world's good should be kept very subordinate and as far in the distance and the rear as possible.

It is a great pity that St. Paul should in some degree seem to have given countenance to this style of thinking; though the two or three passages which look this way admit of a better interpretation. It has no countenance in the gospels. It is utterly alien to the spirit of the Old Testament. On this ascetic principle the saints must be celibates, and the more they violate all their moral obligations here, the more holy they are deemed; for the husband or wife or parent to renounce all the natural duties which they have voluntarily and deliberately incurred becomes in this perverse court a saintly heroism.

In this way it is conceived that the priest rises in sanctity by a vow of celibacy. He is consecrated to the pursuit of holier pleasures than those of sense and of earthly association. He is to live the noble life of a pure spirit in the flesh. So far as this is sincere it is chimerical. No creature can transcend the laws of his own nature; and if he regularly affect to despise them and ignore them, it is at his own peril. They will be sure somewhere to assert themselves suddenly and with overwhelming power, and in forms and connections which will be abnormal, injurious and wicked. A few men and women of peculiar idiosyncrasy or pursuits, or mental habits and circumstances, may easily be celibates in reality; but only to such as they and to such a limited number is it possible. Whatever be the vows of the majority, opportunity will be an overwhelming temptation; and a general demoralization will be the issue. No power of human virtue can avoid this, and no honest thought can blink it. It is as certain as any other of the laws of nature. No priestly vows and functions can lift men above our common nature, and all pretension to it can be nothing better than hypocrisy added to previous wrong. However well the concealment is managed, we know that the deed is inevitable, more or less, with the average man; therefore, in the interest of veracity and moral sincerity; in the interests of moral purity and integrity, and of all the virtues which are necessary to human welfare, and the peace of society and the prosperity of States, we ought to frown upon a system which enforces celibacy on a body of men who are scattered through every community and who are constantly by virtue of their office brought into close and intimate private connection with the other sex.

We do not impugn the men, but the system, as unnatural and pregnant with needless temptation to the average human nature, and hence pregnant with social and moral evil to the nation. Under the pretext of promoting superior sanctity it tends to break down the natural barriers against the inroads of general invertebrate and unchastity. We have no interest in it, favorable or otherwise, as an ecclesiastical system. We speak of it only as a moral and social force of vast and ominous import which will naturally rouse in the breast of every good citizen a serious and profound concern.

In the beginning, doubtless, the leading motive of celibacy on the part of religious devotees was a mistaken zeal for purity or augmented usefulness, as it was with St. Paul. Then crafty men seized upon it as a source of ecclesiastical power. How it promotes this in convents nunneries and other ecclesiastical institutions with priests as the chief rulers, the JOURNAL has previously expounded. It works to the same effect more directly and intensely in regard to priests.

It shuts them up to each other as a body. It makes them clannish. It excessively confines their conversation and intercourse, and gives to all their mental action a peculiar and ecclesiastical cast. It intensifies all their feelings and convictions in one direction, and diminishes them in every other. It thus fosters bigotry, represses common sense and living sympathy with the common human world. All things naturally come to be contemplated only in the light of their ecclesiasticism and as subservient to its influence and interests. So far as possible they are divested of all the ties of nature by which they are identified with their fellowmen as neighbors, citizens and countrymen. Even the common relations by which property would connect them with other men are systematically destroyed. While as church officers they own all the church property, yet as individuals they generally own nothing. They live together in ecclesiastical barracks, and all the real estate belongs for the most part to the church, which means the priesthood as a body. Their whole life, inner and outer, is foreign to that of the lay citizens of the country. They are everywhere an alien force in the midst of the people, and their influence can have in it no natural element of health and strength to the great secular force and life of the country; and it cannot fail to be detrimental and oppressive, except so far as it is resisted and circumvented by a wise diligence and circumspection.

The Exposure of Rascality by the Press.

It is a well known fact that in all departments of life there exists more or less corruption, which is generally exposed to public view by those who have the interest and welfare of the people at heart. The exposure of the rascality of aldermen in New York city; the discovery of certain miserable speculators in Chicago, now under indictment, and designated by common consent as "boodlers," and the daily unveiling of systematic swindling operations on the part of the wealthy as well as poor, show conclusively that humanity is not now prepared for the ushering in of that period of the world designated as the millennium.

In exposing the iniquities of prominent rascals, the press always takes a leading part. The press of New York city bravely exposed the insatiable greed of the Tweed ring of swindlers, and was instrumental in saving that city from bankruptcy. In Chicago, the press was instrumental in unveiling gigantic frauds on the part of county officials, and had it not been for its systematic efforts the probability is that the "boodlers" would still continue to carry on their various methods of plundering the county treasury. The press, as a general rule, is always on the side of honesty, and never hesitates to expose those officials who do not work for the interest of the public. The paper that does not expose the unmitigated evils of society, generally occupies a secondary position, and cannot exert a controlling influence among the people. The leading papers in New York city, in Chicago, and in other large places, have acted a noble part. Evil being present everywhere, the exposure of them becomes a matter of necessity, and the paper which shrinks from so doing, is a miserable, contemptible weakling, and should soon perish.

The same necessity that exists on the part of the secular press in the exposure of rascality, exists also, but in another direction, in the spiritualistic press. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has ever deemed it a sacred duty to point out evil practices among tricksters and fraudulent mediums. All rational and honest Spiritualists when they carefully consider the part the JOURNAL has acted, in the exposure of imposture, must admit that it alone stands preeminent, for it has done for the Cause of Spiritualism what the secular press has done for the cause of honesty in the administration of State, City and County affairs.

Without systematic organized effort on the part of the better element in society the world would soon become a seething mass of corruption. The Citizen's Association of this city, carefully and critically watching and guarding the interests of the people, has undoubtedly prevented the perpetration of much fraud. The members of this association have assailed evils wherever found. If the intelligent, sensible Spiritualists would follow their example and combine their influence, and strenuously endeavor to not only suppress the charlatanism and trickery in the ranks of Spiritualism, but make a special effort to establish the phenomena on a scientific basis, the cause would then at once gain strength and attract to it many of the lights in science, art and literature throughout the world.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Gen. E. F. Bullard, of Saratoga, passed through Chicago last week en route to his Iowa farm.

Mrs. Ahrens will lecture before the Young Peoples' Progressive Society next Sunday at 7:30 P. M.

The Cotton World, published at New Orleans every Saturday, is devoted to the cotton interest in all branches of production, handling and manufacture.

Rev. Charles Ellis, of East Saginaw, was one of the delegates to the Unitarian Conference last week, and was one of several ministers of this body who looked in upon the JOURNAL people.

Mrs. Louise M. Lowe, of Portland, Oregon, formerly well and favorably known as a public medium, was in town last week on the way to England, where she goes for the benefit of her health.

J. Clegg Wright has closed a successful engagement of some months at Newton, Kansas, and begins another at Cincinnati in June. Mr. Wright has done an excellent work and gives promise of increased usefulness for the future.

On Friday evening of last week, Mrs. S. B. Perry of Prairie Avenue, gave an informal reception in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse, who were her guests. A most enjoyable evening was passed, and Mr. Morse created an excellent impression with all present.

The last day's session of the Western Unitarian Conference was held May 19th, at All Soul's Church, this city. A resolution was adopted declaring fellowship to be conditional on no doctrinal creed, and another was adopted for a conference with the American Unitarian Association.

Monday, May 16th, Mr. J. J. Morse officiated at the funeral of Mrs. M. L. Tausch of Cleveland, O. The Cleveland Leader says: "The impressive services were conducted by Mr. J. J. Morse, the trance medium, and were listened to with rapt attention, many for the first time hearing of the philosophy and consolation afforded by Spiritualism at the time of death. The poem, 'There is no Death,' was read by Mrs. Heywood, and the lyceum choir sang three very appropriate selections. Mrs. Tausch is the eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Lee, and was a scholar in the Children's Progressive Lyceum for many years."

The Western Unitarian Conference which convened in this city last week considered questions of vital importance to Unitarianism. Leading members of the denomination came on from New England to feel the pulse of the West. The radical wing seems to have carried the heaviest guns, for victory perched upon its banners.

Mrs. Mary V. Priest, will begin another course of instruction in mental healing on Wednesday, June 1st, 10:30 A. M., at her residence 237 Washington Boulevard. The first lecture will be open to all interested. Mrs. Priest's lectures are highly commended by those who have attended former courses, and the JOURNAL believes that much good will come to those who may study the subject under her guidance.

The Young People's Progressive Society will give an entertainment on Friday evening of this week in Avenue Hall, 159 Twenty Second St. An attractive musical and literary programme has been arranged for the first part of the evening, after which dancing is to follow. The committee extends a cordial invitation to all interested in the effort now making to interest young people in the philosophy and ethics of Spiritualism. The entertainment is given in aid of the society. Admission twenty-five cents.

J. M. Allen writes: "I have at last finished my work in New Orleans (of three months), and expect to return northward soon. I spoke at Summit, Miss., (by invitation of Judge Jewell, ex-commissioner to China, etc., and a subscriber to the JOURNAL), May 15th and 17th. I go next to Pass Christian, Miss., (a watering place), Bay St. Louis and other points on the Gulf, where I hope to take refreshing plunges. Those desiring my services should address me soon at Pass Christian, Mississippi."

The First District Association of Spiritualists of Michigan, composed of the counties of St. Clair, Macomb, Oakland and Lapeer, will hold a camp meeting at Orion, commencing June 4th and ending June 12th, 1887. The work of each day to be arranged and carried out by the executive committee, as the presence of speakers will warrant. All are cordially invited to attend and enjoy alike the beautiful scenery and "the feast of reason and flow of soul." J. F. Whiting, president; Mrs. F. E. Odell, secretary.

An effort is making, with every prospect of success, to have women represented upon the Board of Education of this city; by two of their sex. With a liberal Unitarian for mayor, women on the school board, the worst rum holes shut up, gamblers with cards driven out of town, an elevated road for local transit, the finest musical auditorium in the world under way, and other material and moral improvements either accomplished or under contract Chicago is bidding for the blue ribbon. She now needs to reform her produce gamblers, harmonize the labor differences and perfect a drainage system adequate for a city that will have 3,000,000 inhabitants within the next fifty years; this done and she will be the banner city of America.

Once upon a time a shrewd business man remarked: "I get up a descriptive pamphlet so attractive that people after reading it are crazy enough to mortgage their property to raise money to deal with me." This remark arose vividly before the JOURNAL when the mail brought a little book entitled, "Summer Days at Onset," written by Susan H. Wixon. That Onset is a delightful place naturally, and made still more inviting to liberal minded people by the Spiritualist campers who gather every summer is already well known to all interested. This charming little book will, it is feared, tempt many to mortgage their assets in order to make a summer pilgrimage to that haven of rest, recreation and spiritual enjoyment.

The other day a crank who had been to hear Ingersoll and had got filled to overflowing with the coarse ribaldry which that orator retails at a dollar a filling, went over into the neighboring province of New Jersey and attempted to unload. But he met with discouragements; the people of that country wouldn't have any second hand Ingersollism spewed around; and they made haste to bring the offender into court on the charge of blasphemy. He brought over the Colonel, of whom he had bought the stuff, to defend him; but it did no good for the jury found him guilty and the Judge assessed him \$25 and costs. This made the wholesale vender mad and also seemed to irritate his customer. The latter individual should learn from this experience that unless a man has genius for the business he had better not undertake it.

Men will honestly differ as to the propriety of defining blasphemy and enacting penalties for the punishment of blasphemers; a majority would undoubtedly vote such work puerile and ill-advised. But of the bad taste, low wit and coarse buffoonery indulged in by Ingersoll and his imitators in their attacks upon religion, there can be only one opinion among people of good taste and refinement. Any attempt of these ranting buffoons to pass as martyrs will only make them more ridiculous.

South Carolina is likely to be the scene of another secession movement. At an Episcopal convention in Charleston, May 12th, most of the lay delegates withdrew from the meeting because a majority of the clergy present favored the admission of regularly ordained colored priests to seats in the convention. The Diocese of South Carolina is the only one in the United States in which there is any controversy on this question, and should the matter come up before the general convention, it is more than probable that South Carolina will be set down on severely, in which case the unconquerable spirit of that proud Commonwealth will once more assert itself.

and those lay delegates, backed by a goodly number of the clergy, will undoubtedly proceed to establish a Southern Episcopacy of their own, free from the taint of "nigger" equality and based on the everlasting rock of Caucasian supremacy.

The JOURNAL especially commends to its readers the wise words of Mr. Powell, to be found on the first page, and desires to emphasize, if possible, the lesson he gives to liberals of all shades of belief.

Mr. James Abbott will lecture before the Chicago Secular Union, 116 5th Ave., on "The Strong Points of Spiritualism," Sunday evening, May 29th. This lecture is intended as an antidote to his lecture on the "Weak Points of Spiritualism," delivered at the same place, March 27th.

Correspondents whose letters require an answer from the editor are requested to have patience at delay. His desk now contains over one hundred letters of this nature, though a stenographer and type writer are in constant use. There is a limit to the physical endurance and time of all men, and even the editor of the JOURNAL is not exempt from this limitation. Give him the co-operation requisite for the task in hand and he will undertake to see it accomplished.

An impecunious, lazy tramp who calls himself "Prof. J. E. Mikewell" is doing the cities and larger towns of the West, pretending to be a state-writing medium. He claims to have in his employ a "clairvoyant astrologer and planet-reading spirit," who is an expert life-reader and discoverer of lost and stolen property. This claim does not prevent the youthful sponge from telling a pitiful tale of the loss of his own pocket-book, which he does to account for his want of funds. The greatest kindness that can be conferred on him is to assist him to the county workhouse with the aid of a police court.

Lyman C. Draper, Corresponding Secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, writes: "The effort of the medical men at our late session of the legislature, to get through a bill to monopolize the practice of medicine, signally failed, meeting its death in committee of the whole, where no vote is taken. I wish our friends in Wisconsin, who love freedom in medical as well as other matters of conscience would, when such efforts are made to throttle their rights, send in petitions against such measures. Whenever an average legislator learns that a measure is unpopular, he will oppose it; but if the masses are dumb, the lawmaker very naturally concludes they rather want the change, as they say nothing to the contrary. About next December or January would be a good time to speak out plainly on this subject to your readers in the Northwest."

The lower house of the Illinois legislature, evidently nearer the people and less under the domination of the doctors than is the senate, declines to sanction the attempts of the medical ring to squelch the healing business. The medical colleges of the State will not have further help in driving students within their walls, this year and must struggle along somehow. These alleged colleges are constantly turning out uneducated and incompetent graduates to kill off the idiots who know no better than to employ them. Thus in time the weak and foolish will all be gone, the doctors will starve or emigrate and the college halls will be turned into livery stables and soup houses. The JOURNAL has profound respect for a well-educated, skillful, physician who conscientiously follows his profession and depends upon his own merits for success, but it has no use for the horde of graceless pretenders who pony through doctor factories and then aspire to ride the public, protected by the dignity of special legislation.

Mrs. Emma Hopkins and Mrs. Plunkett have just returned to Chicago, from a visit to the Pacific Coast. The *New Age* of San Francisco, alludes to them as follows while they were sojourning in that city: "Regular attendance and close attention are marked characteristics of the sessions of a very large class in Christian Science now being held in Friendship Hall, Odd Fellows' Building. Mrs. Plunkett, president of the Emma Hopkins College of Christian Science in Chicago, shows her deep interest in the students by a few admirable words of advice, encouragement, and practical suggestion before each lecture is entered upon. Mrs. Hopkins continues to hold the rapt attention of her audience by the logical presentation of the subject matter; while light from her own spiritual perception illumines much that is difficult of understanding. On Wednesday afternoon a reception was held at the Palace by these ladies, assisted by Mrs. McCoy. It was wholly informal, and was a delightful and charming reunion between the members of the class and their accomplished leaders in the paths of royal truth."

The mysterious action of healing magnetism is illustrated at the Union prayer meeting in this city, at No. 15 Washington street. Here are some of the testimonies: A woman said: "I had spinal disease two years, but God has entirely cured me, in answer to your prayers." A deformed man on crutches said: "I thank the Lord for what he has done for my soul and body. I am going about in the little village working for the Master, and He greatly helps my labors." When he sees that I can serve him better by walking about as other people do, He will tell me to throw these crutches away. I am entirely happy." A woman in Michigan writes: "My husband no longer drinks, but is now a Christian, and your prayers are answered. Our home is a happy one now." A letter said: "Thank God, your prayers are answered, and my child, who had paralysis and did not walk in two years, is

now running about, entirely cured." A woman with sciatica wrote: "I am now well. The Lord has healed me in answer to your prayers." Another woman wrote: "I requested you to ask God to cure my son of the habit of using tobacco. The horrid weed now makes him sick." A woman said: "My husband has not drunk in months. Your prayers are answered, and our Christian home is now one of happiness."

Mr. J. J. Morse at Avenue Hall.

Last Sunday morning, Mr. J. J. Morse, the eloquent trance lecturer of London, Eng., appeared before the Young Peoples' Progressive Society, at Avenue Hall, No. 159 22nd street. He commenced the services by reading in an effective manner a poem, entitled "When my Ship Comes In," which was followed by an invocation, after which, in his introductory remarks he alluded to the Young Peoples' Progressive Society, under whose auspices he had been engaged, feeling that its object was a high and noble one, and believing that it would succeed in doing much good in disseminating the principles of true Spiritualism.

In answering questions, Mr. Morse's control impressed upon those present the fact that he was not omniscient, hence could only present views derived from his own plane of observation and knowledge. In response to the question, "What does the philosophy of modern Spiritualism teach?" he said that there does not exist in all respects a definite embodiment of what it really teaches, there being such a conflict of opinion; but it is agreed that Spiritualism suggests the existence of a Deity, the everlastingness of life, the immortality of each human being, and the inter-communication of those who live on the mundane and supermundane spheres of existence.

In explaining the transference of thought, he alluded to the magnetic brain waves of different persons, which imping upon each other, and in so doing thoughts are conveyed to each other. Thoughts, too, can be transmitted from the spirit side of life to earth. In response to the query, How may common sense and spiritual aspiration be harmonized? he said that aspiration should always be for the highest and purest; each one obtaining from the spirit side of life that which the aspirations yearned for. He scored those who charged evil influences with being the cause of their numerous shortcomings, yet when they did do a good deed, they did not bring the same rule into operation, and give the credit to good spirits.

Some one wanted to know whether Jesus was a reincarnation of Delty. The control asserted most emphatically, that while he was simply a human being, his noble, self-sacrificing life should excite the admiration of mortals. He was not miraculously conceived, and in no sense different from ordinary mortals only in so far as he exceeded them in his aspirations and ability to do good. He had a high respect for Jesus; his religion was one of kindness, inculcating the highest morality and virtue, and he was worthy as a man of our reverence and praise. Pure religion consists in aiding the fatherless, in extending a helping hand to those in distress, and in assisting all classes of unfortunate in word and deed.

The control then explained how the blind, who have the gift of clairvoyance, can describe natural objects like one who possesses ordinary sight. As to why spirits, considered very wise while mortals but who when they return to this side and communicate through the instrumentality of a medium, give expression to very silly communication, unworthy of them while on earth, the control said that the message was always measured by the intellectual capacity of the medium; and that the communicating spirit's thoughts were often perverted by the channel through which they passed. It is true, too, he claimed, that many messages purporting to emanate from advanced spirits have their origin exclusively in the mind of the medium, who is simply psychologized by an idea that some eminent personage is controlling, when in fact every word, sentiment or idea is of mundane origin. The people have yet much to learn with reference to influences that are supposed by some to be of a spiritual nature, but which are confined exclusively to some self-excited brain.

In answer to the question, "Can spirits give some proofs of their identity?" the control stated that they are constantly doing that by giving names, dates, places and circumstances connected with their lives on earth. The answers to the questions, of which this is a brief synopsis, were clear, concise and eminently satisfactory to those present, who felt that it was good to be there. In the evening Mr. Morse was greeted with a highly appreciative audience, and for an hour he illustrated how Spiritualism had elevated the masses, infiltrated the various religious organizations, and given to man an adequate idea of his future destiny. He demonstrated that man's life in the future would be just what he had made it by his acts on earth—either good or bad. He dealt with Spiritualism as a permanent factor of existence within the domain of nature, hence governed by natural laws, and showed how it might be applied to the betterment of mankind generally. His lecture was interesting throughout.

The heaven that catches the fancy of the skindint is one that has gates of pearl and streets paved with gold. The pious and joyless persons are caught with the idea of a place "where congregations ne'er break up and Sabbath never ends." But the best heaven human beings can think of is one of infinite rest—a great, clean, sweet, quiet, cool world that will hold tired souls in its arms forever.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Prof. Wilder's Views on Religion, Soul and Body, and Marriage.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Your JOURNAL to-day has more than its usual number of spicy notes. I shall wait with due patience to behold the stalwart Westbrook arise in his might to rebut our worthy friend Whitworth, for I am conscious that he has the best of the argument, though he should fall of an audience to appreciate. The truth is, all religions are alike at their core, and one no better than another; the chief matter is their objective form and manifestation. Buddhism contains all the lore and ethics of Christianity; the "Lord's prayer" was intoned in Hebrew synagogues before the days of Judas Makkabaios, and the Sermon on the Mount comes from Hillel and the Rabbis of Pharisaic Judaism. In those days there were Nazarenes, but no Nazareth. The Bible tells us of Samson, Samuel and the Apostle Paul, the latter of whom, it is recorded, was caught in the Temple with some others of the same sort, and was afterward accused as ringleader of the whole heresy.

Another writer takes Mr. Chaney to task about impressions being produced in the mind, and so manifest as apparitions. This is one of our modern scientific discoveries. We do not see an object because it is before our eyes, but rather because it has made an impression on the common sensorium inside the skull, which objectifies it as a vision. Hence a thought or impression made by a mental or spiritual agency may induce the same thing. Macbeth's vision of Banquo, and Hamlet's hearing of the voice of the ghost are of this nature; so, too, are the visions peculiar to delirium tremens. They are not unreal on that account, and no one would consider them so, except for being immersed in materialistic habits of thinking. I do not deny what is called materializing, however, for I can understand that a spiritual being can either produce an objective involution or take from the ether or some person's akasa-substance the material for a visible or tangible form. But if I was imposed upon in such a thing, I would feel myself outraged beyond all power of ever regaining confidence in the seer.

Can the spirit leave the body? So asks another, or rather affirms it. A gentleman whom I know, and whose papers have appeared in the JOURNAL, was once seen in a room, when his body lay in another place apparently in a dense sleep. A person once told me of my own form appearing in a place at night, where I never was, at a time when I was fast asleep and not thinking of night-walking or other diablerie. I wish I had learned of it at the time. Madame Hauffe, the seeress of Prevorst, used to see the simulacra of individuals, and judge their mental and spiritual character by the color—black, brown or gray. I would like to have known my spiritual hue, and how much my ways needed mending.

Plutarch denies the separation of the soul and body short of death. He says it is the *demon, nous*, or intellectual principle that does all this. Now the mind or *nous* is not really in the body, but about it. To it there is no space nor time. It can mingle with other minds as one gas will mingle with other gases, requiring no addition of containing space; and thus can gather knowledge by means of those others. It is certain that if some psychical or vital principle did not remain with the body when its higher principle was elsewhere, it would speedily disintegrate and become unfit for its functions.

I believe that there are persons in the world who know how to utilize this faculty so as to apply it to telepathy. The Arabs call it *khalah*, which means magic, something mighty, the great faculty.

In your book column is mentioned Dr. Westbrook's pamphlet, "The Clergy on Divorce." The writer is a most excellent lawyer, and has the remarkable non-lawyer-like habit of saying much in few lines or pages. He has distinctly set forth the folly and wrong of the proposed national legislation on the subject. Sacramental marriage as expressed by ecclesiastical limitations always goes hand in hand with prostitution. Marriage is honorable; true marriage is sacramental *per se*; but discordant alliances are not holy or sacramental, and no priest or church can make them so. If those whom God hath joined, man may not separate, by correlate reasoning those whom he did not join should be put wide asunder. The attempted legislation, the Doctor shows conclusively, may centralize government still further, and give more power and emolument to the clergy, but it would inevitably increase concubinage. It is risky to speak candidly on the subject; there are malicious flags kept in store to be hurled at all who do, and I am glad that Dr. Westbrook dares speak the honest truth.

It is an old saw that a man can tell all that he knows in few words. I think Dr. W. can; not, however, because he knows so little, but because he beats the world in condensing. Very probably he could spread so as to fill a newspaper and nobody suspect it. A. W.

Conclusion of Mr. J. Clegg Wright's Lectures in Newton, Kansas.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Lecture Association of Newton has been said. I will not attempt anything like a review of the work accomplished here, for that has been done already in the occasional reports that have been sent to you.

On Tuesday evening last a reception was tendered me, and I was presented with Appleton's Student Library, consisting of 34 vols., in appreciative recognition of the labors of myself and controls. The spacious parlors of Mr. Munger, the president of the association, were well filled by a large company of ladies and gentlemen. In making the presentation Mr. Munger said:

"The engagement with Mr. Wright has come to a close. He has done his work, and we cannot express our appreciation of it better than by this suitable present. We need not tell you of the ability of his controls. The eloquence, the wisdom, the philosophy and science that we have heard can never be forgotten. In this library Mr. Wright will have something to look to, which will remind him of the very many friends he has made in Newton. The books are upon different subjects; in all departments of human knowledge facts can be gleaned from them. We hope that Mr. Wright may have long life and happiness, and that he will be with us again next season."

I made no suitable acknowledgment of the presentation as I could under the circumstances. It is very pleasant to have the appreciation of friends. They help to heal the scars that the kicks of enemies make upon the soul. The way of a reformer is hard. Our actions and motives are easily misunderstood. He is a happy man who can go on his way feeling that duty alone can bring its own reward. I must say to the friends at Newton that I have spent an active time

with them. The turmoil of religious controversy has been long and severe. The conflict with ignorant faith and malice led to much annoyance, but in the future the work of the reformer in your midst will be easier. After thanking them for the present, the company without urging, went to work upon the good things provided.

Spiritualism has won a secure foothold in this rising city of the West. If the friends persist it will grow into a good and strong cause. Let them be united, and they need have no fear. The liberal element has been generous and broad. It has stood the hard knocks of the controls without flinching from the path of cooperative work. They all will be ready to fall into line again for next year's work.

My engagements for the future are as follows: June and July I shall be in Cincinnati; in August I go East to some of the camp meetings; in September, October and November, Cincinnati, and then back again to Kansas and the West. To the friends in California who have written to me inviting me to the Pacific slope, I would say that if my health permits, I will visit them as soon as I can make it convenient to leave my private undertaking in New Jersey.

J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

"A SUMMER JAUNT."

"Famous Resorts of the Northwest."

Each succeeding year, after the first bright freshness of the spring foliage has disappeared to give place to the dust and dryness of the fierce June sun-ship, when the gentle showers of early summer have been superseded by the sprinkling-cart and garden hose and the spring overcoat discarded for the linen duster, when the business man begins to hug the shady side of the street on his daily trips to and from his office, a very large proportion of the people of our great cities turn their thoughts toward the country and commence laying plans for the annual summer vacation, which, in these days of rapid money-getting and high-pressure living, has become an indispensable element in the calendar of every man of wealth and woman of fashion whose line of life has been cast in the seething, bubbling, tumultuous swim of modern metropolitan existence.

Address James Barker, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Wisconsin Central Line, Milwaukee, Wis., (mentioning this paper), for a copy of "A Summer Jaunt" and "Famous Resorts of the Northwest," two exquisite books on summer resorts, the former written by a well-known literary light, the latter compiled with accuracy and care, giving valuable information to the tourist.

One of the richest works of our own time is the new pulpit presented to Worcester cathedral by the earl of Dudley. It is about ten feet high, and is approached by a semi-circular staircase which has handsome railings of wrought brass. It is made of various marbles and alabaster, raised on columns of the same materials, and upheld by angels at the angles. Each panel is filled with sculpture representing the Sermon on the Mount. St. John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness, St. Peter on the day of pentecost and St. Paul preaching at Athens. Between the panels are the figures of St. Stephen, the first martyr, St. Gregory the Great, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose and St. Augustine, in white alabaster.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is made only by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. It is prepared with the greatest skill and care, under the direction of the men who originated it. Hence Hood's Sarsaparilla may be depended upon as strictly pure, honest and reliable.

For Scrofula, Impoverished Blood and General Debility.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hyposphosphites, has no equal in the whole realm of Medicine. Read the following: "I gave one bottle of Scott's Emulsion to my own child, for Scrofula, and the effect was marvellous."—O. F. GRAY, M. D., White Hall, Ind.

Special attention is called to the advertisement, in another column, of the Ton-y-wath-a Springs Hotel, located at Madison, Wisconsin.

This charming resort is under the management of Mr. Geo. M. Smith, an Eastern man, who has made Hotel Roseland, in Jacksonville, Fla., so famous for its elegance and comfort. Parties seeking a summer resort will do well to try this.

"Better die soon, Than live on lingering in pain."

Better do neither, but get and take medicine that will relieve pain, which is on an evidence of disease, and thus you may live on in health and happiness. If you have a cold or cough, weak or sore lungs, consumption, or any of the ailments, bronchitis, pure blood or liver disease, take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" a certain cure for these diseases. By druggists.

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are cured in a few simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

Chicago Meetings.

The South Side Lecture of Chicago meets every Sunday afternoon at 1:30 sharp, at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd street.

Englewood Meeting.

A Spiritualistic and medium meeting will be held at Maroney's Hall, 6218 Westworth Avenue, every Sunday, at 3 P. M.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York. The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, has resumed its former place, 114 W. 142nd St. Services every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:45 P. M.

Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 37th Street, N. Y. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Officers: Dr. C. W. Russell, President; Oliver Russell, Vice-President; Dr. George H. Perkins, Secretary; J. S. Maynard, Treasurer.

Grand Opera House, 23rd Street and 8th Avenue—Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Conference every Sunday at 2 P. M. Admission free to each meeting.

Spiritual Meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Conservatory Hall, corner Fulton Street and Bedford Ave.—Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock at Court of Appeals Room, Town Hall. W. B. MILLER, President. E. J. HULLING, Secretary.

St. Louis, Mo.

Organized August 22nd, 1886. The First Association of Spiritualists meets every Sunday at 8 P. M. at 215 1/2 N. 3rd street, corner of Franklin and Ninth Streets, at the hour of 2:30 P. M. Friends are invited to attend and correspondence solicited. St. Louis, Mo. W. FAY, Pres., 620 N. Broadway. ISAAC S. LEE, Sec., 1422 N. 13th St.

MRS. L. P. ANDERSON, Medium.

49 South Ave. near Madison St., Chicago, Ill. BARLOW'S INDIGO BLUE. Its merits as a WASH BLUE have been fully tested and it is now the standard of excellence. It is the only one to have it on sale. Ask him for it. D. E. WILKINSON, Prop., 221 N. Second St., Phil. Pa.

WAS JESUS DIVINE?

This pamphlet of 32 large pages, critically reviews the history of Jesus Christ, from the time of his birth to his death, showing the genuine origin of Christianity. Price 10 cents. Sent postpaid by enclosing that amount to the author, E. B. CRAVEN, Southampton, Bucks Co., Pa.

PSYCHICAL AND PHYSIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDIES.

THE

Watseka Wonder!

A NARRATIVE OF STARTLING PHENOMENA OCCURRING IN THE CASE OF

MARY LURANCY VENNUM.

Dr. E. W. Stevens.

This well attested account of spirit presence created a widespread sensation when first published in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. Over fifty thousand copies were circulated, including the *Journal's* publication and the subsequent editions, but the demand still continues.

To those familiar with the marvellous story, it is

NO WONDER

The interest continues, for in it on indisputable testimony may be learned how

A Young Girl was Saved from the Mad House.

by the direct assistance of Spirits, through the intelligent influence of Spiritualism, and after months of almost continuous spirit control and medical treatment by Dr. Stevens, was restored to perfect health, to the profound astonishment of all. So far transcending in some respects all other recorded cases of a similar character, this by common consent came to be known as

THE WATSEKA WONDER.

Were it not that the history of the case is vouched for by the direct evidence of the patient, it would be considered as a skillfully prepared work of fiction. As a

MISSIONARY DOCUMENT

for general distribution, it is UNEQUALLED; and for this purpose should be distributed industriously, generously, plentifully, far and near.

The present issue is a superior edition from new stereotype plates, printed on a fine quality of 10-lb paper and protected by "acid" paper covers of the newest pattern.

The publisher has taken advantage of this necessity for new plates, and, with the courteous permission of Harper & Brothers, has reissued the work, with a new title page, one from Harper's Magazine for May, 1886, entitled

MARY REYNOLDS,

A CASE OF

Double Consciousness.

This case is frequently referred to by medical authorities, and Mr. E. W. Stevens makes reference to it in that valuable, standard work, *The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism*, his latest and best effort. The case of Mary Reynolds does not stand alone, but is a part of a series of cases, which, taken together, make a

SIXTY PAGE PAMPHLET.

Dr. Stevens spent his life in healing the sick, comforting the afflicted, and teaching the spiritual philosophy. He was a noble man and his life is better for his life in it. He passed to spirit life in 1886, leaving a devoted wife and family in a cramped financial condition. Mrs. Stevens was a faithful, untiring assistant to her husband and now in her old age is cheerful, self-reliant, and happy in her knowledge of her husband's good work and of the certainty that she will again join him. She is entitled to the cordial sympathy of all who love good deeds and are interested in spiritism.

Without consultation with her, the publisher feels that the present should be considered a

MEMORIAL EDITION.

and that she should receive from it substantial tokens of the respect in which her husband is held, and of the good will of the public toward one who made it possible for her husband to follow the guidance of the spirit world. The publisher therefore proposes and hereby binds himself to

Pay Over to Mrs. O. A. Stevens One-

Third of the Net Receipts

from the sale of this pamphlet for the next three months, there is the golden opportunity to give practical evidence of your good will to Dr. Stevens' family and at the same time to do effective missionary work.

The price of the Pamphlet, by mail, is

15 Cents per Single Copy.

100 Copies for \$12.00

50 " " 6.50

25 " " 3.50

10 " " 1.40

Sent by mail or express, transportation prepaid. Address

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING

HOUSE, DRAWER 134, CHICAGO.

NOTICE!

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, a Live, Wide-awake, Weekly

Journal, devoted to Spiritualism in every line, will be sent

FREE four weeks to any one wishing it on trial. Address

Glenburn, Maine.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE HAR-

monia Society of Spiritualists will be held in the Free

church at the Village of Saratoga, on Friday, Saturday and

Sunday, Sept. 4th, 5th and 6th, 1887. Ladies and Gentlemen

and other persons far and near, will be in attendance to

address the meeting. A cordial invitation is given for all to

attend. By Order of the Committee.

GROVE MEETING.

A grove meeting of Spiritualists will be held at New Era

Clubhouse, Groveside, beginning Thursday, June 22nd,

and holding free daily sessions, to continue the same

arrangements for the success and the comfort of the

attendees in the most comfortable and convenient manner

possible. The mediums, both public and private, are specially

invited to attend and use this occasion to contribute the largest

sum of money that the gate between the two worlds stand ajar.

W. M. PHILLIPS, President.

THOMAS DICKMAN, Secretary.

CURING DISEASE

BY SPIRIT POWER BY LETTER

Any distance. Terms: Each Letter \$1.00. All letters of ad-

dvice, or requests for letters, should be sent to ALLEN

ALLEN, 2411 N. College Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Delightful Summer Resort.

TON-Y-WATH-A SPRINGS HOTEL,

MADISON, WIS.

Accommodations for 550 guests. Splendid bathing, fishing

and hunting. Good beds. Good table. Mineral Springs.

Rooms \$2.50 to \$15.00 per week.

W. B. MILLER, Prop., 221 N. Second St., Phil. Pa.

Risley's Extract

WITCH HAZEL

Voices from the People.

AND
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

St. Anthony's Sermons.

Saint Anthony preached to the Priory throng.
Saint Anthony's sermons were fairly long.
So dreary, so weary, so earnestly deep.
That all the brothers were soon fast asleep.
He sighed as he looked at them, placid and still.
For he loved his own sermons, as some people will.
Then away in a huff to the river he sped.
A sermon he'd preach to the fishes instead.

He stood on the brink and his sermon began,
But fish are not fonder of sermons than man.
So he got up his cask; quoth he "I must go
And see if they'll listen to me down below."
That night as the monks in refectory sat,
They wondered and asked what the Saint could be at.

When a young brother said as he bent over his dish,
"He's gone to the river to preach to the fish!"

So down to the river they started in quest,
And peered through the water with curious zest.
Till they spied in the bed of the river below
The Saint and the fish sitting row upon row.
And he said ever since that historical night,
Not a fish in the river is tempted to bite.
The reason's as plain as the waters are deep—
Saint Anthony's sermons have sent them to sleep.

—Frederic E. Weatherly.

Farmer Lee and Henry George.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The purpose of the JOURNAL is the noblest, viz., to apprehend and present truth, I am fully persuaded; hence it is with great pleasure that I note in its pages a scarcity of such letters as that from the pen of Farmer Lee, in the issue of April 30th; for the manifest injustice therein done, the colored race would seem to point to intentional misrepresentation, as the only proper explanation of the Farmer's treatment of "Progress and Poverty," and its author; not that I think that all the justice aimed at would be secured by an application of the principles advocated by Mr. George, for I am pretty well convinced that the "Tree of Evil" whose branches still shadow forth its roots deep down in ignorance, and not till the light of Spiritualism has revealed to man that his greatest good is the development of the broadest humanity, will such movements as those headed by Henry George accomplish more than a lopping off of some of these branches. When man has learned that the measure of his capacity for happiness, whether in this sphere or the next, is the degree of moral development to which he attains, his selfishness will come to be marked by so much that is worse than brutal; but humanity should now apprehend the truth, that we as Spiritualists ought to be found where we belong, heartily clasping hands with the pioneers of all reforms—shoulder to shoulder with the levelers of the decaying strongholds of superstition, and looking to higher planes of justice, the wise farmers and builders of a better civilization. That is the hope of one who feels like sending to Henry George, and all such as he, lines written in the spirit of the following:

Once more erect thy manhood stands,
Nor quail beneath the public gaze;
Quick to obey when Truth commands,
Though thousands shudder in amaze.

Thus the world's best have ever stood,
Unmoved 'mid torments of abuse;
With singleness of eye, the good,
See naught in evil, save misuse.

Dear to the world's discordant din,
Fruit of unbridled selfishness,
These hold the still small voice within,
Dearer than life its sweet cares.

Stand true, stand firm, though none appear
Willing to part with that he hath;
Alone must stand the pioneer,
And rough be found his untrodden path.

Aye, but the peace, the sweet content,
When whippers that small voice, "Well-
done,"

All sorrows vanish, save lament,
That few enjoy such victories won.

Yours Respectfully,

JAMES SELLER.

Indianapolis, Ind., May 10, 1887.

Transfiguration.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In submitting the following, I desire to say that I am in no way connected with the committee of investigation held in New York to serve except to testify to the truth under my own observation. I have no fault to find with the JOURNAL for its criticisms, but on the contrary commend its spirit of impartiality and justice to all.

As I notice an interesting account given in the last issue of the JOURNAL by Henry J. Newton, chairman of the committee now investigating the phenomena through the mediumship of Mrs. E. A. Wells, detailing the facts observed at the several sittings, I desire to bring to the notice of your readers an important coincident occurring under my own observation at a public séance held at her rooms about a year ago, which was so strikingly significant of the power that the spirits possess to transform the medium that I sent the item to the *Banner of Light* and the same was published months before the late alleged "séance" took place.

I recognize the truth of these test cases as unquestioned, and the analogy of the transfiguration as recorded in the report, is precisely similar to that which I have made reference to, and which was briefly as follows: A voice from the cabinet control stated that they would instruct us in the phenomena of transfiguration, and accordingly I was permitted to approach the next form that emerged from the cabinet, and which came in a profusion of white drapery, and placing my hands gently on her shoulders, stepped into the cabinet, with the form which, dropping into the vacant chair, was instantly changed to the original form and features of the medium, Mrs. Wells, clad in her black dress. There was no possibility of deception; there was no trace left of any other garments, and the experiment was witnessed by all present.

This occurrence startled the medium and she then came out of the trance state. Having witnessed many of her séances in dark circles and those for materializing, and received and observed many fine tests and manifestations of the most convincing character, and having judged carefully through the evidence of my senses, I may confidently say that I can have no doubt whatever of her genuineness and honesty.

When such facts are better understood and recognized, we may not be so doubtful, if the spirit power acts, at times, in what would seem an equivocal manner.

We simply want well attested facts, no matter how they oppose our preconceived ideas, no matter how or where.

CHAS. F. COCKS.

New York, May 14, 1887.

The Smallest Sect.

The smallest religious sect in the country is that of the Sandemanians, who worship in a rude little church at Danbury, Conn. Here meet every Sunday a faithful band of ten people, who comprise the descendants of the followers of Sandeman, who settled in Danbury in 1794. In England there are yet a few congregations of this sect. One of their chapels was located in St. Paul's Alley, London, and it was here that the great scientific philosopher, Michael Faraday, worshipped. One of the peculiarities of the Sandemanian form of worship is that they have a weekly love-feast, in which the whole congregation dine together. It was the original intention to have this take place in the churches, where a dining-room was provided, but in Danbury they find it more convenient to have this dinner served at the house of one of the members. Here they also pray and sing, and the him of brotherhood passes between the members of both sexes. From this custom they have been vulgarly called "Klatterers." Their rules prohibit games of chance, prayers at funerals, college training, as well as all scientific investigations while in food they are forbidden the use of flesh meat.

Dr. C. E. Cary writes: I have taken the JOURNAL over twenty years, and always find it interesting.

Dedication of a New House to Spirit-Communion.

The following is an extract from the advanced sheets of a work now in press entitled "Spirit Workers in the Home Circle," by Morell Theobald, F. C. A. England.

In the year 1871, I built a new house at Hendon; and upon the land adjoining our friends, the Everitts, also built one; and now, living close together, our sittings for spirit communion were frequent, and the phenomena in various phases occurred constantly at all hours of the day.

One evening, sitting together in our new house, in January, 1872, the usual and various raps came upon the dining-table, indicating that they wished to give us a message through the alphabet. So we spelt out the following message:

"Have a dedication of the house; sit as soon as convenient."

Meantime the bells were frequently rung from all parts of the house, sometimes one, two, or three different bells at the same time.

The "dedication" did not come off until Good Friday in March. It was a purely family gathering, as at seven o'clock my wife and I, four children with their governess, and Mr. and Mrs. Everitt sat around our dinner-table, to which I had purposely left a space of a few inches drawn out in the centre, and covered with the table-cloth.

As soon as intelligent raps were established we were directed to read from Romans the 6th chap., to the 18th verse (on the duties of children, parents, servants, and the "whole armour of God"). This was followed by a short prayer and singing. After which we noticed the table-cloth being lifted up and down over the space left between the leaves of the table. On putting our hands there each in turn received a friendly grasp of the hand through the cloth, and this manifestation of spirit presence was continued throughout the evening, even after the circle had broken up. Lights having been extinguished we received the usual delicious wafts of scented air and cool breezes, and spirit lights darting about the room. A paper tube was then taken up, and for about ten minutes tapped all about the ceiling and walls, and the gossamer over the table; each one was also touched in turn gently upon the head, and all this was so quietly and lovingly done as to make the children feel "at home" and dispel fear—it being unusual for them to sit at dark séances.

Softer than at first came the spirit voice of John Wait, who addressed the children one by one on home duties and kindness to one another, and on the duty of prayer to God for help at all times, "which was sure to come if asked for."

He then told us to later on without the children, and threw down the tube to E., who had asked for it, and was gone. Mrs. Everitt, the medium on this occasion, had been joking cheerfully, with us all in the conversation, and was not entranced, as she usually is, during the direct spirit voice.

After supper (during which meal our table was moved and rapped upon continuously) we five adults sat alone. Soon and now came in great power: raps of our little spirit children, who each has his peculiar rap; raps all over the room, some heavy thudding ones, but among them a new one to us, of a metallic character, sounding as if a paper knife were tapping on a hollow metal tube. We asked John Wait, who now came and spoke softly, saying he was conserving the power for some one else, who it was giving this peculiar rap, by which we marked, "He told you himself," and immediately another voice spoke very precisely and with evident difficulty.

It was the first time he had spoken, though he had often written through my hand before. As a proof of his identity he referred to an incident known only to myself in the room—one distinctly private between him and me.

Then came a distinctly different bustling little voice.

"My dear brother and sister, I'm here: Sophia."

While speaking of the pleasure of having these three voices one after another, we were almost startled by a piercing child-voice, one evidently delighted to speak for the first time.

"Mamma—dear mamma and papa! I'm here, too, Louis."

That was the voice of our first still-born daughter, who had since developed into such a beautiful and powerful spirit, and who now frequently manifests herself by direct writing, and by many physical phenomena.

Our parental hearts were welling over with joy, but they were not filled to the full. Three more little voices one after another delightfully told us "We're here."

By then I had then quite a long chat with little Percy about the secret they had kept so well, viz., their learning to talk!

Addressing Percy, I said, "I suppose John Wait has been teaching you and helping you to speak."

To which John Wait himself replied, "Of course I did or they could not have done it," probably they had accomplished all they could then do.

We immediately had a conversation with John Wait, for some length of time, who at the conclusion of the séance, pronounced a benediction, threw down the tube in front of me and was gone. On lighting up we found Mrs. E. had been moved some distance from the table—as was frequently the case, when she was deeply entranced. Before leaving the room for the drawing-room on the opposite side of the hall, we minutely inspected our marked papers, but found no writing had been done; so rolled them up and put them back into the tube where they were kept them.

I was not strong at the time, and on going into the drawing-room I reclined on the sofa; Mrs. E. was in an easy-chair close by me. Mr. E. and the other two were on the rug playing with our crowing baby. Impatient little raps came on the table, and, almost immediately, demanding the alphabet, and telling us that that we should find some direct writing in the tube which we had left on the table in the other room.

And there, sure enough, on one of the papers we had left blank a few minutes before, was written: "Unity, peace, love, and harmony dwell here. We—a loving band—surround you. May the peace of God and the love of God be with you."

By raps we were told afterwards that this was actually written after we had left the room, no one being present. This was to us then a new phase of direct writing by spirit power; but since it has been of daily occurrence.

So ended our new house "dedication." We had felt the touch of "vanished hands," and heard voices for the first time of our little group of loved ones, who were in the medium to whom we had been testifying to a future life and to the reality of spirit communion.

But not yet. The facility with which we had, for a long time now, obtained hints of their presence and work among us began to decline, owing to the peaceful and harmonious conditions of unbroken family life being sustained. Naturally so, for our hearts were now in the future, and we were no longer in need of this outpour of spirit life, now went to boarding school. The circle was thus broken, and the spirit intercourse, when we were alone, was only kept up by means of automatic writing through our own hands.

At our special request the mediumship did not follow our boys into school life, beyond their own automatic knowledge of being helped by the higher intelligences, of which they were often very sensible, and which remained with them continually, and also by occasional clairvoyance.

The Annual Picnic at Cascadia.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Cascadia annual picnic and Sunday assembly will be held this season on the eleventh and twelfth of June. Quite extensive preparations are being made to have this the most enjoyable of any previous one. Mrs. R. S. Lillie has been engaged to lecture. The North-Western band of Meadville will furnish the music. The hotel is being renovated and remodeled, and the grounds are all green in the spring sunbeams. The chain of lakes known by the southern breezes and freed from its wintry bondage of snow and ice, makes this seem like a spot in enchanted fairy land, and with its irresistible power the weary traveler sits in by brick and mortar to commune with nature and the angels. All are invited to spend a glorious time. For any information address

MRS. M. J. RANDELL, Sec'y.

Cascadia, N. Y.

L. H. WARREN writes: I take quite a number of papers and I prize the JOURNAL more than all the others combined. May you live long to continue its noble work.

Hop-growers of Central New York are apprehensive of a third disastrous season.

Mind Readings—Strange Presentiments.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Mind reading is almost as old as history, if history is true on the question, and modern experiments seem to corroborate it. I have not the space to repeat the charges to Sam. (1 Sam. 9:19); the conversation of Jesus with Nathaniel (John 4:17); also Nathan's charge to David (2 Samuel 12:7); are a few of the mind-readings recorded in the Bible. History repeats itself.

I once read a biography of a Quaker woman, a minister, whose name I have forgotten. She and her husband were out of their mind, I think, in Scotland, and put up for the night at an isolated tavern. After retiring to their room for the night, the woman had a fearful presentiment of trouble and danger if they stopped the night there.

After waiting a while they took their departure so quietly that they were not discovered. They had the road to river, which was a bridge. She said they must not cross the bridge. They turned from the road, following the river bank to where the woman said they must ford the river.

After crossing they stopped to rest. The woman said, "I don't feel easy to stop here," and they traveled farther and stopped. "Here," she said, "I feel easy." Directly they saw two men with a lantern and a dog following the track; they heard the dog bark "Wag-wag-wag." The dog, true to his instinct, turned at the bridge and followed their track to the fording place. They heard one of the men say, "They could not have crossed here unless the devil helped them." They saw, then, that had they remained where they first stopped after crossing the river, they would have been seen by the men. Here the pursuit ended.

A case of mind reading was related in the biography of David Sands, an English Quaker minister. While traveling in the Eastern States, where the neighbors were few and far between, the pioneers had cut away the forest, cleaned up a few acres, built a log cabin or a barn, or both, and thus established a beginning for a home.

In such a place were David Sands and his companions traveling for the good of others; they came to one of those solitary openings in the forest, called a clearing, in which stood a barn. "Here," said Sands, "we must have a meeting to-day." His companion remonstrated, showing him the impossibility of notifying more than a very few; but Sands persisted, and they had their meeting. They notified those they could, and when the few came together, they seated themselves in a circle, as was their custom, after which Sands took up a stick and struck a few blows on a board which attracted attention of his audience, and then he commenced a discourse on the awful wickedness and consequences of suicide. After closing the meeting they started on their way.

Directly they saw a man following as though he would speak to them. When he came and stood before them, he said, "I had started from home with that intention, with the rope in my pocket to hang myself in the woods, but when he neared the barn he saw the little gathering, and went in and seated himself with the rest, and soon fell asleep, but was awakened by some one striking a board. Then followed the discourse which entirely weaned him of his intended wicked act. He felt he could not have then left without confessing his intended crime, and tenderly his acknowledgment for the great good done him by meeting with them."

A woman in somewhat deep trouble was visiting at my house. Just before dinner a man came, an entire stranger to the woman; they were introduced before sitting down to the table, and almost before commencing the dinner the man moved back into the room, and commenced a very appropriate discourse to the woman, exhorting her to do nothing rashly, but bear the afflictions of life heroically and patiently, and wait the coming of better days. After dinner he told me if that woman was not strictly watched she would commit suicide, consequently we took care that she should not have the chance.

The next day I carried her to a neighbor, and gave them the strict charge that I had received from the man, but without his care and watching, she very nearly accomplished her purpose the next day with a pair of scissors.

Did the man read her mind?

When a young man I belonged among the Quakers, and with them I believed their ministers were influenced in their sermons by the Divine Mind. I had an experience of great mental depression lasting a long time. While in that condition, I attended a meeting of the society quite a distance from home, where I met a minister whom I had never seen until he began his sermon, which was so pointed and applicable to my own condition then, that it startled me.

I fell into a train of reasoning that it was improbable that the great First Cause should dabble in matters of minor importance, in a moment of pure selfishness, and the impossibility of such a thing. That moment the minister stopped preaching. After waiting a while I stretched myself up, for I could not otherwise see him; there he stood, silent and motionless for what seemed to me a long time; then he partly turned and moved his feet, and commenced to sit down, but before he reached the seat he straightened up, plucking the words, "Thomas was not a believer until he thrust his hands into his side, and his fingers into the palms of his hands. Blessed art thou Thomas, for thou hast seen and believed; but more blessed are they that believe without seeing, Thomas."

Was not the above mind reading and what is its philosophy? Such circumstances are common, and should be explained.

Oka, Montana.

T. B. HUSSEY.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Charity Toward False and Perverted Mediumship.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

What should be the action of the wisely charitable toward the false and perverted mediumship, now so rife in our midst and which is so hurtful to a true and advanced Spiritualism? Is a truly Christian charity intended to cover such sins as are found in the practices of the false and perverted mediumship, who professing to show the recreated forms of departed friends, take advantage of the obscurity of their prearranged "conditions," to palm off upon the dupes their own forms instead, arranged in make and line drapery, and who when caught in the act take refuge in a pretense of transfiguration, or some other convenient invention? I find it impossible to write coolly upon such a theme, I, therefore, assert in the strongest terms now—a thousand times now!

True charity is but an enlarged and enlightened love, a love which seeks the highest good of its subject; it is to be attained by a quiet conscience, and a willful blindness to such atrocities as are some times practiced by unprincipled mediums and their confederates. Surely not. The highest good of such a case only is remedied by a deep and painful awakening of the moral sense, an awakening that shall reach the conscience with a startling power, and cause it to speak in thunder tones of personal rebuke. And should not the course of every sincere lover of truth and honesty be directed to this end, and not toward helping to shield and comfort the wrong-doer in evils still persisted in? The selfish surgeon, however kind-hearted, does not use his skill to soothe the cancerous sore, but at once cuts deeply to its central source, that the cure may be prompt and thorough. So should the true friend of Spiritualism go at once to the root of a false and sacrilegious mediumship, and with a true and unflinching drive all unprincipled pretenses into the obscurity of public condemnation and contempt. It will be time enough to be forgiving and charitable toward them when they show themselves ready to forsake their evil ways.

Am I speaking too severely in this matter? Perhaps so; but there is such a thing as a righteous indignation; on what occasion should this be more justly called forth than when the sacred affections of the human heart are thus deliberately trifled with by a set of money-loving wretches? A whip of such small cords should be used to drive these money-changers out of their sanctuaries, that the pure and beautiful temple of Spiritualism.

H. S.

Mary Hallpike writes: I like the JOURNAL just as well as ever. I sincerely hope that the trade will all soon be dead so that there will be no more exposure to record, and the light will shine all the more brightly on the real of the low-lived trade of fraudulent mediums. May the good angels hasten the day when the ranks of Spiritualism may be cleared of such, and blessed be the name who go to work unflinchingly to help in this direction.

Souls of Animals.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Certain writers claim that animals have souls. Of course they have; does not *animus* (pure Latin) come from *anima*? And is not *anima*, soul?

"Oh, yes, but you know what I mean. Have dogs and other animals souls?"

Oh! yes. Cows, calves, horses, snakes, toads and lizards. Professor Denton makes a good showing that all things have souls; then why should not the brute creation be entitled to their privilege?

If taxation without representation is unconstitutional, and slaves dogs are taxed, ought they not to have souls?

Now you see, dear reader, that I am not going to allow that lady to exclaim, "How long, O Lord, how long!" Besides I have a kind of hawking after popularity—to be unpopular with a lady is not my fort. True, there are a few things which militate against the theory, but my "magnanimous" soul turns from all of them in disgust.

Of all things, that little relic of the dark ages called Spiritualism (if admitted) could be, probably, a conclusive argument against piglike's spirit. Just think a heaven, where there are no pigs, no alligators, no spiders! (let the voice rise wildly on those climatic words.)

I have a friend whom the lady would hate because of his narrow-mindedness. I asked him how he would account for the dogs which the clairvoyants saw, of which we read in the JOURNAL. He knew that I carried a pocket-book as an heirloom, and said, "I carried a pocket-book. I took the 15 cents out of it, and passed it to him. He soon commenced to talk, holding it to his furrowed brow: 'I see a very benevolent looking old lady. (I was all attention.) She is below medium height, has blue eyes, smiling countenance and light brown hair. She seems handing you this book. Now I see you on horseback.'"

"Stop there," I exclaimed; "that old lady is my mother. You have seen the spirit, but that horse, is he in spirit life? Is the pocket-book a spirit?"

"Be still," he said. "There is a large grove of trees: an aged elm lies across the road."

"But," said I, "That elm, those trees, are they in spirit life?"

My friend here talked some nonsense about psychocentrics, saying that they saw environments whom a person was the central figure. He admitted that animals have souls, but went on to speak of our never finding them in spirit life. It puzzled me for some days, this thought did, and my confusion became worse when Mrs. Jones from a ring, described my wife (living) and chair, the favorite house cat, etc., etc. The chair, cat, and all were still living. The next Sunday I attended a séance where my mother influenced a lady. Here was my chance. I asked her, "What did you exhibit yourself when B. had my pocket-book?"

"Yes, my son."

"Then," said I excitedly, "You did see the horse Jim, and he was with you in spirit life?"

"No, dear; the horse was a deflection from the central memory of the scene; neither was the pocket-book which he saw in the spirit-world."

He then said, "I saw a large grove of trees, does not its spirit go into spirit life?"

"Possibly so, my son; but I have never seen an animal of earth-life, in spirit life. Do not read the charlatanisms of moonbanks on psychometry, but study psychocentrics from the spirit side, and you will learn that the essential spirit carries in its train all its incidents. When the psychocentric has a pebble in the hand, all the phenomena which transpired during that pebble's existence can pass in panoramic form before the mind; yet they are no more objective substantialities of spirit-life, than the fields and forests of earth are."

Since then I have asked of hundreds of so-called spirits, "Do the animals (inferior) of earth-life pass into spirit life?" The answer has been invariably about as follows: "I saw a large grove of trees, does not its spirit go into spirit life?"

"We can realize their existence through a certain unexplainable sentence, but this is purely subjective."

A few spirits think that animals pass to a sphere of their own, but say, "I have learned nothing of it here."

According to this doctrine, then, animals of lower grade have spirits which flicker and go out with earth-life, to reappear again (possibly) in some new form. But I do not endorse this; I rest wholly on my magnanimity.

B. R. ANDERSON.

Concordia, Kansas.

Medical Legislation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Combinations and conspiracies have become the order of the day in procuring control of the rights of the people through class legislation or otherwise. The greed of a few unscrupulous plotters on the one hand, and the indifference and supineness of the masses on the other, contribute to this end.

The struggle of the organized, Allopathic school of medicine to get control, through the State legislature, of the inherent rights of the people so far as to prevent their employing a physician of whatever mode of practice they choose, is clearly one of the most outrageous conspiracies against the rights of the whole people conceivable.

On what ground do they base their unjust claim? They say that their superior education entitles them to take charge of the domestic relations of the people in time of sickness? What is their education? Is it not a rut or grove, from which they must not vary? Is it not a system of ready-made prescriptions as laid down in the "Pharmacopoeia," which the patient must be made to fit; and which if he does not fit, he is ten times more likely to die from the effects of the drug than from the disease?

Do they claim this grant of legislative power because they are more successful in the treatment of disease than those they claim the right to suppress? What is their record in scarcely fewer compared with that of the old New England farmer—Samuel Thomson—and of hundreds of others possessing good natural common sense and using simple unprofessional means to cure disease? Is it not a well-known fact that the Allopathic physician is a failure in his own failure, in diseases of this type, to rise to the necessities of the occasion that they claim precedence and legislative power to control, and would usurp the right to dictate to the people whom they should and should not employ to aid them in the discharge of those tender duties in the care of their own sick?

But what is their education, and how are their claims to be sustained? They claim the most competent of the most conscientious and enlarged minds, those fitted by nature for the work, who are the teachers and constitute the "Faculty?" Ambitious men with wealth at their command may combine and incorporate, and build a college; and with a diploma which that wealth has secured them for qualification, may take a seat in the Faculty of that college and be dubbed "Professor." The inexperienced youth goes there a blank sheet for this professor to write on, and goes to the world with his diploma which bears the autograph of this profound professor, testifying to his competency to practice the healing art. But does this prove anything but that the young man has spent his money in acquiring that diploma? Does it insure that he has one? Does it insure that he has the proper treatment of the sick? That he has the natural qualifications for a physician? That, in reality, he has learned anything but the traditional rubbish of what this college-building professor has gleaned from the "Traditions of the elders and doctrines of men?" and yet that diploma qualifies him to take his place in the ranks of the conspirators against the rights of the people, to aid in preventing them from choosing their own physicians?

The Milwaukee Sentinel of March 18, 1887, contained an editorial and a communicated article on this subject which clearly showed that the efforts to get a medical bill through the Wisconsin legislature did not emanate from the people; no petition to that effect coming from them; but that it was an attempt of an organized class to secure legislation in support of diploma-bearing physicians in opposition to the rights of the people.

It now becomes the citizen to speak out openly against the injustice of this class legislation, and to this end, let them take the matter in hand and send in their petitions to prevent the enactment of this form of legislation. Overwhelm the legislature with your own indignation, and say emphatically that you will not interfere with their own respective rights in caring for our own sick!"

It is now to be enacted on this subject, let them be those confirming, if need be, the right to any one to employ whom they please and holding all alike, the diploma and the non-diploma, to strict account for any damage from malpractice, and you will protect the true physician and stifle out the unworthy practitioners. To this end, let the petitioners be circulated and sent to the members of your legislature and demonstrate that "You know your rights, and knowing, dare maintain."

D. F. KATNES, M. D.

Tests of Spirit Presence—The Cause in Philadelphia.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I wish to relate an incident that shows how seed sown in the years gone by will grow and bear fruit. Some fifteen years ago, I commenced to investigate Spiritualism, and as usual with new converts I became very enthusiastic, holding séances at my home—talking, arguing and explaining as best I could to all coming in contact with me. Among others there was a family numbering ten or twelve, two of whom were very mediumistic, but owing to the influence of the church, they, with the rest of the family, ceased to investigate. Within the past year a son of one who was mediumistic passed to spirit-life, and manifested to his mother, controlling her to write the first message being a request to meet him at my house where she would obtain proof that it was him. A young lady, neighbor to the same family, passed to spirit-life, and through the same channel, by solicitation of this spirit son, she, too, manifested, giving indisputable proof to her parents, who were overjoyed with such grand evidence of her continued existence. Thus the good work goes on.

As Spiritualists we are haunted with the accusation that we build no churches. No, we, however, work in a family altar, every room, thus making that home better and holier. Spiritualists build no hospitals. No! We strive to teach humanity how to live physiologically, mentally and morally so that hospitals will not be needed. Who urged the teaching of hygiene, the practice of calisthenics, etc., in our public schools? Who are they who seek to elevate humanity to such a height that almost all crimes will be done? Let us, then, be true, faithfully and honestly do the best we can for humanity.

Part First.

But all this is only a preface to a far deeper thought I want to make the subject of: articles in the widely-read **RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL**. There Spiritualists

(To be Continued.)

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